

GOLDEN SPIDERS, GOLDEN WEBS, FLOATING ON HER CORPSE

Do you like spiders?
Because I do.
I know this isn't a popular opinion
Much less an accepted one
But I can't help but find myself trapped by their allure.

Has anyone ever told you?
That spiders were once golden
Spinning webs of glistening silk
The immaculate webs of innovation.
These spiders were gifts.
No larger than seeds
Cast down from the heavens
Lighting our path forward.

It didn't last long though
Our gift wasted
We craved more
Wanted more

We stripped the gilding from the webs
We tore off the spiders legs
We destroyed our future so perfectly
Leaving behind scraps

Eaten upon by maggots and worms
Unworthy of the gold it came from
They wore the gold as crowns
And wore the spiders limbs

These worms wore the faces of spiders
But now with teeth and venom
They search to trap and feed
Flies are hardly a meal to them

These spiders burrow in the the world that remains
Making their gold-torn webs in the corpse left behind

In her shadow
In her eyes
In her liver
In her spleen
In her heart
In her brain
In her soul

If she could see what she has become she would scream
She would hide her face and cry
In some ways we are lucky
That no mirror would be able to show the disgrace we left her in

Why did we forsake her gifts?
Why did we forsake her gifts?
Why did we forsake her gifts?
Why did we forsake her?