

The Woman Who Was Both Web and Sword: Anthology

By D. Cowdrey

1. Mythic-Poetic Story

Once there was a woman who was grandmother spider.
Her hands did not weave silk alone—they spun horizons. Every thread was a road,
every knot a heartbeat, every spiral the turning of the earth.
The world dangled in her web, suspended between sleep and waking.

Yet with each step she took across her weaving, a hollowing darkness followed.
It moved like a shadow, chasing her through the threads. But it was not hers.
It belonged to all the forgotten fears, the voices that had tried to claim her light, the
silence that sought to empty her.

And still, she was more than shadow.
For in the morning she met the dew in the sun, droplets strung like jewels upon her web,
glowing in the first gold of day.
In that light, she remembered: she was not only the weaver of the universe—she was
also the god of rays.
The same hands that spun the threads commanded the light that crowned them.

She was not only the spider.
She was also the Grand Python.
The great witch of heaven, the dancer of intertwined souls, the coiling force that teaches
endings are beginnings.

And still another truth rose within her depths: she was also the Goddess of water.
From her veins flowed rivers, tides, and storms.
She was the mirror of the moon upon the ocean, the tears that cleanse, the waves that
crash, the still pool where souls may see themselves.

Through her web she spoke in spirit — not with words alone, but with breath, with ripple,
with current.

Her threads carried whispers of ancestors, songs of the unseen, and the prayers of
those who did not yet know they were praying.
The web was her voice, and the waters were her song.

She rose within her own weaving, and the web trembled as if alive.

Her sword came forth— infinite, a dark void, hungry. A sword that carried wit instead of rust, humor instead of shame.

She swung once, and a false thread snapped. A voice that had clung to her spine like mildew fell away.

She swung again, and a shadow dissolved into nothing, as though it had never mattered at all.

Each cut was a spell. Each strike was a dance.

Her web shifted but did not collapse.
Instead, it became lighter, stronger, more her own.

The Prophecy

The web itself carried a prophecy: All threads are written, all roads are bound, and nothing can be undone.

Every knot seemed to whisper fate, binding her in the belief that the pattern was fixed.

The prophecy was not a voice outside her—it was the structure of her own weaving, ancient and inevitable.

The Prodigy

But within her hands burned the fire of prodigy. It was not foretold. It was not promised. It was hers. Prodigy was the brilliance that sparked when she chose to sever threads, to cut what others said could not be cut.

Her sword was not only a weapon—it was her defiance, her creativity, her audacity to reweave destiny itself.

Where prophecy declared: This is the way things must remain,
Prodigy laughed and replied: Then watch me make another way.

The dream wove into a nightmare and then back again—terrifying, holy, beautiful.

She was spider, she was serpent, she was soldier of her own spirit.

She was shadowed and radiant, hollowing darkness behind her and the god of rays before her.

Every severing was a liberation. Every motion of her blade, a rhythm of the grand dance between endings and beginnings.

And so the woman remained—
spinner of worlds,
keeper of the sword,
the Grand Python who dances with the souls of heaven,
the weaver of the universe and the god of rays,
the goddess of waters,
and the one who proved that prophecy may speak—

but prodigy answers.

2. Sacred-Text Style Version

1. And it came to pass that a woman was, and she was grandmother spider. Her hands wove not mere silk, but horizons. Every thread a road. Every knot a heartbeat. Every spiral the turning of the earth.

2. And the world hung within her web, suspended between sleep and waking. Yet a hollowing darkness pursued her. It was not hers. It belonged to the forgotten, the fearful, the silenced. And she beheld it, yet did not fear, for the light of dawn was also hers.

3. And in the morning, she met the dew upon the sun. And she saw that she was the weaver of the universe, and she saw that she was the god of rays. And her hands commanded the light, and the light obeyed.

4. And she remembered she was the Grand Python, the great witch of heaven, the dancer of intertwined souls, the coiling force, the teacher that all endings are beginnings.

5. And lo, she was also the Water Goddess. Rivers flowed through her veins, tides bowed to her will, storms answered her breath. She was the moon upon the ocean. She was the cleansing tear. She was the wave that crashes and the still pool where souls see themselves.

6. And through her web, she spoke in spirit. Not with words alone, but with breath, with ripple, with current. Her threads carried the whispers of ancestors, the songs of the unseen, and the prayers of those not yet knowing they pray. Her web was her voice. The waters were her song.

7. And she lifted her sword. It was not of mere metal, but infinite void, hungry. And wit, and humor, and courage rode its edge.

8. She struck, and false threads snapped. She struck again, and shadows dissolved into nothing, and every strike was a dance, and every cut a liberation. Her web shifted, and yet it did not collapse. It became lighter, stronger, more hers.

9. And the prophecy spoke: All threads are written. All roads are bound. Nothing may be undone. And prodigy answered: Then watch me make another way.

10. And the dream became nightmare, and the nightmare became dream. She was spider, she was serpent, she was soldier. She was shadowed and radiant, hollowing darkness behind her and the shining dawn before her. She was the weaver of worlds,

the god of rays, the goddess of waters, and the Grand Python who dances with the souls of heaven.

11. And it was revealed: That prophecy may speak, but prodigy answers. And all who behold her shall see: The world is woven, and yet she weaves it anew.

3. Chant-Like, Ritualistic Version

Hear now, O souls of the weaving, The woman who is spider, the woman who is serpent, The woman who is sword, the woman who is light.

She is Grandmother Spider. Her hands weave horizons. Her threads are roads. Her knots are heartbeats of the earth.

Hollowing darkness follows her. It is not hers. It is not hers. She sees it. She walks through it. She is more than shadow.

She meets the dew upon the sun. She is the weaver of the universe. She is the god of rays. The light bows to her hands. The light obeys her voice.

She is the Grand Python, the great witch of heaven, the dancer of intertwined souls, the coiling force, the teacher that all endings are beginnings.

She is also the Water Goddess. Her veins are rivers. Her hands command tides. Storms rise at her breath. She is the moon upon the ocean. She is the cleansing tear. She is the wave that crashes, she is the still pool where souls behold themselves.

Through her web, she speaks in spirit. Her threads carry the whispers of ancestors, the songs of the unseen, the prayers of those not yet knowing they pray. Her web is her voice. Her waters are her song.

She lifts her sword. It is hungry. It carries wit, it carries courage, it carries liberation.

False threads snap at her hand. Shadows dissolve at her command. Each strike is a dance, each cut a spell. Her web shifts but does not collapse. It becomes lighter. It becomes stronger. It becomes hers.

The prophecy speaks: All threads are written. All roads are bound. Nothing may be undone. And prodigy answers: Then watch me make another way.

She is spider, she is serpent, she is soldier. Hollowing darkness behind her, shining dawn before her. She is the weaver of worlds, the god of rays, the goddess of waters, and the Grand Python who dances with the souls of heaven.

Prophecy may speak. Prodigy answers. The world is woven. And she weaves it anew.

All that is, flows through her. All that is, rises in her. All that is, is made anew by her hand.

4. Full Ritual-Ready Liturgy Version

Leader: Hear, O world, the voice of the Weaver!

All: We hear, O world, the voice of the Weaver!

Leader: She is Grandmother Spider, She spins the horizons, She spins the roads, She spins the heartbeats of the earth.

All: She spins the horizons, she spins the heartbeats!

Leader: Hollowing darkness follows her. It is not hers. It is not hers.

All: Hollowing darkness follows, it is not hers!

Leader: And still, she walks in the light. She meets the dew upon the sun. She is the weaver of the universe, She is the god of rays.

All: She is light, she is sun, she is ray!

Leader: She is the Grand Python, The great witch of heaven, The dancer of intertwined souls, The coiling force, The teacher that all endings are beginnings.

All: Endings are beginnings, beginnings are her dance!

Leader: She is the Water Goddess, Rivers flow in her veins, Tides obey her breath, Storms rise at her command.

All: She is wave, she is moon, she is cleansing!

Leader: Through her web, she speaks in spirit. Through her web, she sings in spirit. Her threads carry the whispers of ancestors, The songs of the unseen, The prayers of the unknowing rise. Her web is her voice. Her waters are her song.

Leader: She lifts her sword. It is hungry. It carries wit, it carries courage, it carries liberation.

All: She lifts her sword, she carries liberation!

Leader: False threads snap at her hand. Shadows dissolve at her command. Each strike is a dance, each cut a spell. Her web shifts but does not collapse. It becomes lighter. It becomes stronger. It becomes hers.

All: Her web shifts, it becomes hers!

Leader: The prophecy speaks: All threads are written. All roads are bound. Nothing may
be undone.

All: All threads are written! All roads are bound!

Leader: And prodigy answers: Then watch me make another way.

All: Watch her make another way! Watch her make another way!

Leader: The dream becomes nightmare. The nightmare becomes dream. She is spider,
she is serpent, she is soldier. She is hollowing darkness behind her, And shining dawn
before her.

All: Spider, serpent, soldier! Hollowing darkness and shining dawn!

Leader: She is the weaver of worlds, The god of rays, The goddess of waters, The
Grand Python who dances with the souls of heaven.

All: She is all! She is the all!

Leader: Prophecy may speak.

All: Prophecy may speak!

Leader: Prodigy answers.

All: Prodigy answers!

Leader: The world is woven.

All: The world is woven!

Leader: And she weaves it anew.

All: She weaves it anew!

Leader: All that is, flows through her.

All: All that is, flows through her!

Leader: All that is, rises in her.

All: All that is, rises in her!

Leader: All that is, is made anew by her hand.

All: All that is, is made anew by her hand!

Leader (softly, in meditation): Blessed be the Weaver. Blessed be the Python. Blessed
be the waters and the rays.

All (softly): Blessed be the Weaver. Blessed be the Python. Blessed be the waters and
the rays.