**A fickle god**

The bins had to go out

But there on the side door

A shard of sunlight

Slashed through shadows

And exposed a spider’s web;

A delicate, elegant octagon

Each translucent thread joined in

A synopsis of beauty,

The author at the heart

Hungry. Waiting.

The bins had to go out.

Time to decide.

A soft violent trembling

A silken doom.

Delicate as faith.

Deadly as religion.

Improbable transient strength.

Unknown to the spider,

A fickle god decided that

The bins could wait.