

The Cracks

Teri Louise Kelly

There's only one way out of here,
the astronaut knows
gravity is a sleeper hold.
I search the small print for the words 'miracles guaranteed',
listen to the screams from the cracks opening underfoot
two rats on the crossbeam squat & smile through nicotine aneurysms
admonishing me via inter-species communiqué
the army of pontification stands stonily silent
unwilling to vacate wood panelled halls
I am a numeric statistic in the primordial census
the roaches & the grasshoppers are pre-cooking strategies
on gas mark twelve reading Sylvia Plath
the recipe of extermination and reclamation
simmer, stir, blend, pat into tablet form when frigidly cold
brand new zephyrs bring omens & long lost psalms
on an oaken pew the old man sits chin on clenched fist
Tokyo is no longer an option,
Berlin long since fallen,
London burned, he heard . . .
the barkeep has a sermon
some warped version of apocalypse imminent
topped with a twist of lime!
In Mexico no one passes to the other side,
wordsmiths thrive on succulent delights,
the insects sit & listen to the cracks yawning.