

## 10 Legs 8 Broken

*To the spider,*

*the shadowed creature in the corner of the room i hate you.*

*You scared me just as your brothers and sisters did before you,*

*and i will tell you what i told them,*

*You are a trespasser that does not belong here.*

*You entered without knocking.*

*Roamed freely like this is your home*

*and decorated my walls with unwanted,*

*silk webs without asking.*

*You may not be the only killer here,*

*but only one of us is innocent,*

*and it's not you.*

*The spider says to me,*

*it's brittle body squashed and dying,*

*It's not you, either.*

*There is venom infused in my fang-shaped maws,*

*but i was born this way.*

*What's your excuse?*

*If you could count your murders,*

*how long would you be counting?*

*Am i really this threatening?*

*I thought human hearts were bigger than mine,*

*but you have killed with malice instead of marrow of your bones*

*and poison bubbling behind your scowl*

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*And i'm sorry for scaring you,  
but i didn't know being seen would cost me my life.  
Maybe If you didn't fabricate the prickly feeling of my legs  
creeping upon your skin while I crawled across the living room floor,  
If the webs I weaved were made of cotton candy  
and captured clementines, cherries, and sweet peas  
rather than struggling wings and blood;*

*If i had a pink tongue,  
push fur, a wagging tail,  
and fur legs instead of eight  
If i had only two eyes,  
and they were glittering stars and not supermassive black holes;  
If i was the same but looked different; maybe you wouldn't hate me.  
Maybe you wouldn't have loved me, either,  
and maybe you still wouldn't have let me stay,  
but maybe you would've shown me the door or a window.*

*Maybe you would've shown me mercy.  
(But you are still standing, and I am still sorry).*

*I think  
maybe,  
no matter how reluctant,  
mercy would've been enough.*