

The Spider in My Bedroom May Be An 18th Century Privateer

There is a spider in the corner of my bedroom
and I have named him Sir Aloysius Bartleby
I assume that he is a man of the sea, but not quite
a pirate, and not quite legit, occupying more of a gray
yet respectable middle ground—perhaps a privateer
I also assume that he is running booze to the cave
crickets in my garage with their unnecessarily large knees
The saddest part is that both Sir Aloysius Bartleby and myself
know that I will kill him in his high boots and large buckled
belt that no doubt contains two loaded pistols
He will request a duel, which I will say is nonsense
because he is far too small for me to hit at twenty paces
and I am much too large to feel the effects of his tiny gun
For obvious reasons swordplay must be discounted as well
I toyed with the idea of wresting him to the ground
and quickly slicing his throat with the knife I keep under my bed
but I am unsure if spiders have throats, or if they can see in multiple
directions on account of their eight eyes, making sneaking up on him
fairly dangerous, as I know he is quite skilled with a blade himself
So I will go the dishonorable route, therefore, and kill him while
he sleeps and dreams of his intricate webs
I wish a quick death for him and the feather running from his cap
crushed in tissue between my index finger and thumb
but I am oh so tired tonight, this bed is ever so warm
and my wife, who fears his swashbuckling tendencies
yet just wants him gingerly scooped up and let outside,
promises to keep a good eye on him
in case he again tries to escape from the only destiny
a thinly mustachioed spider could ever reasonably hope to know