

Picky 🕷️



Picky 🕷️'s crawling,
Gently to the 🏠.
And her little 🕸️
Spins without a rest.
She spins in the ☀️ morning,
A perfect small spot
Where tiny 🐝🦋🐞
Get caught in her plot.
Just then Picky 🕷️
Gets back in the 🌅 evening
To her piece of 🎨,
To rest from her weaving.
How strange! She can't find it.
? What could have gone wrong?
? Who could have removed it?
Now her 🕸️ is gone.
This time, Picky 🕷️
Has something to do:
Weave another 🕸️,
Start it all anew.