

Small Things

by: Genoa Wilson

my mom took her last swig of tepid coffee

a bee flew into my hair while

I spray painted a beetle gold

tongued a blob

I was walking to work

near the steps of my garage

and spit a spider

I could hear it buzzing in the frizz

it reared up like a horse

back into the cup

and it wouldn't let me go

before leaving itself behind

