

Arachnophobia

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See a spider in the shadow of your room at night and call your father.
Tell him you can't sleep with all those extra legs
taking up your space. He will cradle the small arachnid
in his callused hands and release it into the night air.

See another spider and repeat the process,
see another and another, wake your father up and keep him up,
until you yourself become the spider and it's no longer catch and release.
It becomes CRUSHCRUSHCRUSH and your insides
are hanging
delicately from the bottom of his work boot.

Wake your father again and apologize
for spreading your whole self across the room and forcing everyone
to stare at every unlovely, brutal part of you. Apologize to your father
for holding fear in your breastbone, silk webs spinning from your mouth
until you have nothing left to apologize for.