

Shag Harbour's Visitors

Cryptopsy

Dragged out of bed in the dead of night
With their phones ringing pitilessly
Later at the station the droopy-eyed constables
Stared at their computer screens
Sleep-laden officers
Huddled over their coffees as they tried to decipher
The surreptitious low flying lights
Hovering off the coast of our shores

So faint yet blinding

A plane must have crashed
The survivors must be attempting to signal help
The coastguard was contacted
And the coordinates were delegated

They were appalled when they were informed
That nothing was in the water
A blank empty ocean was all that was found
And they were reprimanded and chastised

For you see Shag Harbour's visitors
Had already received their package
High above the earth trapped and drugged
A man was trapped to a cold table
Prodded and probed
With his vital organs laid out beside him
Tiny creatures were dissecting him

Awake but sedated he watched
As they tore through his sternum

While back down on earth everyone sat perplexed
Questioning their own interpretations of what they had witnessed
The tired policemen crawled back into their beds
Saddened and bewildered by what had been said

All the while inside the vessel
The man was still aware
As the vermin slowly reconstructed him
His liver and kidneys and lungs and heart
Were repositioned and motivated to restart

Drifting off as they stitched him up
Suction cup laced tentacles worked miraculously
At home the man awoke with a start
Clutching at his chest and removing his shirt to inspect
But nothing was revealed but clean white skin
Radiating palely in the cold early morning light