

these days

the streets are silent and grow weeds there's
lichen on the kerbs goats in the streets and
people go back to baking bread woodlice dither
and drop from rattling twigs

men return to beat their wives children's minds
become clouds the rebellious join gangs
slugs slowly circle skirts flare inside the compost
bin's death-wall

civilisation is a shiver on a flat screen there
are no stories except of rainbows and old men
walking while small red worms breed and plop
from the lid like raw mince

we are animals with paralysed legs try to get up
but it's no good make us lie down we shout
snails populate cabbage stalks peels torn brown
paper dead leaves

somewhere people rave a hedgehog snuffles
through the bin door one autumn night leaves a
wrinkled prune on the grass communities rise and
fall until only eggs remain heirs to a fortune of black
soil

there will be weeds in more streets lichen on
more walls while this infested ball rolls on
through space nature will reclaim us all single
cell by single cell