

Domestic Garden

Shirley Geok-lin Lim

Unseen, seeming everywhere, the garden
spiders have been webbing hedges and low
bushes. Chain-link fences steely locked
are looped in veils that glow

bedewed. Sun will soon drink dry the vapors.
In this hour silver kerchiefs
so fine no human can clutch them lie
on tops of pruned juniper, daisies,

rosemary and hibiscus, their aerie
fairy frailties lies where tangled wasps,
aphids, and even bumbling beetles
have been expertly wrapped

in silk, then turned to liquor, to be sipped—
inebriate of death. Sheets and wheels, funnel
mouths leading as gates somewhere
concealed keep death invisible.

Just like the cat, secret about her movements,
although not so secretive as Arachnids,
in the underbrush stalks the gopher
holes for babies and snaps the lizards' heads,
before jumping into the domestic bed
with the affectionate clueless mistress.