

Lullaby

Kate Walsh

On candy-striped legs, the spider man comes,
Softly through the shadow of the evening sun.
Stealing past the windows of the blissfully dead,
Looking for a victim, shivering in bed.

And searching out fear in the gathering gloom,
When suddenly, a movement in the corner of the room.
'There's nothing I can do,' I realize with a fright,
'The spider man is having me for dinner tonight.'

Quietly he laughs, and shaking his head,
Creeps closer now, and closer to the foot of the bed.
And softer than shadow, and quicker than flies,
His arms are all around me and his tongue in my eyes.

"Be still, be calm, be quiet now, my precious boy.
Don't struggle like that, I will only love you more."
And it's much too late to get away, or turn on the light,
The spider man is having you for dinner tonight.

I feel like I'm being eaten by a thousand, million, shivering,
furry holes.
And I know that, in the morning, I will wake up in the shivering
cold.
The spider man is always hungry.