

# Cobweb Morning

*Most of the time, spiders' webs are almost invisible. But sometimes, if it is frosty or damp, you can see the webs almost everywhere you look. This is because ice or water drops have stuck to the fine threads of the webs.*

On a Monday morning  
We do spellings and maths.  
And silent reading.

But on the Monday  
After the frost  
We went straight outside.

Cobwebs hung in the cold air,  
Everywhere.  
All around the playground,  
They clothed the trees,  
Dressed every bush  
In veils of fine white lace.

Each web,  
A wheel of patient spinning.  
Each spider,  
Hidden,  
Waiting.

Inside,  
We worked all morning  
To capture the outside.

Now  
In our patterns and poems  
We remember  
The cobweb morning.