

# Raft to the Other Shore

Bruce A. Kaufman

“Life is a killer,” said Bill.  
Yet would not murder  
a spider for the light of its eight  
eyes.

Outside of life, this becoming  
trick of death, an alien flower reveals  
an organ of sight,

formless attractor, the middle eye  
rejects a Spider God, eleven-  
headed, eight-armed, twenty-two-legged  
hustler

dancing on the corpse of a concept,  
as crickets and seventeen-year  
cicadas fiddle and pulse,  
propagations,

saturate the sanctuary  
of a hundred thousand freight trains  
in my skull. Down a waterspout,  
bottom out to the well again,

spiders are my friends,  
me and brother Jim and the bees together  
again.