



Selected Value: Diligence and Respect for others

Sanctuary of threads

Beneath the glass — a world rewired,
yet here she spins, undimmed, inspired:
No one grasps her quiet creed.
Diligence is her own deed

Each hour, she spins silk — neat, unwound
— a beautiful loom that stitches the ground.
No cheers arrive nor prizes seen,
yet still she weaves, the work's her gleam.

Her claws, like brushes write the air,
drawing a skill too quiet to share.
She fixes her web with quiet care,
Just to keep going through hardships there.

Some say instinct I say grace.
the will to rise, retrace, and retrace.
to hold life close in small acts done,
though stars are bulbs and storms are none.

So while the world forgets her name.
her threads still knit the dark with grace.
This is proof that the work leaves its trace.