

MINDY WATSON

Ecdysis—

Arachnid desperado dangling by
A single silken foot—you're Hanged Man hung
From window frame. Your reclamation nigh,
Renouncing that to which you'd firmly clung,

You're waiting for the miracle to come.
You sense its signal suddenly; you're high
Atop your sylvan web, well-fed and young,
Arachnid desperado dangling by

Instinctive urge. But then, your compound eye
Stares down and scans your web for flaws among
Its sturdy strands. You can't identify
A single silken foot. You're Hanged Man hung

In chitin's cell, an inmate now unsprung
From exoskeleton. It's breach or die
You realize, your consciousness far-flung
From window frame. Your reclamation nigh,

You disconnect your sheath from inner eye
And acquiesce, deflating bookish lung.
You overturn, then bid your shell goodbye,
Renouncing that to which you'd firmly clung.

Once withered bud, now floral phoenix sprung
Reborn from shriveled pistil's ash—defy
Stiff confines; hail submission's strength unsung!
Ascend through structure's abdication—fly
By dangling, desperado.