

# **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