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## Kill That Spider (Reflections from Lebanon)

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by JoAnn Wolf

### *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.