

# To My Hands, With Appreciation

by Nancy Martz March 2013

My two pocket spiders hide in their dark burrows  
Ready to rush out and hold my chin  
While I think; their chubby legs scratch my head for ideas;  
Then boot up and bravely face the mouse  
When I get some.  
Always ready to rise to the occasion, they shimmy  
High in the air above my head  
When I greet friends or want attention.  
They happily reach out and grasp others,  
Hanging on to hold someone I esteem,  
Shaking together in a warm dance.  
With no hesitation, they spin out, legs wiggling  
Onto the heads of puppies and kittens,  
Tickling them behind their ears and under their chins.  
A loving pair, my pocket spiders;  
They sweep over my closed eyes when I cry  
Absorbing my tears,  
And sometimes weeping silently themselves.  
They're workaholics who hide inside my elbows  
When there's nothing to do.  
Just hanging out in public makes them feel awkward,  
So I wear deep pocket burrows just for them.