



## The Orb Weaver Spider

Finely spun fibers in the morning dew,  
Craftwork revealed in a stunning view  
Of a weaver spider's search for food,  
Never has a trap looked so good.

The fly moves with speed and certainty,  
Giving no thought to pending eternity,  
But then it becomes tangled in the web,  
It's the end of the story, enough said.

But wait – Mick Jagger's coming along,  
Putting this whole tragedy into song,  
Making it all about the singer and a girl,  
Searchin', hopin', givin' life a whirl.

Spiderwebs exist in many incarnations,  
What a great image for a fertile imagination,  
The web awaits us if we don't pay attention,  
Watch out - you could be in bound suspension.

But my, how nice the spinner can look,  
This red orb spider belongs in a book,  
You want to get closer and closer you see,  
It draws you in with the mystery.

And then one day you feel the net,  
You weren't prepared, your hair's still wet  
From the morning shower to start the day,  
And this damn web's taken choice away.

The web and the net, the two connected,

Are fishermen spiders reincarnated?  
Biomimicry takes on different forms,  
Stealing from nature is one way to learn.

The church of the Earth has many types of riches,  
Some help us collect food, others suggest pitches,  
But don't forget the phrase "my oh my",  
These were the last words of the spider to the fly.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we respect the web  
And the spider too.