

Funnels made of silk

by [Wendy Vergoz Carlsen](#) in the [October 30, 2007](#) issue

It's fall and the grass spiders, the funnel weavers,
have entered the house.

Last year the shower of Leonids,
now, daughter, you in my arms.

Yesterday, after last rites, my husband helped
find a casket for a three-year-old.

Today he took communion
to a boy in the hospital.

The body and blood now sit in a box
on our kitchen counter.

After the nebulizer has freed the chambers
of your lungs, I carry you to your room.

Another yellow snail has died in your aquarium.
My fingers cradle its lightness,
toss it in the garbage.

Once in bed, you sleep the sleep of danger,
breath clicking upon itself.

Get behind me! I whisper you to say.

The grass spider wants dark corners,
even with four sets of eyes.

Between the bricks and door frame waits
a funnel made of silk.