

# The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 2

Number 0 *A sampling of last year's Prairie Light*

*Review selections (printed as Vol. 2, no. 1/2)*

---

Article 18

Fall 11-19-1982

## Kill That Spider (Reflections from Lebanon)

Adnan Hakim

*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Hakim, Adnan (1982) "Kill That Spider (Reflections from Lebanon)," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 2 : No. 0 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol2/iss0/18>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact [orenick@cod.edu](mailto:orenick@cod.edu).

# Essay

Don't be angry because you have not made the whole journey. For the journey is nought but a series of steps. As long as one foot follows the other, no matter how slowly, the journey is underway. There is no shame in traveling slowly, for those who move too quickly oft miss the true pleasures of the voyage. Travel, then, quickly enough to be content with your own progress. There is no call for anything more, nor justification for anything less. He is the fool who strives to travel at the other man's pace; for if that were meant to be he would surely have been given the other man's feet. Move quickly enough to see, when looking back from time to time, that distance has indeed been covered. But do not move so swiftly that you arrive at the end of the road all out of breath, unable to recall the events you've encountered and those who've crossed your path along the way. For that is folly most regretted. And moreover, be wary not to move so quickly that you arrive at your journey's end alone, for it is surely a one way voyage. One is never granted the privilege of going back to pick up those who have been left behind in haste.

by Peter McCarthy

## Kill That Spider

by Adnan Hakim

(Reflections From Lebanon)

If you were to stand in your backyard, you would have as many insects, of all sizes and shapes, under your feet that may number as many as 1,000 times the number of living humans today.

Imagine yourself as an earthworm, sitting inside its hole, when suddenly, a tremendous amount of pressure falls directly on top, causing your home to collapse. What would it feel like?

How many times in your life have you had the pleasure of smudging an intruding spider against the wall? What kind of screech would that spider have given if it could, when seeing that monstrous foot-like object, falling on top of its eight-eyed head?

What kind of pain do all those creatures below our feet suffer daily, unheard? What would a little grasshopper feel when someone shoves a big blade of grass into its mouth? Or an ant with its lower end cut off, not knowing what had happened?

You know, sometimes I wonder if we aren't in the same situation that those insects are in. I wonder if we're not just sitting on a ball, floating in a darkened room, with a couple of candles here and there, while our creator watches through a glass window.

I wonder if we're not only experimental objects, sitting around in a laboratory, just like many other laboratories. All those people suffering, dying, crying, and also dying of hunger and of famine, of wickedness, of wars, or just by mistake.

You know what? We are. We are guinea pigs, sitting in a cage, limited to the webs that we weave, being experimented upon.

We learn as life continues, that further ahead, along the road of eternity, some will succeed and others will fail. Some will survive the test, to go on to the next stage of experimenting, while others will fail and be stepped upon, dying away, fading into the great disposal incinerator, where they will burn, lighting up the way for the coming generation of spiders. The generation that will move through the crowds, the smoke and the smell of burnt flesh, trying to make it to the ultimate goal: to make a little web on your mirror, so that in the morning, you would have the honor of using your slippers upon it once again, forgetting that you are subject to be treated the same as well.



*Prairie Light Review welcomes Poetry, Short Story, Essay, Art and Photography.*

*Submissions may be sent to the publication, c/o Courier Barn.*

*Guidelines are as follows:*

*All poetry, short story or essay must be typewritten, doublespaced and be accompanied by a cover page stating name, address, phone and title of work. Short stories cannot exceed 15 double spaced, typewritten pages.*

*Art (drawings) cannot exceed 2'x 2' sized sheet.*

*Photography requires an 8" x 10" or smaller glossy black and white photograph. Color photos may be converted into a black and white half-tone upon selection. Photos of art objects are also acceptable.*

*For further details, contact Kim Kyp, editor, Ext. 2113. Information sheets are available in the humanities and Liberal Arts Office, Room 3098 A. Allan B. Carter, faculty*