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Spider

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SPIDER

springs from my scalp showering/I think. Instead, your hair in mine/
untangled only through shampoo. An excuse for women too obtuse

to encounter god. Face to face we wink to avoid blindness/trading tenets
for tic-tacs in grocery store aisles that whisper

we are soul mates to flickering florescent/flawless. My fear of squeezing
limes/in kitchens lit by our eyes. It looks like love but not

through a glass darkly. I am Arachne to your Athena/whose jealousy over
obscene tapestry infuriated her pride with miles

of silk I spin/stronger than withholding. We have woven metamorphoses
with eight exhausted legs/pretending not to see our own taxonomies

walking out of closets. The warp hangs heavy with your spur. Unthread
the weft of my loom with your shuttle but I cannot feel

loss. Echoing creation deity Kwaku Ananse/anglicized Aunt Nancy/your
spider tales linked to sovereignty. *Anansi toree*

teaching Maroons how to capture utopia with their webs/how to let it rest
in the spiders on your chest/then set us free.