



Who am I?

by Wayne Medford

Seeking points from which to
anchor my net, woven
where the insects gather,
fisherman of the air

I search

Providing my own
building materials,
hair-thin, steel-strong, silken
sticky threads bind together

I weave

I keep four eyes open,
two pairs sense light, shadows –
relatives have stripes, others spots
to blend in, or scare away

I hide

Tyger Tyger Magazine

New poems for children



Dinner comes on the wing,
not sure when my hunger
ends, when meal is served,
until then, must be patient

I wait

Eight limbs that sense tiny
vibrations of those caught,
drones of flies large or small,
unsuspecting, helpless

I feel

Rushing as fast as my legs
can take me, towards the
place where I will bite,
superpower success

I pounce

