

Little Gears

Neko Case

I watched a spider build her web
It's something I'd never done before
I'd assumed it was a three day event
As intricate as they are
As fragile as they are

But she finished it in less than an hour
I felt cheated by how easy it was
No mistakes, no missteps
Born yesterday with the gears of an atomic clock
Is she nothing but a program, like love?
A smell on the air that tells us when to go?
Oh, why can't she stay that miracle?
A story written out in stars
And why isn't that enough?

Why do people need to feel so special all the time?
So above it all

This morning I went back to see her
To see if she'd caught some fidgety dinner
But her web was gone
Just a few threads hanging on to where they'd begun
You see, a bird or a breeze can be a hurricane
To the little things

Why do people need to feel so important all the time?
So above it all

We all crave some wildness
We cannot know
We all crave some wildness
Some "hit and run"

To glimpse the side-eyed blurry hide
And thrill at the marks it leaves behind
The police report an I.O.U.
For a miracle which reads
"Please, stay here on earth with me
And I'll try not to explain everything away
Little spider"