

TO AN ORB WEAVER
(Argiope aurantia)

Wildness is not a lack of rules. Our roles
are merely different, yours ordained
by Athena, framed in geometric shimmer.

Your realm continues beyond my premises.
Your black and gold cloisonne sways
faint promises in music of an alien school.

Your net of notes only the sun knows how to play
stretches between minor keys, filling chords
not resolved by my harmonic scale.

High noon predator, I applaud your skill,
your patience, your choice of prey. My potions
will spare you to rid my garden of vegetarians.

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

--Glenna Holloway