

Free

Against the shower wall I caught a tiny spider
in a shot glass. Semi-transparent, burnt umber, she struggled
on orange-gold soft of the giant webbing moth
pictured in an ad for pheromone traps. From West, South,
now North: October winds. You are my Moon the singer calls, Sees
the One the heart answers. Even if, in lifetimes, longing's
accrued—even if, in generosity, life pours forth—I search
in stone for positions of Light. Little All-Legs, whipped in, out, past
the juniper's arms—