

The web is sticky  
The shell is shiny  
In it I can see everything  
Neophytes  
Tatterdemalions  
A flighty amanuensis, blades of grass clutched tight  
Flames scissored, dissected and spun  
It is here that things happen , here that the world is won

Daybreak cracking over fine hairs. Dandelion and burdock. Drops of dew, hugging stems as slowly they wend southwards, trickling until, like sun on skin, they fuse with eager soil.

Dig down damp to the second knuckle and further and further still. Only when elbows deep in the filth is the root fully grasped. It is down here that things begin, down here that the world is born. Above, a skittish click-clack. Wisped limbs slip across the surface, a metronome that spirals towards first cessation and then soft demise. It unspools, like an old map screamed across a table whose wood comes from who knows where.

We saw a mast being cut. Planted six generations prior, the first generation sewed, the sixth generation cut. Those others, ears close enough to hear the bark creep northwards, watchful custodians in step with the passage of time. As the mud squelched underfoot, churned by the endless rains of a Cornish winter, somewhere down there, deep beneath the slop, deep beneath it all, knowing smiles unfurled across long-rotten cheeks; the tending hadn't been in vain. They knew not and we knew not where this wood, dead but not, would go, soon to make bedfellows of waves, water, spray and sprawl. Wending, wandering and plumb once more.

It is a corybantic web  
In which the world is lived.

Charlie Duck, March 2023