

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 42 | Number 1

Article 29

Fall 12-1-2019

The Web

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Niedra, Haley (2019) "The Web," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 42 : No. 1 , Article 29.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol42/iss1/29>

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THE WEB

In this web I've fashioned,
Tried against chain and bond,
I overstepped where I should be stationed -
To there, and far beyond.
I must as a favor, though I don't savor
That which I must learn.
You must have known - of course you did!
Though I beg you not to smile.
Easy or hard? So well you hid
That I was a fool all the while.
Is it then a sin to so spin
Such a little web?
I never meant for harm
(And surely it never came to that!)
Never meant to raise alarm,
But upon me, these people spat.
No one else to blame or share in shame
Than I who spun the web.
There are some, a few, who ask,
"What do I mean by this?
To cover myself with such a mask
And fall into such an abyss?"
People will always talk and find sins to mock
As if they do not weave webs, too.
There was a time, now a lifetime ago
When I had no webs to weave.
Then it all fell in one fatal blow -
With innocence gone, my time came to deceive.
Myself was the most and of that, I'll not boast...
All this from one little web.

HALEY NIEDRA