

## Notes on Barthes

I accidentally killed a spider.

It was smaller than a dot, or a speck.

It must've been someone's child.

I gave it time. It was in the sink and I chose to use the other one upstairs, because that's what you do when you want to be polite, and I thought it would climb out, but it stayed in one spot.

Call it:

Still.

Call it like it is.

I grabbed the incense stick from the jar that my brother must have put there while I was away, and thought that it would climb onto the stick and I could transfer it to the wall, but I've always been scared of spiders and I thought that if it climbed and went onto my hand, I would lose my love for the creature, because what is compassion if not limited by the heart's ability to convince you you're dying.

It was very small, smaller than a dot, or a speck and I could rationalize that it posed no threat to me. I wanted to save it.

Call me:

Savior.

Call me so that I am.

It ran from the incense stick every time I got near it, and within a few seconds, it walked into the smallest little puddle, which enveloped it in its entirety, slow and then inevitable, and the spider drowned as I watched, its legs slowly curling into itself before laying still.

Call it:

Death.

Call it a body folding backwards into a body.