

## Cobwebs

Mackensey Snyder

That spider I squished  
last year beneath  
my yellow flip flop  
crawled his way into  
my dream last night  
up over the fluffy  
white pillow and in  
through my ear.

Oh, and  
the vast black  
abyss of my  
subconscious.

Even after all this time  
I knew  
it was Him.  
Could only be  
Him.  
Spindly legs.  
Plump body.  
Beady eyes.  
That's Him.  
Weaving webs  
in my head  
again.