

THIRTEENTH NOTE.

The music of a cobweb's
too faint for human ears,
those tensile strings vibrate
the thirteenth note -

a pitch to lure the music-loving midge
and bodice-wearing meat flies

green and glittery,
fat and dizzy,
fat and done for...

struggling in a net strung out with globes,
a silvered singing maze for trapping death
in seas of air

and at its heart – a burnt-out star
with eight dark rays

trembling
with connections -

touching – touching...