

# Mimesis

By Fady Joudah

My daughter  
                    wouldn't hurt a spider  
That had nested  
Between her bicycle handles  
For two weeks  
She waited  
Until it left of its own accord

If you tear down the web I said  
It will simply know  
This isn't a place to call home  
And you'd get to go biking

She said that's how others  
Become refugees isn't it?

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