

Serpent

by Gary Hardaway

This slithering story hatched inside my head.
It grows and molts but won't allow itself to be penned.
It chases other newborns down and eats them.
Old skins and excreted remains of the swallowed
contaminate what once was sanctuary.
All the while it circles, snapping at
its twitching tail. It neither dies nor flees
but circles, growing long and fat.

