

**Rachel Knowler**

**[A spinning spider]**

A spinning spider, Sputnik-fathered  
and strung up to struggle, streams gas against  
Earth's arrogance, its invitation to descend.  
A face has been fixed, and focuses below,  
yet diurnal as a druid, one drinks from the Sun.  
Threaded with thoughts that thistle-scratch  
and bounce back: *big prizes!*  
*glossier glamour! more glorious to spend yours*  
*chasing what's cheap, than choose to slow down,*  
it tumbles, trembling, traces mindlessly  
a girdle of the globe. It gleams and disappears,  
cloud-eclipsed, and closer than it seems.