

THE WEB.

Five diamond strung feet of gossamer thread
Bridging span between machine and shed;
Each glistening drop on spider-web strung
Beauty, delicate as fairy song being sung.

Could one but weigh the silken thread
When all the droplets had been shed
'Twere lighter than the hairs of man
Were they all strung across such span

Could all the droplets shaken off be caught,
And they too, on scales be put,
The marvel is that so much weight
Could hang suspended in mid air
By means invisible, nor can man 'ere
Spin rope of such a strength and not view his work.
Nor can one see the insect whose desire,
To reach across such space,
Resulted in a string of silver fire.

Norman Leslie Turnbull.

Aug. 16/70 .

The web. Of gossamer thread.
Five feet diamond strung feet, lit by morning sun
Bridging space between machine and shed
Each glittering drop upon spider web strung
Beauty barely moving to the soft kiss of breeze.
Could one but weigh the sicken thread
Without its glittering load
He would be hard put to find the subject
For such scales devised by man.
Could all the droplets shaken off, be caught
And they too on scales be put
The marvel is that so much weight
Could hang suspended in mid-air.
By means invisible, nor can man 'ere
Spin rope of such a strength and not view his work
Nor can one see the insect whose desire
To reach across such space
Resulted in a string of silver fire

Norman Leslie Lumbell
Aug 16/70

And Copy.

The web

Five feet of silver
Lit by early morning sun
Each glistening drop upon spider web strung
The whole ^{Beauty} bawly swinging in ^{to a soft kiss of} breath of breeze
Could one but weigh the silken thread
~~Which~~ without its beads of dew
Would be invisible to naked eye
And could all the droplets shaken off
Be caught and they too ~~weighed~~ on scales be put
The marvel is that so much weight
Could hang suspended in mid air
By means invisible nor can man see
Spin rope of such a strength and not view his work
Nor can one see the insect whose desire
To reach across the space
Resulted in a string of silver fire.

Norman L. Turnbull

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1st Copy

