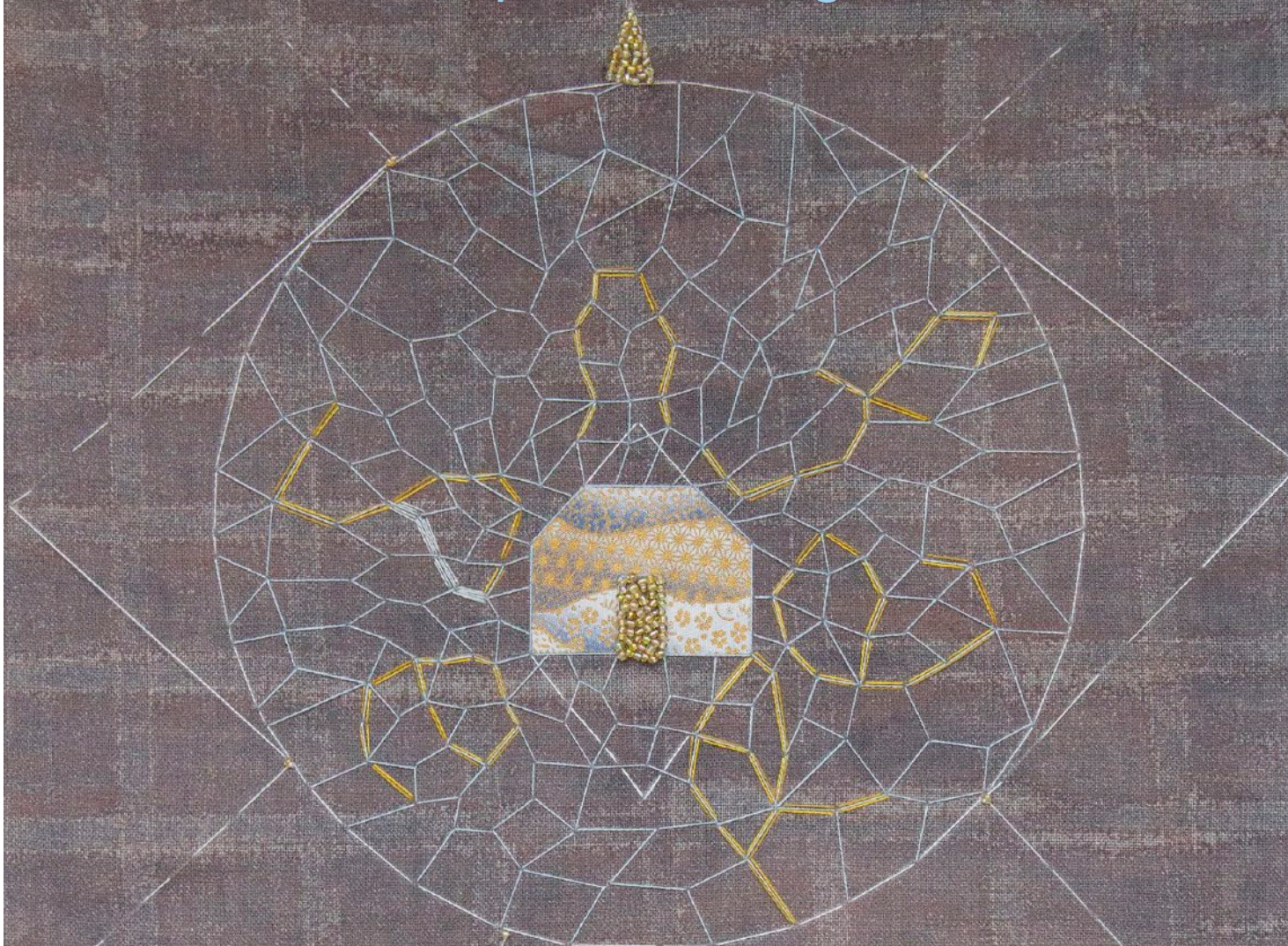


# Feast of Banana Spiders, Starlight, and Roadkill



Amazing universe, all dance and dazzle--  
sometimes it gets on my nerves.  
The simplest things overwhelm--  
the hummingbird's polite sipping of the iris,  
banana spiders, their webs strung from power lines  
like flat sheets hung to dry for the marathon  
of my commute. Of course I yawp about it.  
I woke up hoping for ordinary, looking for a fight,  
but I tangled with mystery instead.  
I can't see straight, can't keep track of it all.  
Starlight slants through me and I'm shocked—  
a deer caught in dwindling dawn. I'd make  
a fantastic carrion bird—clueless,  
cocky, every roadkill meal a banquet.