



Once I loved a spider
When I was born a fly,
A velvet-footed spider
With a gown of rainbow-dye.
She ate my wings and gloated,
She bound me with a hair,
She drove me to her parlor
Above her winding stair,
To educate young spiders
She took me all apart,
My ghost came back to haunt her
I saw her eat my heart.

BY WALTER CRUICKSHANK

