

Atrox

"Human Inventions"

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So you took him moonward from the cellar. Put him in
the black garret. The window's spotlight chasing him
into the dusty sheets tossing.
Did he wince at the stuffed woodwose lined up with the
manikins by the end wall? And when he made his way
through the mishmash and
crawled into the casket - did you, didn't you lock him
in?
Mercy, have mercy. He's harmless, don't you know?
Pity, pity - he pities you. You're harmless, defenceless.
Cautious, be cautious - he's dangerous, insane. You rip
his head off, crush him, drive a stake through his
heart.

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