

I SPIED A SPIDER

When my working day is over and I'm safe inside my home,
I just love to wash my cares away with softly scented foam.
All day long I keep on dreaming of a shower, hot and steaming,
with the water gently streaming while my thoughts are free to roam.

I was standing in my shower on that fateful winter's night
and I wet my hair and groped to find shampoo, my eyes shut tight.
Then I picked it up, unwary; but the bottle felt all hairy –
a sensation so darn scary that I felt a stab of fright.

As my eyes went flying open, I could feel my heartbeat skip,
for I held a massive spider half-imprisoned in my grip!
He had four free legs remaining and was struggling and straining,
but he wasn't really gaining till I let the bottle slip.

I am terrified of spiders and I screamed in sheer dismay,
for the outlet pipe was blocked and water couldn't drain away!
With his hopes of rescue dimming and the water level brimming
the arachnid started swimming, doing freestyle round the tray.

Then my ankle loomed before him and the vision gave him hope,
for it offered him a refuge from the water and the soap.
Through the foam he started splashing with his limbs all wildly
thrashing,
reached my foot and started dashing up, his hairy legs a-grope.

I was paralysed with terror and my body simply froze
as the spider scrambled upwards till he'd almost reached my nose.
Then my panic-stricken wailing and my arms, both wildly flailing,
sent the spider back, abseiling down my torso to my toes.

It was like a horror movie! I was shaken to the core,
and I somehow lost my footing as I scrambled for the door.
As I hit the tiles, head leading, I could feel my nose was bleeding,
and the world began receding as I crumpled to the floor.

Then I had this strange sensation that I'd died and gone to hell,
for I must have hit the hot tap with my elbow as I fell.
I could feel my flesh recoiling as I lay there, slowly broiling
in a downpour close to boiling, and I gave a piercing yell.

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Once again, I spied the spider. He was perching on my knee
which had formed a handy island in a heated foamy sea.
Though the cubicle was foggy and my head was feeling groggy
I could see that he was soggy and bedraggled, just like me.

To assist my understanding that I wasn't really dead,
I experienced a change that helped increase my sense of dread.
Then I slowly froze and shivered while my tortured body quivered
as the showerhead delivered icy water overhead.

I was now at risk of drowning and was in a dreadful plight
till my brain at last responded to the urgent need for flight;
so with trembling fingers guiding, I propelled the screen door sliding
and the tidal wave, subsiding, washed the spider out of sight.

I've recovered now, but still approach the bathroom door with dread,
for I cannot shake the images that lurk inside my head!
Yes, I lack the mental power to forget that awful hour
with the spider in the shower – so I take a bath instead.

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