

# Mark Eitzel, Atico 18

Let the snake crawl around on your floor  
You're not afraid of its tongue  
Or its tiny heart

It lays curled up on the corner  
Watching Craig and Jose  
Hisses quietly to itself  
Doesn't have a thing good to say

Like the fire's final spark  
Like predictable behavior  
The last drop in the battery  
Food that lost its flavor

Blood inside like ground below  
Just growing colder  
No freedom in cowardice  
Poison fangs give no power

The only love you'll ever grow  
Is to look beyond the things you know  
The things you know

To crawl out of its hole  
A hired car and a 747  
Wants to swallow the world whole  
Including hell including heaven

Tiny eyes that strain to see  
The point behind all this gift giving  
Well, snakes may come and snakes may go  
Jose and Craig--well, they're still living

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