

Spider Walk

She walks with spiders
And talks to the lawn

Her eyes are lighters
A simmering dawn

She sleeps with records
Recording her dreams

In vinyl archives and blackboards
Nocturnal Emissions in steam

Leaping on webs
Dreaming on strands
Dripping in flebs
Creeping with bands

Her genius isn't bottled
It's untapped and spottled
Her laughter's rare and gleeful
Her tantrums dark and playful

She walks with spiders
And runs from pipers
I'd love to say I knew her
But she goes when I stay