

S TILL dark, the dawn spider rises.

She begins spinning the web of the world
with threads thin as morning air.

She winds around trees, *brambles,*
bushes,
beings

and they emerge from the night's fantasy
things only just materialized, half matter, half thought.



THE web trembles with memories, which she approaches
to digest with venom and piercing fangs
and make silk for days to come.

