

## SPIDER TRAP (31 March 2002)

I found a spider in the sink.  
It was quite dead,  
Or so I was supposed to think.  
It lay all limp and floppy  
With legs all sprawled about  
And though it was humungous  
I managed not to shout.

For it was *dead*, it seemed too certain.  
It was *dead*, I felt quite sure,  
For a spider that's gone soggy, (surely?),  
Is a spider that's no more.

And so it was I ventured  
Far closer than I might  
And poked it with a pokey thing  
To check that I was right  
And it wouldn't then start moving,  
After this reprieve  
And with terrifying spideriness  
Go leaping up my sleeve.

For it was *dead*, it seemed so certain.  
It was *dead*, I was quite sure,  
For a spider that's gone soggy, (surely?),  
Is a spider that's no more.

The poke amassed to nothing,  
The spider did not move  
So with relief, I heaved a sigh  
And thought the way ahead ran smooth  
For sticking it on something,  
Like some ginormous pin  
So conserving it for ever  
As something huge and frightening.

by Miranda Maxwell-Hyslop

For it was dead, I was so certain.  
It was dead, now I was *sure*,  
For a spider that's gone soggy, (surely?),  
Is a spider that's no more.

But just when I was closest,  
I heard a deafening roar;  
The spider sort of came alive  
Then pinned *me* to the floor!  
He stared at me quite sombrelly  
And then he smiled and winked  
And calmly said, 'It's *you* who's huge,  
Let's see what all the others think.'

It was **DEAD**, I'd been so certain  
It was **DEAD**, I had been sure,  
For a spider that's gone soggy, (surely?),  
Is a spider that's no more.

And so it was he tacked me  
Down upon the ground  
And stuck a label on me  
To say what he had found;  
And then they all came creeping –  
All his insect mates  
To gawp at this new specimen  
Named, '*A spider's worst pet hate*'.  
And as they all just stared at me,  
The spider did a gig  
To break the ice, and they all said,  
**'Oh my word! It's BIG!'**

It was *dead*, I'd been so certain.  
It was *dead*, I'd been so sure,  
But **IT** was just a spider trap  
And **I'M** a specimen on the floor.



The moral of this story,  
If it now be told,  
Is when you see a spider,  
You might as well be bold:  
Don't let it take advantage,  
Don't fall into its snare,  
Just flush it down the plug hole,  
Or chase it if you dare.  
For all things, when considered  
Don't mount to much at all.  
When viewed in true proportions...  
...A spider's only **small**.