Tin (the Manhole)

Everything Everything

I'll be the fox by the road I am
Enormous and evolved.
A predatory mass, in the dark I am unseen
Me dripping oil from my tail and
My eyes are through the fumes
Yellow as the arc of imagined L.E.D's.

I leave a path in the snow little
Rainbow diesel paws
I devour the smoke that erupts from all exhaust.
I make a dash for the median
There's a banshee searing past
And everything is light
And it's noise and I reach the grass.

My eyes are wide and my teeth dropping
Straight out of my skull
They clatter on the road anatomically displayed.
I am as lithe as a vine as I
Whisper up the verge
And I am almost up to the shoulders of a horse.

Little Sea Anemone, pool of rocks
Why'd you see, an enemy I cannot?
Could there be, a more heavenly artifact?
As pure as that?

I sleep a while in the dark of a
Warehouse by the sea
I am now as giant as the sun I used to love.
My limbs are shoots springing forth I am
Impossible and black,
And I can feel the gravity rushing into me.

I feel a pull on my fur and a
A hundred tiny hands
I can feel the men and the women clamber on.
They will embrace me tonight as a
A father and a son,

And I will carry homo-sapiens through the night.

I can not imagine the things they did to you.
I cannot imagine the way it feels for you.
I can feel the gravity rushing into me.
I am but a hole in the fabric of the scene.
I was but a drop in the ocean all along.

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