

Atrox, What Crawls Underneath

As this path was never
meant to be trodden by man
These flowers have been
nurtured for none's eyes
These pebbles have never
been washed ashore These
inner organs have never
been exposed to light
Hyperion and Mimas orbit
for the pleasure of none The
marmot whistles for none's
ear The acrobat performs in
his invisible-suit and mind's
eye has never met anyone's
glance None has tore off the
moss to see what crawls
underneath Or lifted the veil
drained the pools
dissolved the bloodstains
None has unriddled my
Archaic smile Or turned the
russet key in my feeble lock
But someone might have
been scratched by the claws
and impaled on the spears
and pierced by the thorns
and the needles
and the stings