

Not for the Pope at Avignon

Hi Super Spider,

Calm down.
Don't get in a spin.
Untie those knots.

Pull your long legs in -
be free again.

I'm not a stalker. I'm a fan.

Your dressing-up was fab-u-lous,
amazing
but could it lead to crazing
in your web?

I see each filament
is carefully thought out
no clout – just silky wafting
in and out.

I'm hanging on each thread.

Just to let you know that
where I stay, the Cave, we have
no spiders swept away
they're all allowed to mingle
on the floor

you're welcome with eight handshakes
at the door

and shall we say,
you'd be especially embraced,
cocooned,
within a shadow dance. No ties, no chains.

To that great day. I know your name. I know your place.
I'm quite an Ordinary Arachnid.

Note: Putting aside Socratic shadows, a "shadow dance" involves one partner "mirroring" closely the movements of another.

