Darrell Petska

Spider of the Mind

Just a few ways
sojourner Spider's hike on the wind
could go wrong:

That lifeline
stretching far from the oak's bough
might snap—

Bullfrog winks below.
Heads up! Hungry swifts
still bank and reel at lake's edge.

Or a wind gust could.
Acorn's plummet.
High-wire misstep.

Spider rises, lowers,
treads air.
Shore blackberries,
this pier
reach out.

A world of worry, yet Spider drifts.

Daylight fading,
supper calls.

2. Search Party

Last seen by twilight
airborne
well off shore

one itinerant orb-weaver
destination unknown.

Dawn's fog lifting.
Water calm. Oak taciturn.
Spider's tether gone.

Come in, Spider. Do you read?

At water's edge—
"I had to see, dangling
here in my dream half the night."

From the pier—
"Yes, we weren't born like them
to live fearless in god's hand."

Reeds stir.
The oak creaks at a wind.
Life abounds

though much is lost:
Spider, please come in.

3. To the Din

Spider of the mind
in darkness grasping
air's thin line

Spider of the soul
longing to reach
true port of anchor

Hunger's fly
nags always
beyond your reach

Time's beak
never appeased
clacks behind

And your answer

to the shapeless din:
endlessly

spin
spin
spin