

Feeding Roadkill to the River-eels:

I consider myself to be.

A street with lots of black.
Dark-wood walls and dark-wood trees
Freshly paved black asphalt extends, perfectly straight, into the distance.
The double yellows are engaged
In a desperate attempt to jump out
Of all the darkness they're trapped in
Burst out of their lowly plane.
Sick of dividing things up
Cut and sort and categorise
Maybe try the opposite for a change.
It is a cold rain that falls into the street.
Could almost be snow but there is
No moon or other light against which
To look at the falling particles more carefully.
Stupid yellow lines don't know the
Disaster they'd cause if
They ever did stop dividing.
Not far away there is a river and a road
The river twists and the road does too because
It's easier to build and work when
You don't have to think
About the direction you work is going.
The water is very clear.
From out here the moon is visible
Pouring down with the rain.
Words like pure and silver and ethereal come to mind
But I'm sure you've seen the moon yourself.
A car slips in the wet
Causing absolute mayhem with the light
As the headlights spin around clumsily.
Eventually the car is gone and there is
A silent mass in the middle of the road.
So I close my umbrella and drag
The silent mass
Across the road
Into the river
Leaving a trail of red for no one to see
Because it's too dark now and
The rain will make short work of it
Come sunrise.
They slither up through the water
Thick as a man's leg and they've
Never made a sound in their entire life.
The silent mass shrinks
Is broken down, consumed
As if sucked away through straws
The size of a man's leg.
The water is not clear anymore.

I must clean my hands before I can
Return to my place and
Reopen my umbrella.
To rinse them in the river now
Is a bad idea.
But I have no choice.
I take precautions and stay alert.
The raindrops on the river's surface make
It hard to follow their movements accurately.
The writhing grey skin is rough against my hands
I have to fight them off because
I need more time to clean under my fingernails
But they were too strong.