



Plants and Healers
INTERNATIONAL

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Woven and Waiting

Frank Cook
September, 1989

It is evening

And I sit and stare.

The spider perches in its spun center
Working its fangs feverishly

I have been deceived all these years,

For I imagined symmetry

But in the silhouette the web
Glow in its two foot diameter

It has lines that radiate from its center
Toward outer points –

a branch –

the wall –

the window.

The spider has chosen a prosperous spot.

Luck? or Cold Calculation

But there is no symmetry.

It spun, starting from the outer edge
And working in towards the center.

But there are twists and turns that have no pair

And spots left quite undone.

Yet still I marvel.

The web seems so old, battle worn. Rips and tears of lost meals and
clinging, light as air, meals to be
Still flickering with life in a hapless struggle to be over.

And yet this web is not but one day old.
Just this morning I passed the point it now commands.

I am tempted to intervene, to save the life of a goldn moth
That blindly sought the light.

A Divine Intervention of sorts.

But I stop myself content to let nature take its course.

And in this way,

I learn something about myself

And about humanity.