

# Design

King Dude

I found a dimpled spider fat and white on a white heal-all  
Holding up a moth like a white piece of rigid satin cloth  
Assorted characters of death and blight  
Mixed ready to begin the morning right  
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth  
A snow drop spider, a flower like a froth

And dead wings carried like a paper kite  
What had that flower to do with being white  
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?  
What had brought the kindred spider to that height  
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?

What but design of darkness to appall?  
If design govern in a thing so small