Shara McCallum

₩ The Spider Speaks

No choice but to spin, The life given.

Mother warned me I would wake one dawn

To a sun no longer yellow, To an expanse of blue

And no proper word To name it. Weaving

The patterned threads Of my life, each day

Another web and the next. If instead I could carve

This message in stone Would it mean anything more?

I have only this form To give. When the last

Silvery strand leaves My belly, I will see

What color the sun Has become.

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