

The Boy

Liked to burrow in bedcovers, draw
Up the quilt and top sheet, snuggle

In darkness. Later, learned to build forts
Out of the cushions of couches, hide there

Safe while family talked about him, other
Things, in other rooms. Grew more,

Found the crawlspace under the wooden
Porch, house-wide, and daylight visible

Only at either end. And at one end,
One day, encountered in between

The dark for hiding and the outer light, its
Many eyes upon him from the center of its web

That blocked his way, in yellow, black,
The spider of the world. Never went back.

JOHN DITSKY