

Riveredge

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [October 2025](#) issue

Jacob dreamed there was a ladder . . . and the angels of God were ascending and descending.
—Genesis: 28:13

If not alone on the cabin's deck,
listening to the river whisper,
open to day's light unfolding,
I would never have noticed
the tiny spider descending,
dreamlike, thread unseen,
from high rafters overhead
to the summer grass below,
or, soon after, her return,
laborious, to where she started;
who knows why or for what
purpose, mysterious descent,
ascent, like Jacob's angels
as he slept, but *surely God is*
in this place of living water,
solitude.