

Raft to the Other Shore

“Life is a killer,” said Bill.
Yet would not murder
a spider for the light of its eight
eyes.

Outside of life, this becoming
hfjW'cZXYUñZb U]Yb Ūck Yf fYj YUg
an organ of sight,

formless attractor, the middle eye
rejects a Spider God, eleven–
headed, eight-armed, twenty-two-legged
hustler

dancing on the corpse of a concept,
as crickets and seventeen-year
VjWjUgŪXX'YUbX'di `g'ž
propagations,

saturate the sanctuary
of a hundred thousand freight trains
in my skull. Down a waterspout,
bottom out to the well again,

spiders are my friends,
me and brother Jim and the bees together
again.