

The Spider

Spider, spider burning bright
in the luminous lunar light.
Fateful creature of earth & sky
spinning silk of space & time.

In what womb, moist and wet
were thy eight eyes placed & set?
How did you carry the fire
of words and web that so inspire?

And what poison that tips thy fang
can pause the life of what it stang?
Who to you so gave the power
to be the master of that hour?

What the silk? What the thread?
In what forge was your spirit bred?
What the pincers? What spreading glance
dares upon your weave to dance?

When heaven opens up its hall
and the pits of hell are revealed to all,
will you tremble upon your skein?
Or mark with ink your destined reign?

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-Justin Patrick Moore