

Hands

Jordan Bagwell

It's because they're spiders
that you want them more
than everything else—
the smooth and the smiles,
the crowds and the clutter,
the wide eyes, the people
you're supposed to love,
the sun—everything
you've already seen.

You'd be content, thrilled,
to feel those spiders
digging up your back, working
larger holes in the threads.
You'd look at them
when you were alone
and grin. You wouldn't mind
the blood, because the spiders
brought it out. They touched it.
There it would be.
There they would have been.

They catch flies, and they don't
stop for anything less
or anything more. They won't
curl around your fingers
like you want them to.
You remember the brown recluse
in the attic doorway
of your old home, and you're
looking at the web now,
getting back in, and here come
the spiders, those hands again
to show you what you are.