

# The Spider Laments & 2 More

by [John Grey](#) (November 2024)



Spider of the Evening (Salvador Dalí, 1940)

## The Spider Laments

If only dew would gild my silk,  
my eight-legs tucked beneath  
my exoskeleton,  
then I'd quiver on my fluttering cross  
like a morning gem.  
Before I became hunter

and swinger through my trembling vines,  
I'd be this beautiful thing,  
perched and angling for the sun.  
Before I trapped the crisp beetle,  
the unwary fly, in my grim shudder  
of a net, I'd bask in the peach glow  
as if this web was the nerves  
of an invisible body  
and I was the quaking heart of it.  
Before I scooped up the accidental prey  
at the fringes of my trellis,  
I'd be reeling in the greater quarries,  
the air, the light, the morning itself.  
Yes, if glistened like a jewel,  
I'd stop you cold  
in the morning's warm.  
I'd be blinding, beguiling and wondrous.  
You'd take a moment,  
to admire my sparkling beauty.  
Ah, such precious time  
for my fluttering web.  
before you tramped on down the trail  
and shredded it.

Along this Road

Seeing deer  
and an apple tree,  
a river sometimes,  
lost often,  
feeling nameless,  
yet knowing pines  
on first name terms,  
listening to the landscape,  
placing a crown

on the head  
of even the most belligerent  
of farmers,  
raising wildflowers  
to their proper rank  
in the universe,  
growing some  
but not taking from  
the surrounds,  
finally vanishing,  
into what  
has always been here,  
not green, not rooted,  
not fluttering, not flying,  
yet to all intents, a citizen.

In Late November

Leaves go where the wind sends them,  
flutter and fall, but no place is permanent,  
not when the next fierce blow will scatter all the more.  
Sky's gray and threatening, but, instead of downpour,  
sends a single flake, like another leaf, unwitting, unknowing.

It's late November, the cusp of cold and bitter,  
trees stripped bare and houses bundled up.  
It's winter's stealth, not yet its march.  
Drizzle returns. Patches of snow melt.  
Hereabouts, every day is its own season.

It's time for stage setting, not drama.  
Small things are moved around like items on a checkerboard.  
Anyone can play.  
Everyone around here will.

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John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *New World Writing*, *North Dakota Quarterly* and *Tenth Muse*. Latest books, *Between Two Fires*, *Covert*, and *Memory Outside The Head* are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in *Haight-Ashbury Literary Journal*, *Birmingham Arts Journal*, *La Presa* and *Shot Glass Journal*.  
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