

BAT

Wrapped in a leathery
sack of wings
the bat clings upside down
behind my eyes,
sleeping.

It is dark.
Far in the trees
beetles are conceiving
ideas. Crickets lift their legs
and saw thin syllables.
Words complete their tunnelling.

The bat stirs
in my stirring hair,
stretches its wings
against the dark,
singing.

I shape myself
around its mouth.
Now, the claws reach out
and take hold, growing,
drawing their blood
from my tongue.