

The Flame

Huntsmen spawning in helical scatter
resolve out of corners, cogging,
gearing their personal odysseys, flecking
on mirrors, like errant diacritics, lost
tittles, doomed asterisks, dabbling on
puddles, scribbling their passages, amongst
clothing, hanging in air like an eyelash.

They are briefly ubiquitous, surplus,
spreading like rumour. She makes more
than required, husking herself hollow, she
transfigures into rind, empty and martyred.

A spider can peer with its multitudinous sight
a little way into the future, enough to know
the necessity of excess. Each of her
progeny snuffed out like ashes, smudges
of accident, or tiny disasters, whittled
and thinned. Only a spider can behold
their own ugly eschaton and determine to
continue, crushed under foot, eaten by
geckos, famishing into little spindles
or crabbing into peril. Only with a beautiful
beautiful rage, can huntsmen be born.