

*In White* (1912) ... 1 ...

A dented spider like a snowdrop white ... 2 ...

On a white Heal-all, holding up a moth ... 3 ...

Like a white piece of lifeless satin cloth -- ... 4 ...

Saw ever curious eye so strange a sight? ... 5 ...

Portent in little, assorted death and blight ... 6 ...

Like the ingredients of a witches' broth? ... 7 ...

The beady spider, the flower like a froth, ... 8 ...

And the moth carried like a paper kite. ... 9 ...

... 10 ...

What had that flower to do with being white, ... 11 ...

The blue Brunella every child's delight? ... 12 ...

What brought the kindred spider to that height? ... 13 ...

(Make we no thesis of the miller's plight.) ... 14 ...

What but design of darkness and of night? ... 15 ...

Design, design! Do I use the word aright? ... 16 ...

*Design* (1936)

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 brought the kindred spider to that height,

Then steered the white moth hither in the night?

What but design of darkness to appall? --

If design govern in a thing so small.