

Jane Bonnyman

*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.