**Spider**

Sara Eddy

I met your bathroom spider this morning.

She is lovely, so slender,

so delicate—her thorax glints iridescently.

I was hoping for inside dirt.

Our relationship is young, I don’t know

all your habits as she must.

How do you hold your face

when you shave? How often do you

look in the mirror and worry?

Have you ever sat on the bathroom floor

in the middle of the night

with your head in your hands?

It would be good to know these things.

She’s no help; she gives me fables about ropes

of water and the song the drain sings,

the sound of ceramic to her infinitely

small foot. She whispers about the shift

in the air when a fly enters the room.

Her voice is so soothing, deliberate.

She has seen so much, but nothing

to speak of; she knows you intimately

as a lover, and hardly at all.

She knows the casual cruelty of sponge and shoe,

the random kindness of being overlooked.