

WEAVING THE NIGHT

To weave the night,
a wee spider sprite spins a web,
a circle in a square,
a pattern for a patchwork quilt
or a Hindu mandala,
a universe in itself, from itself
between two branches
by clusters of blue flowers.

She glides along the thready streets
to meet her prey,
spins fuzzy delicate cocoons,
winds round and round the bodies
like spun glass.
She climbs down the rung of the ladder and hangs
at the center,
the “bindu” of
“oneness everywhere.”

Like the Buddhist’s
sand paintings,
full of elaborate detail,
the web lasts overnight,
a short time for
such intricate work,
reminding me of the
fleeting nature of life.

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