

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

## *Mimesis*

My daughter  
wouldn't hurt a spider  
They had nested  
Between her bicycle handles  
For two weeks  
She waited  
Until it left of its own accord.  
If you tear down the web I said  
It will simply know  
This isn't a place to call home  
And you'd get to go biking  
She said that's how others  
Become refugees isn't it?

Fady Joudah

## *A Spider on My Poem*

Black one,  
I was going to frighten you away,  
but now I beg you,  
stay!  
You're what I need.  
This poem needs real legs, faster than the eye.  
And a belly with magic string in it  
made from spit,  
designed to catch and hold whatever flies by.  
Also, the uninvited way  
you came, boldly, fast as a spider,  
till you paused all real in the middle of the page.  
Everything I need.  
Please stay.

Ruth Whitman (1922-1999)

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*Christina Crissinger, Designer*

