

Spider

The spider crawls down the rain
from a sycamore branch.
Blue drops cling to his hairy legs.
The rain, though tickled, won't smile.
It's been such a ride down;
It doesn't know why it sets out.
The spider is practising his rhythm.
He has new steps every day
but the rain couldn't care less.
The dancing dries him off
but the headache he got
from eating a bad fly
has gotten worse.
The sycamore is fraught with moody birds
whose seed has spoiled.
Their perches have been taken
and their feathers are a mess.
They are so busy looking for a place to land,
They haven't time to wipe their beaks
after a spider lunch and would just love
the rain to ease.

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