

*In Winter; Lying on the Floor*

Some spider has draped her tablecloth,  
the one with the hand-pulled bobbin lace,  
over a dusty paddle of the ceiling fan  
and disappeared. Whatever her reason,  
it's far behind her now, and the web  
lifts like a last breath whenever  
the furnace comes on. At seventy-seven  
it's good to stretch out on the floor,  
sky clear beyond the frosty windows,  
a bird darting past now and then,  
and to imagine yourself walking around  
on the ceiling, feeling the crinkly spackle  
under your bony stocking feet (the fan  
a table now, supported on one thin leg)  
and then to step up over the sill  
of the kitchen door and step inside,  
scuffing up dust and trailing gossamer  
into the next room and the next.