

# Tarantula Season

ERIC DEPRIESTER

I waited two months for  
tarantula season,

but the road will never flood  
with hairs and legs and eyes;  
there is no biblical event,  
no grand natural gesture,

just a higher than normal  
number of arachnids,  
making their way mannerly  
and mostly alone.

I'm disjointed, uneven,  
constantly inconsistent,  
a swirling emotional mess

without you.

You needed time  
and I needed  
anything to believe in,

and then I heard  
those magical words:  
tarantula season,

sometime in October--  
it was everything.

We're a week in  
and you're with him  
and I can't reach out  
and you won't

and I just need  
a small flood of spiders  
to bring me back to life.