



Selected Value: Perseverance

Light Loom

There was nothing beautiful about it at all.

Nimble limbs crept and crawled
as the Chilean Rose Tarantula spun silk strenuously,
making the dirt ground seem like snow.

This eight-legged vessel of venom, covered in drab sun-spicules,
shed light in its glass confines.

If it moults, its small body is forced to suffer
an explosive ache, an aggressive outburst, a rebirth
after internal dismemberment.

The little black eye-cluster
only sees light and dark and motion –
the notion that where the glass is the vast of its world is
a sobering thought.

Still, it wore pearly threads, as though it mattered.

It thrived in what could be misery for most.

I thought there had been nothing beautiful at all.

But I was wrong.

As the spider burrowed, those fuzzy solar-spikes seemed to glow.

