

Snake's Kin

Y

O

U:

Cold blooded

- head to tail -

ill tuned on each

ascending scale

Observe your nearest miss

and hark at this! Anyone with

anyone like you might thrice

deny, but recognise those limp and

flatulent entreats that whisper love,
yet bite the hands that stroke your skin;

that source the tears that stain the

sheets that hold the hope of

something more than cloth

that reeks of loss of

every little part

of us you

choke away

and scoff.

I speak to

those who

let you in;

I speak to

those who

fret that

if they let

you out

You'll make

them prey.

I'm going to

say it anyway:

You shall not

win the day!

I speak to those

in sight of harm

Who lie in beds

where serpents

charm; who cry

in fear of toxic bite

or wake wound-up,

where coils are tight;

I speak to those, who

hypnotised, will not see

worms as snakes disguised...

I am
snake-sick;
wearing lipstick
so you can watch
my mouth and
listen to a pin-prick
puncturing your
puffed balloon -
like T-thissssss!
Did you hear that
hiss? See any
venom leak?

Slow worm
clad in
Adder's
coat:
you've
had your
time - had
over-Time
to gloat -
but you
are weak!

I speak to
those down
in the pit
who dare
not wander
out of it
who cower,
quiet in
the nest
afraid of
what will
happen
next.
I speak
to those
whose baby
hears the
hisses as
that snake
appears.
I speak
to those,
who
hypnotised,
do not
see worms
as snakes
disguised.