

SPIDER MEDITATION



in softly swaying branches

of a giant cedar tree

a spider sits

on silken cords

suspended in a breeze

resting between bark chunks

and sharp cedar needles

quietly it waits

for a moment

where accident

creates opportunity

and a passing insect

becomes tasty chop suey

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1993 Kyoto ≙ Fin.: 2017 Yokohama





Chariya: Patience: that's essential for a good hunter.

An-Yi: Yeah, most of what we call "life" is essentially a matter of waiting: only a few key moments are crucial. Everything else is an interlude.

Bhāraté: I'm not so sure. Perhaps everything is important in its own way. Isn't spinning a thread is just as important as resting on a leaf?

Daiki: (shaking his head) Maybe, but all this talk of spiders makes me feel yucky.

Bhāraté: Yeah, I don't like the idea of being somebody else's food.

An-Yi: Hey, we're all designed to be recycled. Eventually the worms, spiders, & bacteria will feast on your corpse.