

## Day of the Spiders

Across the blowing fields of stars  
the spiders lay their sheets of silk –  
the drying sails of master mariners,  
the trampolines, the circus tents,  
the spinnakers, the knotted tights,  
rippling to the wind's rip, rent in  
the wind's trap, flip and flex of  
diamond strings, anchors and cast  
hooks of spun stuff, stardust,  
whiskers and filaments, thready wire  
radial and fanning, pleated and snug,  
the vibrating coils of nothing, the  
strings burning into being, noodling  
out of air. There was nothing there  
yesterday but the same unmarked  
weaves, now tamped with mist.

For one day in hottest summer,  
the diligent chemistry of spiders  
write out this field of stars, making  
indelible axis, uncovering angles,  
notating the long grass, plumblines,  
laser-lengths, sextant bisections,  
making the fields pluck and fret like  
a strummed harp, like a fleet  
of triremes, tacking into the wind.

Once they're gone, their grey cloth  
burs and feathers into fragments,

furs out of form, strips back to field.  
What is in a spider that it may link  
invisible point to invisible point,  
stretch inference over abyss, mark  
causalities, connect nothing to nothing?  
They plume into the air, journeying  
from one universe to the next, casual  
with their capacity to highlight the  
nodes, the arbitrary constellations,  
the maps made from a line strung  
from ship to ship, passing strangers.  
We'll move along those lines  
ourselves one day, connecting star  
burst star to the next, every flower  
to every other, every burning sun  
and every webby heart to every heart.