

## Resurrection

by Kerry Trautman

My lump fingers smeared the tiny spider across  
page twenty of a book of poems

written by a friend, this first day outside  
after weeks barricaded behind

cold rain. I meant to swoosh away the particle of  
him, the size of the Garamond *g*, but

botched the not-killing. My mother-in-law had to  
pronounce her brother's death over and over to

their hunched mother with dementia.  
*No, Ron can't come today. He died, remember?*

*Last March, in the car, remember?*  
All I wanted was to feel this first

absolute sun and the mind of a poet.  
The spider could live, just gently

breezed off my page. At this simple generosity  
I failed in a blink. Eventually

my mother-in-law refused to watch her mother  
crack in two and cry again with what could never

be old news. *No, Ron can't come today.*  
*Yesterday—remember, he was just here yesterday.*

The sun will hold steady for at least today.  
Next time, he'll land softly in a sunny patch of grass.