Spider Poem #1

In the no-face of darkness
there goes on the spread
of star-like pale spiders
upon the death of the mother.

Then to return to the stone,
that chill, a reassurance
of one place on earth, on ground
that holds childhood in firmly,
its sure shocks and enormity;

or the chair by the window,
take up a season for years
the locus of change, Fall,
And do nothing but watch
and listen to molecules move.

In a very few words
the soft sound of thinking
your guitar makes
sings your grief.

Cars do not go anywhere.
Planes land in snow.
Buildings stand no better
than air, and some worse.

Or to crawl to the ledge,
let go, fall vagrant in air,
tack down threads in circles,
and weave webs, light years.

Craddock
California