

Shara McCallum



The Spider Speaks

No choice but to spin,
The life given.

Mother warned me
I would wake one dawn

To a sun no longer yellow,
To an expanse of blue

And no proper word
To name it. Weaving

The patterned threads
Of my life, each day

Another web and the next.
If instead I could carve

This message in stone
Would it mean anything more?

I have only this form
To give. When the last

Silvery strand leaves
My belly, I will see

What color the sun
Has become.

