

MARC ALAN DI MARTINO

Spiders of September

Each seam in our oak ceiling bears their brood.
Shy spandrels, Spanish castles, angel's hair
in tufts and curlicues. I look up, swear
I'd swept them all away last time I stood

beneath this silk cathedral. It's no good.
The spiders of September make their lairs
in country kitchens. Windows parted, air
ruffles the rafters, strung with netted food.

Their presence is perennial, it seems,
like water leaking after autumn rain
through hidden fissures in the plaster walls.

I shake one loose, and from the broom's head falls
a lone adventurer. We'll meet again
tomorrow, gilded in the late sunbeams,

to dance this neverending *pas de deux*
from sill to wainscoting. For now, adieu.