

BUG by Oscar Treadwell

Crossing the ceiling sea,  
a speck, no more,  
but holds my gaze.

Dawn illuminates his trespass.

Who owns that endless maze,  
him or me?

His by possession,  
or mine by right of plunder and purchase?

Nearly imperceptible meandering  
with curlicues and hesitation,  
he ponders  
a search for niche or bower?

But I must rise and shave and shower,  
so make up your mind and find your way!

When I return,  
I'll not look up to note your progress,  
fearing that your bold transgression,

has left you there, vulnerable.