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The Weave

In the Bend library,

sun through filmy windows—

a spill, like faded ink

blotching paper.

In one corner of the room,

a reader eyes his page,

lips murmuring, mind lost

or, maybe, found

inside those quiet leaves—

thought, written, printed

decades before,

imagined now.

The window light

opens

into this event,

this silent

room.

At the casement edge,

a spider web

appears—

the weave, trembling,

alters the light.

Brief as an inhale—everything,

held

inside the quiver.

By Susan Botich

Susan Botich has published poetry in Margie, The American Journal of Poetry, Rattlesnake Review, The Meadow, The Danse Macabre, Illya's Honey, Wildflower Magazine, The Tonopah Review, Avocet, The Inflectionist Review, About Place Journal, and Edgar Allan Poet Journal #1. She has poems forthcoming in Edgar Allan Poet Journal #2 and via PIM Publishing. She currently works as a freelance writer for various publications and businesses. She lives in beautiful Bend, Oregon.



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