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Simon Perchik

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This spider has it made
settles in the way each nightfall
tightens around the sun

then eats it dry
though these branches
are not that organized, their leaves

escape beside evenings
darkened with graveyard marble
already moonlight and no turning back

--you bring it a small blossom
half loneliness, half stone

to breathe for you

lowered into this web
broken open as if its roots
could reach out, tighter and tighter

swallow the Earth whole
and along each path sift
for this stone no longer struggling.

Simon Perchik's poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *Forge*, *Poetry*, *Osiris*, *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. His most recent collection is *Almost Rain*, published by River Otter Press (2013). For more information, including free e-books and his essay titled "Magic, Illusion, and Other Realities," please visit his website at www.simonperchik.com.