

**JUNE ROCKEFELLER**

**Spider**

As a child I found a wolf spider, her scalloped web,  
the wooden bench she sheltered under.

I remember checking her at dawn, at dusk.  
Egg sack on her back, her body

no smaller than my thumb.  
My fear of her was all-consuming,

I remember confusing it for love.  
If I tossed a cricket into her silk, she'd drop down,

spin it unrecognizable. As an adult, seeing  
the spider's photo, I'm caught—frozen but twitching.

Who am I to recall her this way?  
When her egg sack began to pulse,

didn't I strike the match?—  
all those spiderlings—didn't I burn her kingdom down?