

Sonnet Scroll

Orb Weavers

By Jennifer Davis Michael

The morning air is sticky like their webs
that stretch across the trail in front of me,
each with its silent craftsman slightly off
center, near eye level. *None Shall Pass.*
They make the walking sketchy in the woods.
Watching each footfall for snakes and holes,
a sixth sense halts me inches from
a faceful of filament and eight crisp legs.
I'm not the prey they seek to catch,
and yet I'm suddenly arrested here,
unable to maintain a hiking pace
or focus on the destination. Here
and now is all that's given to the flesh:
the mind caught up in threads too large to see.