

There's Something Deep Beneath You

When I turn out the light
he's afraid of what might be,
(this is an adult);

It's silly but--
What might be?
The unknown has never been so humiliating.

There's something deep beneath you
in the bowels of the earth;
through mines and boulevards alike.

It's cold, solid, hollow and wet--
I could fit in there.
Guess what it is?

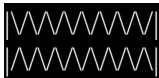
It's black and hard with a spine, ribs, and maw,
It slithers through homes unnoticed,
Sometimes horizontally, sometimes up and down.

It has a body--a half-life?
but can't die;
"Expires" is the proper word.

The European Central Bank has this coal-colored snake,
smells like Chanel covered in clay.
When it expires; melted hair.

Could you imagine being a billion-dollar building?
Precarious rebar arms all day,
Impassive, immortal stainless steel.

Even tellers and security glass will phoenix,
turn to ash then earth,
build themselves again



- *Karen Archey*