

The Backyard

In the backyard, where
a half-hour of sun reaches
through the spider-web thrown
between the ivy trellis and the wall,
obey your own command,
sit, lost in thought,
let the shadow crawl
across the crooked flagstones,
watch the mossy cracks cool
under your absent gaze.
Umpteen hours of sun away
a bolas spider, from an edge of earth,
flings a single line across a dateless dark.