

## The Spider

She sits atop her crystalline web  
Black and red with spindly legs,  
All eight in place attacking with grace  
The faces that pass her by at night time.

With her beady eyes focused on them  
To entrance five or ten,  
And with a soul gone bereft  
Of all that's left of her love!

To entice a mate upon her snowy plate  
Icy cold with men of five or ten  
All wrapped in guile  
Who once had smiled  
At her is her game!

Death is her appetite  
And blight is her delight  
And blood and veins are to be drained  
If ever a man should fall victim in vain  
To her glossy shape and hourglass figure!

But once upon a time she had a mate she would kill for. And she prepared his plates.  
But passed has he into the gates of a saintly heaven!

Romance is now but her game to draw men near without shame as she suffers her fate of fewer  
and fewer and fewer mates,  
For to taste them once was never her game before laming them to rest in transparent silken  
sepulchers!

Yet, there she stands atop her snowy web as she deposits them and her bastard eggs upon empty  
grounds.