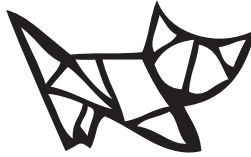


Camille Millier

## 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.