**Tiny Spider**

*I have been awake for*

*How long?*

*Half an hour or an hour, something of that sort*

*I look down at the sheets of my bed*

*The morning light reflects on them*

*Making every wrinkle and tuft look like part of some grand*

*Beige rural landscape*

*I look closer,*

*Watching millions of nanoscopic curvy cloth homes*

*Go about their business*

*I’m too big to join their*

*Fun little world*

*So I turn my attention to the morning light*

*Which gave me this world*

*On my windowsill,*

*Amongst several other dusty, perhaps useless, items*

*Is a little card advertising*

*A “Bergrestaurant and Pension”*

*All the way in Switzerland*

*Two British coins pin it to*

*A small leather wallet*

*And attached to one of these coins*

*Are about four strands of a cobweb*

*Which clings to a handle*

*(Which would open the window if it worked)*

*And a rock sculpture of a red dinosaur*

*Wonderful to see how the web*

*In all its minutely complicated glory,*

*Shimmers*

*All that, because of four strands, two coins, an ad for a Swiss hotel, and a black leather wallet?*

*All of which, if placed in my hand, would not amount to much*

*I test my theory, and slide the wallet, and all the contents above it,*

*Away from the cobweb*

*The four strands come loose!*

*The cobweb seems to die*

*As the four strands furiously kick back and forth*

*In an attempt to reconnect with their lost partners*

*Then out of the dinosaur sculpture crawls*

*The tiny spider himself!*

*He clambers up to his mutilated creation*

*Waddles across it on a single barely visible strand of silk*

*And fixes what I destroyed*

*He waddles back to his hiding place*

*Without so much as a glance in my direction*

*The cobweb seems to fly with joy*

*What an event!*

*So small, yet the courage, determination, and majesty of that spider…*

*He taught me that my size*

*Means nothing to the miniscule worlds below me*

*Today, I am thankful for that*

*tiny spider*