

**The 2010 Southern Hemisphere OBOD Assembly –
An Observer's Perspective
by Jowen, May 2010**

*You know me as a spinner
So let me spin for you
A story from last April
At the home of Lady Cu*

*I shelter in the cubby
That sits upon her land
And 'though the roof has holes in it
Its aspect is quite grand*

*Thus, many of us dwell there
In corners dark and dim
And life was uneventful 'til
Two Legged One moved in*

*It was only for the weekend
(Though you'd think it was forever
The amount of stuff she'd brought with her
To guard against the weather)*

*She whinged about the pounding rain
(Though it really was quite thunderous)
And marvelled that she didn't get wet
(At that she was quite wondrous)*

*She told us we were not to move
With words that were quite stern
Her threats were not made lightly
As I was soon about to learn*

*We don't get many guests in here
Her presence had us curious
But when I tried a closer look
My movements made her furious*

*She said we'd made a treaty
Well, I swear we never did
And if I'd guessed at her reaction
I'd have kept myself well hid*

*I'd moved into the space above
The place she laid her head
It was never my intention
To drop down upon her bed*

*There's not a lot of light in here
So putting it quite simply
In order to see closer
From the roof I hung quite limply*

*Before I knew what hit me
I was tossed out in the rain
She didn't give me half a chance
My actions to explain*

*I didn't try to go back in
Although I felt quite vexed
Two leggeds are such nerry beasts
Who knows what they'll do next?*

*And 'though next day she was contrite
And asked me for my pardon
Out on the banisters I stayed
For I could see the garden!*

*Amazing things were taking place
Down there among the trees
Humans joined by play and prayer
And sacred ceremonies*

*And 'though we are superior
With our eight legs to your two
I realised as I watched you
That you can weave things too*

*I watched you spin your magic
From the cubby balcony
I saw the strands that linked each heart
In love and harmony*

*I watched in fascination
At the beauty of your weaving
Those threads would not be broken
When the time came for your leaving*

*And of my fellow occupants
What of them can I say?
She thought she'd left us all behind
When off she went that day*

*But what she didn't realise
'Though soon was to discover
Some of us had hitched a ride
Keeping low and undercover...*

