

## Arachnophobe – Mel Wardle Woodend

I work hard every day: spinning and making,  
crafting and creating my home - my silky web.

My deft and nimble legs  
work as fast as a seamstress, sewing, if not faster.

I don't mean to frighten you when I sit, quietly waiting  
for an unsuspecting fly to buzz on by!

SNATCH - I grab my dinner! I know it saves you swatting them away,  
'those pesky flies' I always hear you say when they land on your food

but when you see me, you never say 'thank you.'  
You scream, you shout, you wave your hands about

and I'm just hanging around,  
watching this ridiculous two-legged human dance

when Whack! I whizz out of my web,  
knocked senseless into an uncobwebby corner

where I curl up, scrunch my legs up.  
I play dead so you leave me alone.

Then I limp away;  
sad, forlorn, my precious silk torn.

I must start again to spin a new home: spinning and making,  
crafting and creating somewhere far from view.

But human, if only you knew,  
I eat bugs and flies to remove dirt and disease from your home.

When you see me there's no need for unease,  
I'm a tiny arachnid, all alone, and I'm not going to hurt you.

Mel Wardle Woodend  
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