

Cerberus' Third Head is Asleep

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Abstract—**GENDER!**

Index Terms—gender?

There's a spider outside of my bedroom window. The web stretches all the way across the pane on the other side and when I come home at night to close my blinds the spider is busy with spider things. And I take off my socks and think about how afraid of spiders I am. And behind the curtain the spider is busy with spider things and I flop onto my bed and look at my plants. And September came and went and I was busy with things and so was the spider and so we mutually decided to just let each other be.

MEXICO

ember moon, sleeping on the beach, cigars and stars