

## The Spider

-Robert P. Tristram Coffin

With six small diamonds for his eyes  
He walks upon the summer skies,  
Drawing from his silken blouse  
The lacework of his dwelling house.

He lays his staircase as he goes, 5  
Under his eight thoughtful toes  
And grows with the concentric flower  
Of his shadowless thin bower.

His back legs are a pair of hands,  
They can spindle out the strands 10  
Of a thread that is so small  
It stops the sunlight not at all.

He spins himself to threads of dew  
Which will harden soon into  
Lines that cut like slender knives 15  
Across the insects' airy lives.

He makes no motion but is right,  
He spreads out his appetite  
Into a network, twist on twist,  
This little ancient scientist. 20

He does not know he is unkind,  
He has a jewel for a mind  
And logic deadly as dry bone,  
This small son of Euclid's own

## One of the Seven Has Somewhat to Say

-Sara Henderson Hay

Remember how it was before she came--?  
The picks and shovels dropped beside the door,  
The sink piled high, the meals any old time,  
Our jackets where we'd flung them on the floor?  
The mud tracked in, the clutter on the shelves,  
None of us shaved, or more than halfway clean...  
Just seven old bachelors, living by ourselves?  
Those were the days, if you know what I mean.

She scrubs, she sweeps, she even dusts the ceilings;  
She's made us build a tool shed for our stuff.  
Dinner's at eight, the table setting's formal.  
And if I weren't afraid I'd hurt her feelings  
I'd move, until we get her married off,  
And things can gradually slip back to normal.

## HAIKU

A haiku (hi'koo) is a three-line poem, of Japanese origin, containing seventeen syllables. There are five syllables in the first line, seven syllables in the second line, and five syllables in the third line. Such a poem must communicate meaning through very few words, and should only have one idea (or topic) per Haiku. The subject matter of a haiku is usually drawn from nature.

Broken and broken  
Again on the sea, the moon  
So easily mends

Color explosions  
all over my garden  
flowers are so cool

Big, fuzzy sideburns  
teaching English is his thing  
what a funny guy

## The Caterpillar

-Robert Graves

Under this loop of honeysuckle,  
A creeping, colored caterpillar,  
I gnaw the fresh green hawthorn spray,  
I nibble it leaf by leaf away.

Down beneath grow dandelions, 5  
Daisies, old-man's-looking-glasses;  
Rooks flap croaking across the lane.  
I eat and swallow and eat again.

Here come raindrops helter-skelter;  
I munch and nibble unregarding; 10  
Hawthorn leaves are juicy and firm.  
I'll mind my business: I'm a good worm.

When I'm old, tired, melancholy,  
I'll build a leaf-green mausoleum  
Close by, here on this lovely spray, 15  
And die and dream the ages away.

Some say worms win resurrection,  
With white wings beating flitter-flutter,  
But wings or a sound sleep, why should I care?  
Either way I'll miss my share. 20

Under this loop of honeysuckle,  
A hungry, hairy caterpillar,  
I crawl on my high and swinging seat,  
And eat, eat, eat—as one ought to eat.