

## SPIDER TOUCH

My hands are like a river  
they run with the flow of the earth  
caressing the castoff of a generation,  
and fucking the soil moist.

Arachnodactyly:

spider fingers.

Spiders are weavers,  
and weavers are for mending.

That's what we're told  
along with our

A

B

Cs

and our greek mythology.

We're told a great many things;

that if we work hard then  
maybe someone, somewhere  
will love us;

that if we don't cry  
maybe someone, somewhere  
will care;

and that if we let live  
then maybe, favors can be

*returned.*

But these are weaver's hands,  
and they can't help but drift  
never still

down river.