

In the Garden

*And the Spiders
Go On Laughing*

MUST go and dust the garden,
Now late summer has arrived;
Allow my heart to harden
'gainst the spiders who've contrived
To weave their webby wonders
In the spaces meant for me,
And ambush me with gossamer
When I seek a sunlit tea.

The silken strands are rainbow-charged.
They have beguiling grace –
But somehow go invisible
In time to snare my face
With tacky, sticky nothingness
That clings and irritates,
Until I meet the next one,
As I can't see where it waits.

Bowers, benches, tables
Are festooned in sunlit threads,
With others sheltered in the shade,
To cling to hapless heads.
Perhaps this is arachnids' way
To prop up that old rumour
That if you have to work eight legs
You need a sense of humour.
