

Weaving a Web

by Marguerite G. Bouvard

A spider is working diligently before me
this Sunday morning. Long silken threads stretch
out, waving in each gust of air.
Only a burst of unexpected light reveals the intricate,
ever- changing pattern. Its skill lies in
its invisibility so that we can walk
through our morning without seeing
its creation as we turn our attention
to the World Cup soccer match. Meanwhile
Iman Abou Omar is snatched from the sidewalk
as he walks home from his mosque in Milan,
vanished in the web that stretches
from Cairo to Amman, to Timisoara, Kabul,
Islamabad and Guantanamo. No one ever
sees this network of secret *renditions*
and detentions, an underworld
that pulses beneath our *secured* houses:
thousands hurled outside of time.