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Lines for the Spider Who Has Probably Bitten the Back of My Leg

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Lines for the Spider Who Has Probably Bitten the Back of My Leg // Jenni Swegen

You lived in the shower for weeks
You sly little vixen, you messiah you.

You understood my
Fragility and my wanting, these being
Equally yours. You waited,
Grim magician,
For trust to billow into my
Bathroom—
You are of science, of the sky,
Of a sick, slick
Precision.

Something floral and sinewy
Lashed us together; windy white
Uncovering, our brightest braid

Oh
Oh you scuttle over my alpine heart
You sexy thing
You president

Let's acknowledge
That relatively, corporeally, I
Am a township, a galaxy
Grand—
You have left
An indelible mark
On an insurmountable boulder

And I sing it in petals:

I cherish you my sister!
Your courage is our courage!
I know your indignation and your
Asymmetry!

Lay that burden down!

And don't you worry
You angel
You mermaid

I won't let the doctors near it
My new Kandinskian tattoo
This singular ancient thermal map
This secret chromatic art

You weave white rocky rings
Around red lagoons!
You steal a space for the back of my leg
In a Chuck Close, in a Warhol!
Reminiscent of
Whirling dervishes, maybe
Republican states
The flag of Japan—

Where nail meets skin is where
Sand meets lightning is where
Linen meets monsoon,

Fog yawning at the edges,
A spoon too small and speckled,
And all afternoon we drip

Drip dismay, drip irritation, drip euphoria—
Euphoria at animality, at restraint, at risk—
The risk of petals bent to shadow
of blur and tissue death

paper curtains curling

aloneness in the shower.