

# T o i l

A golden orb

Very early this morning, above my head, in an ageing sandstone entrance, I watched a spider pull silk from its body.

The cold breeze did not bother it, in fact it might have assisted its plans. Overnight it had become rich! Now its gains were all wrapped and arranged like a string of pearls. But it does not hoard its wealth; the next day its accumulations were gone, along with its invention, so I watched it begin again.

“It could be a golden orb,” my friend texts when I send her a photo, “they generally build at night and dismantle in the morning.”

“And during the day?” I ask.

“They rest of course.”

To build, then, without a thought to permanence; to build with a translucence stronger than the sandstone it is attached to. To build by drawing out what one has, inside and out.

Though apt for metaphorising (the Latin word for text, textum, means ‘thing woven’, and I could go on...) it might be better left as a marvellous trap? For art exists before and in excess of Art, that is, before designation or verdict. To make this kind of art is another way of paying attention, of making and remaking, and waiting for things to stick.

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June 2021

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25 & 26 June 2021

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