

## Juno Probe

### The Spider does not Spin its Web for a Single Fly

We were on the streets, so we were lucky to holiday in the **radio**.  
We could listen to the ceilings and broadcast from the walls.  
Although our **radio** is deteriorating, it makes for a fine home.  
Ensnared by its charm and cheap rent we sleep contentedly in  
This broken device of wood and transistors someone assembled  
once, long ago, but wearied during its build and moved on.

The **radio** once said something like, 'Spiders don't spin webs  
To catch a single fly.' I was like, wait, what? No it was really  
Like, like I was totally speechless when it said that.  
I was standing in the doorframe by the copy machine.  
You were eating breakfast in the evening, I asked you or the **radio**,  
'Is that us, are we the flies?' You tapped silently on a dusty speaker.  
We decided to go to the resourceful studio to dance and pick words.  
Our minds were vacant but our bellies were full on Cap'n Crunch.

I was breaking down the wall and you sat on the fence,  
And years later we noticed that there was one more thing I wanted to say.  
Every November we called each other to celebrate the anniversary of that day.  
It has been eighteen years now, now nineteen, now twenty.  
How time flies when the situation is desperate for explanation.  
How the frenzied remodel exposes the words: passing years.

The only record we had to play at the time was Pink Floyd's *The Wall*.  
But that was too spot on, if you know what I mean.  
But when the government did fall, our **radio** had no credibility.  
The migratory patterns of **radio** waves spin in bright blue gyres.  
Our language was empty but the river rode high.

I think of him picking the first blossoms of periwinkles,  
Sometimes I wonder if any of his stories were true, as  
If all the words he spoke were simple submarines floating beneath  
The surface of an imaginary Sargasso Sea anticipating  
An adventure or a nautical disaster to transpire but doesn't.

Still the words spawn, the language clouds sprout raindrops.  
The silver glistening sounds resemble eels.  
In the mud they emerge at dusk, wriggling.  
The fishermen gather on the riverbanks with buckets and nets  
Scooping up the letters to knot together new words, new phrases.

The words for hyacinths and amethysts are a part of a larger story.  
The **radio** waves that transmit us are spider webs spun from **hope**.