

Diligence

To Ever Weave

Glistening silk, silvery thread
Woven into intricate designs
Dexterous hands doing its craft
Each and every strand shall align

With survival in mind
And my life on the line
Destiny must I rewrite
Fate must I defy

Serendipity may not be on my side
Therefore, I spin and I weave and I work my way up
Until my cobweb stretches entirely across the stones
My den shall only be done when covered in traps

Shall the sky wail in despair
Or shall the raging wind destroy nature's formation
May prey be oblivious to my translucent art
Pray I be awarded for my interwoven creation

Seasons ever shifting, day and night rotate
Birds demolish my lair and travellers throw sticks
Yet I do not stop in face of destruction, weaving once more
Carefully weaving once more
Diligently weaving