

# Poetry—

From—

THE WRITERS READER

(The Institute of American Indian  
Arts)

## Entanglement

*Spiderweb drapes itself  
carelessly across the void  
that is Time.*

*Extinction lurks...  
ever waiting.*

*Happy wings of laughter  
float into the enfolding  
lace.*

*And innocence does not  
escape...  
untouched.*

—L. SHARON BURNETTE