

# Hugh Cornwell, Irate Caterpillar

The other night I chanced upon an irate caterpillar  
He was irate he had a darting face  
Crinkled with old forms  
Appendage arms spread out fanlike glancing  
His string noise boxes  
The rest were a howling wolf  
Afraid to be left upright against sleeping forte  
Calling to the caterpillar  
Throughout the time span  
Wanting to be fed wanting attention  
Wanting waiting full of tension  
They don't crowd the spiderlike object  
They didn't object at least not many  
Just waiting for the next creak  
From his aching limbs to reach their brains through  
Cup-like objects stuck on the sides of their heads  
No-one joked no-one spoke  
They became embarrassed and planted contempt  
Under their haunches  
When the caterpillar rested  
His appendages ummed  
His appendages arred  
But not connecting with  
The string noise boxes  
And...  
They...all just gazed

The other night I chanced upon an irate caterpillar (repeat)