The Enemy

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After the lights go out and all is quiet
Little eyeless feelers begin to twitch.
Six legs scurry out of hiding
Carrying the brown spotted body.
Out from behind the refrigerator and stove
Out from cracks and dark cupboard corners
The little and large bodies charge
Ahead, heedless of the danger that waits.
Like radar they find the bread crumbs on the counter,
The conquest assured, a victory feast
Begins as their numbers swell.
But the lights switch on, the bugs, blinded, freeze,
And I stand with a rolled newspaper smiling.