
SILK ROAD

The silk road strands across the silver stream
an icky chronicle to a chubby arachnid
chains spewed from her bodies' digested flies
a war queen, blood can't be washed or willed away from her hands
yet she is as studious as a restoration sovereign
by change of an hour she has leapt, leapt, and leapt again
begun on a boulder, ended on the birch sapling
spawned three summers past now soaking up the stream
and wended she along her path
skeleton safety strand, traverse
stronger silver silk
chased over, reinforced to super strength suspension
bridges the air like a skyscraper laid lengthwise
as her little marvel shooting off to
ally with a side stone, the lesser branches.

Start and stop for a sip of sun spit fly
sangre a la mode, she returns to her primordial mandala
a sampler of sticky residue breeding out for fly legs
dragonfly wings and walking stick heads
traverses six months across her silk road,
repairwoman, trader and dealer, some insects span
more than her mouth, she cannot consume them
realist, she sets free. The rest crunch under storing sucking
sick sweet strands choking over under around
their circumference; created being cracking down into unbearable
[compost thing]

I don't deny our human roads were any
less into performing practical savagery.