

Spider Legs, Rabbit Feet

Eli Harvey

*“Tricky,
Tricky,
Tricky.
Y’all just keep on living.
Slippery,
Slippery,
Slippery,
You won’t stay
Within our grasp.”*

Y’a catch sight of a spider,
In your carpet,
Just to squash it,
But it’s eight legs,
Means it moves much too
Fast for y’a to catch.

Oooo
Them pesky *varmint*s...
Find a way to live,
In spite of it all.
They passin stories,
Down and down,
Like a rabbit hole.

*“Tricky,
Tricky,
Tricky,
Y’all just keep on living.
Slippery,*

*Slippery,
Slippery,
You won’t stay,
Within our grasp.”*

When y’a catch sight of a rabbit
In your garden,
Do you nab it?
Is your hardened
Anger towards those pesky
Animals inside the fences,
That you built
Cause your perceptions to
Shift
And twist
And kick
That bucket?

*“Tricky,
Tricky,
Tricky,
Y’all just don’t stop living!
All you
Slippery,
Slippery,
Slippery,
Pests rot all our plans
And all our fun.”*

When y’a catch a spider

Out the corner of your
Eyes when you’re
Sat sittin spittin
Rage upon the rabbit
Over anything!
It wouldn’t matter!
Because how dare it
Live in spite of your fences,
Pesticides,
And genocides.

And there are,
Rabbit Feet and Spider Legs
That are laid upon
This spread
And *then*,
Your ancestors ring the bell,
And call to feed and feed
And *feed*.

Because they’re so “*lucky*,
Lucky,
Lucky,”
How they *thrive*
In spite
It all!

If only you could experience that
too?

“Tricky,
Tricky,
Tricky,
Y’all keep on fucking living.
It’s no wonder,
All you spiders,
Crawl like so upon the ground.”

“Aggravating”
And “annoying”,
Slippin in the cracks
That seem to snake their way,
Through the barriers
That you’ve laid,
When you took their land
From beneath their feet.

So call em,
“Tricky,
Tricky,
Tricky.
How did they get here,
When they’re so lazy?
Look at all the walls,
And fences,
And things we’ve built,
Upon our stolen land.”

And when they
Use their
“Trickiness”
Their “cunningness”
Against those walls
And fences,
Cry out,
And make a scene!
Turn to the next
Best
Regime.

Tell them how much you’re
shaking,
From spiders
And rabbits.

Quakin’ in your
Fancy buckled shoes,
Bedazzled in bloodied,
Gold and diamonds,
Ripped out of the heart
Of the spiders web,
Or pulled out of rabbit holes.

So I am,
Tricky,
Tricky,
Tricky,
Bc my ancestors
Weaved stories
Built off the poetry,
Of the struggle
Of what it means to be free.

But what good,
Would our great
Grandfather rabbit
Be
If he were not smart,
Cunning,
Bold,
Tricky like we?

Gotta learn how to lie,
And fight
And die somewhere,
At sometime.
And the best form
Of trickiness,
Is the type that comes,
From the willingness,
To persevere,

To fight and press,
And to live,
In spite of all of it.

But what good,
Would the great,
Grandfather Anansi
Be
If we were not smart,
Cunning,
Bold,

Tricky like he?