

THE NET EFFECT

Dew heavy in streams of morning light
Make the garden spider's web exquisitely obvious,
A glistening net in the spirea bush,
Its patient maker a clown.

As shadows catch the rising brightness,
The breathless air whispers away the dew.
Now, the clown becomes a master of the invisible high wire.

The wire collects the nonchalant grasshopper,
Then the whimsical tiger butterfly.
Success is broken only by the marauding horsefly
Blasting through the lines,
Bemused but undaunted.

By noon the net is all cocooned captives and shaggy holes.
But parched clay dust brings the cuckoo on his rounds,
And the contented web master becomes the buffoon
To the cuckoo's peek-a-boo.

Tragi-comic, tragi-comic.....,
Nets within nets,
Seen hiding the unseen,
Mastery and naivete,
Clowns, masters, buffoons.

The master's grasp is always short.
Clowns or masters,
All eventually become buffoons.
The only question:
Which web?

Life.....
Reaching for the next net.
Success.....
Reaping the rewards of the master caster.
Awareness.....
Knowing the network.