

To Last Night's Spider, In Apology

Grey cobweb hermit,
Dusty inhabitant of the cracked wall-caves,
Grand-father sage, who has been old since the beginning of time,
You descended each day with the dark
And whispered ancient wisdom in my drowsy ear.
Poured me mellow wine from Ananse's story-gourd.
You came colourless,
Scuttling wall-speck,
On legs long and invisible as your spun strands,
Bringing painted humming-bird thought,
Butterfly hues from dust dullness.
You came secretly, to share my pillow.
I never saw you, nor knew
Who wove my dream-tapestry.
When I awoke one night, you were a stranger.
Interloper - I owed you no gratitude,
Alien concealed and now discovered
On my bed-spread territory.
I flashed the torch at you,
Lashed with a light-beam
To tear off dust-veils,
Enemy camouflage
Of a dull-dappled mystery.
You were small, wrinkled, shrivelled, almost repulsive,
Crushed against the wall,
Flattened by violent brilliance.
I saw your skin-detail that none saw before,
Thought I saw your secrets.