

## Jane Bonnyman | Three Poems

### *Spider-Man: The Final Chapter*

When I think of the times you were late, hurling your bike against a railing, swinging into the café two minutes before closing, still hoping for dinner; and how one clear morning, you told me your job would always come first, —such is the matter of saving lives—long days and consecutive nights,

it takes me back to our second date when you shrugged off your jumper to reveal your favourite t-shirt with the giant tarantula drawn on the front. I screamed because it was bigger than your head, and in the evening light its legs seemed to move across your chest. ‘Got it in Australia’, you said.

And even then, I could picture the comic scene: you in the webbed-mask and Spandex suit, whisking me between two buildings and up to the stars—everything hingeing on the hero with the fashion sense and superpowers—and the final shot: the two of us, above the neon city, hanging by a thread.

### *La P'tite Folie*

When, on our blind date in the French restaurant, while you're telling me about your six-day hike through the wilderness of the Southern Alps, I lean towards you and set fire to my hair, accidentally dipping it into the candle flame,

you watch as if it were happening on a screen: me clutching a damp napkin to my head, sweeping the singed strands from the tablecloth, apologising for the mess. Somewhere Piaf sings *Non, je ne regrette rien*, and you ask for the bill.

And I think I always knew, the way some things seem to be meant, that it would end like this: one half-eaten soufflé, me working out the tip and the chill from the open door as you, already in your coat, run for the hills.