

## The Spider in My Bedroom May Be An 18<sup>th</sup> 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