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TO AN ORB WEAVER  
(Argiope aurantia)

Wildness is not a lack of rules,  
our roles are merely different,  
yours framed in precision symmetry,  
ordained in metrical links.

High noon predator, your realm continues  
beyond my premises. Your design sways  
faint promises in music of an alien school.  
Your net of elided notes  
only the sun knows how to play, stretches  
between minor keys, filling chords  
not resolved by my harmonic scale.

You ply the wisdom Athena gave you,  
flaunting the gold and black cloisonné  
she reserved for special spiders.  
I, beguiled, applaud your charm,  
your patience-- also your choice of prey.  
My potions will spare your artistry  
while you rid my garden of vegetarians.

But beware. The red-wing blackbird,  
another player, another wild difference,  
admires you without deference to beauty.

--Glenna Holloway