

TARANTULA ON THE CEILING.

UNDER THE COVERS

I SEE PART OF THE TARANTULA

IT IS GOING TO BITE ME

IT IS THE SIZE OF A BABY

I PICK SOMETHING UP AND CRUSH ITS BACK

THE SOUND IS VERY LOUD AND VERY DISTURBING

I PUT THE TARANTULA IN A JAR, LIKE THE FETUS but

I WASN'T SURE WHAT FLUID TO ADD

I HAD TO FIND THE EGGS AND DESTROY THEM

IF I DIDN'T THE BABIES WOULD GROW-UP AND DESTROY ME

SOME STRANGE PEOPLE WERE IN THE ROOM

- A MAN AND A WOMAN-

THEY ARE VERY LARGE

THE WOMAN HAD ON A FLOWERED DRESS

I WAS CONFUSED

THEY INSISTED THAT I KILL THE BABIES

BUT I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO IT

I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW TO FIND THE EGGS

AND I WAS IN THE PROJECTS.

LOOKING IN THE WINDOW - A FAMILY - CURTAIN ASKEW

WOMAN WIPING HER BROW

A TURKEY SITTING ON THE TABLE

A MAN SITTING IN FRONT OF TV ON A STUFFED CHAIR

CHILDREN SITTING AROUND LISTENING SITTING QUIETLY AS THEY WERE TOLD

I EAT FROM MY MOTEL ROOM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOJAVE DESERT

IT'S VASTNESS OVERWHELMS LIKE THE OCEAN ONLY UNMOVING

STRETCHING INTO THE DISTANCE

INTO THE PURPLE NIGHT

ODD LOOKING PLANTS ACHE FROM THE SUN

TODAY IT'S COOL, "COLDER AN ITS EVER BEEN" THE MAN TELLS ME

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US FOR DINNER?"

THE PLEASANT WOMAN ASKED

"NO" I ANSWERED SWEETLY, "I HAVE PLANS."

I HATE THANKSGIVING.

CROSSING OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER

DESERT IN BLOOM

HIGH HILLS

A SMALL WINDING ROAD

"ROUND AND ROUND IT GOES WHERE IT STOPS NOBODY KNOWS"

MY BRAIN A BROKEN RECORD

WHAT'S THAT?

A WALL OF SAND IS COMING TOWARD ME
IT ATTACKS THE DESERT WITH A TAKE NO SURVIVORS TEMPER
READY TO LEAVE CARNAGE AND RUIN IN ITS PATH
WIND SHIELD WIPERS ARE USELESS
AS THE SAND BEATS LITTLE GROOVES INTO THE PAINT AND WINDOWS
IF THIS WAS THE OCEAN EVERYONE WOULD DROWN
THREE MEN BANG ON MY CAR DOOR
I DON'T UNDERSTAND SPANISH BUT I KNOW THEY WERE DESPERATE
THEY NEED HELP AND I WON'T HELP THEM
THIS IS MY LITTLE MOVIE AND YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE
I LOOK AT THEIR ANGUISHED FACES
AND CAN'T SEE THEM FEEL THEM
THEY ARE A NUISANCE
I AM THE UGLIEST OF ALL AMERICANS
AND FURTHERMORE I DON'T GIVE A DAMN
THE TARANTULA ON THE CEILING
IS THE SIZE OF A BABY
I PICK UP SOMETHING TO CRUSH ITS BACK

