

The Cobweb

By Raymond Carver

A few minutes ago, I stepped onto the deck
of the house. From there I could see and hear the water,
and everything that's happened to me all these years.

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It was hot and still. The tide was out.

No birds sang. As I leaned against the railing
a cobweb touched my forehead.

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It caught in my hair. No one can blame me that I turned
and went inside. There was no wind. The sea
was dead calm. I hung the cobweb from the lampshade.

Where I watch it shudder now and then when my breath
touches it. A fine thread. Intricate.

Before long, before anyone realizes,

I'll be gone from here.