

# Spider and Fly Cafe

*by* Mathew Paust

Little bastard executed its entrance  
with perfection  
I saw it coming from five feet  
zipping so fast through the portico  
I barely had time to gape.

I'd just brushed off an itsy black spider  
also planning an escape to my a/c  
riding the door inward, presumably  
to spring off and scurry  
away from my plodding rubber soles.

I'd been studying the threshold to scoot her aside  
were she contemplating a second effort  
didn't see her, she might have succeeded  
the fly's been in here now going on three days  
in cahoots, those two, would be my guess.

