Shara McCallum

The Spider Speaks

No choice but to spin,
The life given.

Mother warned me
I would wake one dawn

To a sun no longer yellow;
To an expanse of blue

And no proper word
To name it. Weaving

The patterned threads
Of my life, each day

Another web and the next.
If instead I could carve

This message in stone
Would it mean anything more?

I have only this form
To give. When the last

Silvery strand leaves
My belly, I will see

What color the sun
Has become.