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.