

**a long season**  
**by jeffrey reid pettis**

it is a long season that trellises  
of uninhabited silk homes  
rest outside my dingy windowsill.

they collect dust  
through the ghost of winter

and i do not tend them.

i imagine eight tired legs,  
bringing themselves home  
to rest and resume  
lying in wait.

but it is now december,  
and gentle snowdrift  
has crystallized  
these abandoned whisp-  
palaces.

and i know no spider  
who would return to the reflection  
of a long-renounced home  
to risk the so painfully-refracted  
vision -  
too much amplified  
for eight eyes -

of such blinding light  
and fragility.