

## What Crawls Underneath

Atrox

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