

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

---

## **The Weaver of Webs**

By William Doreski

In a sultry Parisian café  
the weaver of webs accosts me.  
She has retired from spider work

and wants me to advise her  
on publishing Wallace Stevens  
in Hungarian, Mandarin, Urdu.

She no longer expects the man  
in her life to return from wars  
in Sudan, Gaza, and Ukraine.

He's obsessed with the stink  
of battle, and vows to fight on  
until the final shell explodes.

She believes that Stevens touched  
the fault line between the hero  
and the coward sitting out

the war to end all wars forever.  
I can't advise her. Lacking  
talent and ambition, I hog

a choice table all afternoon,  
unable to afford escargot  
or even a second latte.

She offers a sheaf of Euros,  
but delicacy intervenes. I duck  
into the chambre des hommes

and pretend that for a moment  
every language on the planet  
is gargling and choking down the drain.