TO AN ORB WEAVER (Argiope aurantia)

Wildness is not a lack of rules. Our roles are merely different, yours ordained by Athena, framed in geometric shimmer.

Your realm continues beyond my premises. Your black and gold cloisonne sways faint promises in music of an alien school.

Your net of notes only the sun knows how to play stretches between minor keys, filling chords not resolved by my harmonic scale.

High noon predator, I applaud your skill, your patience, your choice of prey. My potions will spare you to rid my garden of vegetarians.

But beware. The red-wing blackbird, another player, another wild difference, admires you without deference to beauty.

--Glenna Holloway