

## OLD WEBS

A dazzling whisper of a bug,  
With golden form and fragile wing,  
Was captured by the sturdy hug  
Of web abandoned by its sting.

Did spider die or simply leave  
The trap it spun with lethal plan?  
No matter . . . watch skill's past receive  
The prey for which the ploy began.

The insect fights with slender might  
Against the tattered, worn array.  
But deadly strands grip much too tight  
To let its poor life break away.

And so, the woven nets of old—  
From profit-hunters dead and gone—  
Still capture hopeful lives untold  
Who struggle on, their dreams unwon.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/28/2015*