## Spider Silk







In my downland cottage
Where the beechwood met the chalk,
Where the lapwing used to swoop
And the roe-deer used to walk,

I heard my true love enter And her bare feet cross the floor – I turned to see her standing on the threshold of my door.

She came into my kitchen, Timid, like a doe: I reached my hand to touch her But alas, she turned to go.

Her step was like the falling Of flint upon the turf, The breath she left behind Had the smell of fresh-turned earth.

The air took her, as water would Disperse a drop of milk; I ran to find the doorway Spanned with spider-silk.

Song-lyric by Giles Watson, 2013. Inspired by a phrase from Edward Thomas's The South Country, Chapter 12: "[the spider's] webs bar the door against all but ghostly travellers".