

Child's Nightmare

The flesh crumbled like cheese
Three claws of dirty snow
across its withered limbs
kept it from coming apart
Of course he didn't kill it
Someone else did

Probably from a great distance
and a long time ago
But the young Canadian corporal
who had never pulled the trigger

of his Lee Enfield at anything
more than a target was drawn
to the camy grin like a kid
to a sideshow geek and snapped
with his Brownie a picture which
after the war he kept

in a drawer with his medals and girls
I found them all one day
and gazing fascinated from one
to the other didn't hear him come in

slip off his belt but only
felt them weld with a flash
of pain forever into
my personal tarot: dead man
woman with the snake red
welts across her hips

Glenn Hayes