

YO YO

LIKE MAGIC--A WEE ORANGE SPIDER
APPEARS--ABRACADABRA--
HIGH UP IN THE AIR,
BALLOONING THROUGH SPACE
ON A LONG DELICATE
SILK STRAND OF THREAD,
ATTACHES IT TO A LAMP SHADE
NEAR ME. I SIT AND WATCH HER
SPIN UP AND DOWN
LIKE A YO YO,
DISPLAYING DEMOS
OF SOMERSAULTS.
SPENT, FOLDS UP ASLEEP,
SWAYS IN THE AIR
WITHOUT MINDFULNESS.
THIS SPIDER WILL NEVER
SPIN A WEB. SHE'S A TRAVELER
INSTEAD--WITH SILK BAGGAGE,
GOES FROM PLACE TO PLACE
ON A BREEZE OF GOD'S CHOICE.

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