

Sorrow
by Deborah R. Majors

A delicately threaded screen
giving the impression
that its fragile filigree
is an aged lace curtain
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in the parlor
of a harmless old woman.
A silken sail loosely woven
deceives the Herculean grip
awaiting a victim who
whether careless or careful
is forced by lottery
into the cruel barricade.

I am netted.
I am chosen.
I am frantic.
I am desperate in my attempt
to lift the latticed
threads thoroughly
from my skin.
Wiping.
Scraping.
Blowing.
But later today
the deceiving sensation
of a once sticky
presence again tantalizes
arm hairs
with its invisible tendrils.

I am told by the wise,
by the sages of then and now
the day will come when
this sorrow
holding time's hand
will join me only when I beckon.
But no solace no comfort

no confidence is found
in their sage-scented words
as tomorrow after tomorrow
I wipe away again and again
wispy filaments
believing the haunting of this sorrow
will always torture me with its wavering
presence
dominating stealing my control
regulating choosing the moments
when tacky fibers remind of their nonexistence.

No
I do not believe the sages
because I know this sorrow
will join the collection
of former stringy dividers
martyred and draped across my arm
waiting for that surprising expected touch
of the unsuccessful fevered wiping
that the sage's healing herb
cannot halt or conquer.

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What is this I see?
Ah, a glister in my parlor's corner
a glimpse of time passed
the daughter of a familiar arachnid face
peering
from her hiding place.
Her mother and her grandmother
I knew by sight
though we never spoke.
I nod, acknowledge her power
(for every hoary head knows
a creature that devours her mate
has power).
The eight limbed body balances
on new, fresh, glue clad web
while she contemplates the perfect moment
to dance on her elastic tightrope
forcing me at the mercy of her whim
to remember her elusive
iron barred domain
of skillfully spun netting

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in plain sight.