

*Sandra E. Morris*



## Kamau's Spider

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A curious lens dares to  
Encapsulate elusive Anansi  
Entwining his fate  
With 'Cow Pastor's'  
Swaying grass  
Banshee wind  
And the sweetest dunks on earth

Spinning glistening silver delicacies

Into a silver thread of hope  
For the poet  
With the ascetic brown face  
Weary with the ways of the world

Spinning your strong delicacies of lore...

About spirit elders  
Hardy with the clamoring, clanking pain  
Of the middle passage  
Now beseeching us  
To respect their peace  
Their blood journey  
Not end in crystalline coral  
And fecund earth,  
But continual travel  
Throughout these dumb ventricles  
Of our very core

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Still Anansi spins delicacies of the discovery...

Made by the poet  
Meaning to capture  
Elusive Anansi  
With his camera,  
But instead  
The sly spider  
Made a mockery of Kodak  
As he left behind immortalized on celluloid  
Not his likeness  
But a dark haunted face,

Full mouth slack with anguish  
Left eye lolling aimlessly  
Right window burning with  
Blinding concentric circles of light  
And raising only gooseflesh and  
Unanswered questions

Spin Anansi spin...

Your silvery secrets passed  
From one arachnid generation  
To the next  
And the shroud of each one's destiny  
Carefully coiled within.

