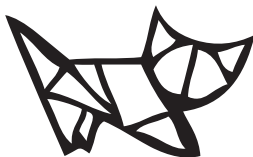


Camille Millier

Spider Swing



The saxophone, wild and
silky, creeps from the wet street below-
up, up, up- crawls through the open window
with the January breeze
and makes the candle flames dance.

Hey there Mister,
cool cat,

Why don't you hustle those
Daddy long legs
up the fire escape,
and appear in your black suede shoes
that can step and swing
with me
until the flames burn out
and these arachnids go to sleep.