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Spiders

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SPIDERS

poem by
SKYE DREY

Sleek, small, and black
You creep your way back into my life like a spider.
Sitting on my shoulder, dangling from my ceiling,
Whispering in my ear, telling me what you want,
What I should do for you, for us.

You're my own personal Charlotte,
My Black Charlotte.

I try to ignore you
And push you to the background,
But your voice—your sweet, hissing, alluring voice—and your words
Draw me back into you.

I'm stuck in your sticky, slimy, suffocating
Lace of a web and I can't move,
I don't want to move and
I lie there while you embrace me.

Who knew that eight long, thin, constricting arms
Could be so soft and safe?
Who knew that two large, venomous fangs
Could feel so luxurious to the touch as they sink into my skin,
Or is that just your poison spreading through my blood and clouding my mind?

You're my own personal Charlotte,
My Black Charlotte;

Beautiful but venomous, and I still want you.
My Black Charlotte;
Irresistible but deadly, and I still need you.
My dear, sweet, loving Black Charlotte,
Be kind to me; I won't fight you . . .

You draw me to you and ensnare me
In your sticky, slimy, suffocating
Lace of a web and I can't move.
I don't want to move
Because your mine.

My own personal Charlotte,
My Black Charlotte . . .