

DAVID LIVINGSTONE CLINK

Spider Love

As I am stuck in your sticky stuff,
with no chance of escape,
I must tell you something I have felt for a long time:
I hate your hairy legs and beady eyes—all 8 of them.
And I don't think it's working out.

As you spin my body,
your silk covering me, trapping me,
your spinnerets doing double-duty,
I must tell you that I no longer love you,
and it's time we went our separate ways.

As you stick your fangs deep inside me,
and force in your poison and extract my juices,
I am more annoyed than ever by the little things,
like the way you eat your food.
I hate you, and I no longer want to be a party
to your web of deception and flies.

As you lay your eggs inside my dead,
shriveled, bloodless body,
preparing for another generation
that'll make life difficult for the rest of us,
I'd appreciate it if you didn't call.
It's over.
And I don't want to be friends.