

## Through the Center

In the humid stillness  
of this August afternoon  
I watch a spider spinning its web  
in the ceiling corner above  
what some may call my deathbed.

Is there a faint whisper?  
I hold my breath to hear it.  
No, no sound at all--  
a silent eight-legged dance  
on the wallpaper border,  
a twirling in air,  
a catching on a thought.

Share the secret  
of your web's design with me,  
fellow spinner in space,  
and I'll reveal it to mankind  
in homely phrases,  
given a few more days on earth.  
Fill me with your simple wisdom  
as I lay complexities aside.

What is this long-lost feeling?  
As your web takes flimsy form,  
my room grows dim, then dark--  
this air will not be breathed.  
Some force is kindly lifting me  
to your delicate ceiling circle  
that I may venture through the center  
toward our one and only Light.