

## Weaving a Web

by Marguerite G. Bouvard

A spider is working diligently before me  
 this Sunday morning. Long silken threads stretch  
 out, waving in each gust of air.  
 Only a burst of unexpected light reveals the intricate,  
 ever- changing pattern. Its skill lies in  
 its invisibility so that we can walk  
 through our morning without seeing  
 its creation as we turn our attention  
 to the World Cup soccer match. Meanwhile  
 Iman Abou Omar is snatched from the sidewalk  
 as he walks home from his mosque in Milan,  
 vanished in the web that stretches  
 from Cairo to Amman, to Timisoara, Kabul,  
 Islamabad and Guantanamo. No one ever  
 sees this network of secret *renditions*  
 and detentions, an underworld  
 that pulses beneath our *secured* houses:  
 thousands hurled outside of time.