

# I Killed The Spider

Meagan Schlee-Bedard | Poetry

(Fear)

I am a “child”.

My mom keeps a beige baseball bat next to my bed,

she said if anyone ever comes through your window at night—

don’t look to see who’s there.

Swing the bat.

Watch them fall, two stories down.

Dial 9-1-1.

Say it was in self-defence.

I was never scared of the boogey man.

Only the shadows in my room at night—

they looked like bugs climbing on the walls.

They were just waiting for the sandman

to work

his magic.

Spiders come for warmth underneath my

Barbie duvet, they crawl like ice would melt,

slowly,

up my 6 year old legs.

The sandman was a villain.

I learned to sleep with the light on.

Right before I closed my eyes I felt

each solid cold white wall, I felt

around and under every taped on teen magazine

poster; that I shouldn’t have even been reading yet.

At church I am told not to sleep with my light on.

God is your light, trust him.

I flipped the switch and each night

I woke up with tears running down my face

and the bat sitting next to my bed frame.

On the seventh night I wake up.

My leg is itchy.

I am in the dark.

I reassure myself.

They are only shadows.

My body is a tree with no wind.

My arm branches out for my leg.

Itch.

Itch.

I killed the spider.

(Findings)

The teenage boys in my neighbourhood  
wore old toques, worn out faded blue jeans,  
beige work boots, and inappropriate t-shirts.  
They were evicted.

They were scaring too many children.  
I wanted to pretend I wasn't scared when they  
asked to join are snow ball fight.  
'Are you a piece of chicken shit?'  
The worse swear word I knew  
deserved a snowball in the face.

There were rumours that they buried kids' faces in the snow  
False  
There were also rumors that I still believe in god.  
False

My mom told me never to speak  
to them again.  
Never to speak.  
Even if I was spoken to.

(Rebellion)

I am 12 years old.  
I walk down the side street of my sunshine and rainbow's,  
small town, Port Coquitlam, River Place, neighbourhood.  
I smile at the boogey man smoking his cigarette.  
He asks me for a light.

In my blue jeans with the flowers on the pockets  
there is a white BIC lighter mocking me—  
you hate fire, it's dangerous.  
I light it for him.  
He offers me a cigarette.

And pulls out a pack that reads "Belmonts"  
it's mocking me—  
you hate cigarettes, they're bad for you.  
I take one from him.  
Shove it in my pocket.

I walk down a block,  
and step on it.  
I go to my bed frame  
and throw the beige  
baseball bat from my window.  
Watch it fall two stories down.  
I killed the spider.