

Snake and Duck

by Tim Young

Something was slithering inside the murky muck and everybody thought it was a snake but it was really a duck. Greasy feathers led all to believe reptile instead of fowl. But then I saw some people sneak off into the black and next they began to howl.

Gloomy night slippery as snake and duck. Rolling past shiny alleys where the kids leave all their cigarette butts. The smoke lives there too surrounded by itself blowing holes into the culture like angry birds run out of luck.

If the moon would only glimmer for a mile or two more down the road we might see the truth run by dragging his rabbit's foot and toad. Polishing his fingernails as she tosses her sledge hammer high above. The he/she waging war and desparately making love.

Hardly anyone would believe a tale or three or four if the last one out never bothered to slam the door. The murky muck still in tact finishes off the ham sandwich without question until the bird begins to flap and swoop. Isn't there anyone around who could stop this crazy loop?

Like the law it never arrives until all the damage is done. Then the officer pulls his oily, blue, baked gun and the rain of bullets now begun. But the gloom never relents a foot, an inch to fear, raising its umbrella the bullets disappear.

Will this time of shaky news ever come out of the shower? Or will the fowl take the snake and plow him six feet under? No one knows how to feed such creatures many attempts fall by the side. But then if the muck is ever to surrender it must roll into a ball and die.

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