

In the Kitchen Sink



JAMES JAY

For the cat faced
spider I carry on the corner
of my dish washing sponge,

I am the god, the multi-eyed
god for whom he prayed
throughout the dark, dark night.

The latch on the backdoor clicks
open; its sound loud
as a dozen miracles.

Outside when he crawls
to the eggshells atop
the compost pile

it's as if I exist
finally,
as if my whole being, the entirety of my life spun

from his eight legged need.
And now? And now to do what?
Back up the steps?

On the porch free of all duty,
for all of this, who
do I thank? Who?