Walk into the yard

nigh on two
in the morning.

In this season
of the witch
and under a calabash moon
remember the old woman
whose house
you used to walk
forty yards
out of you way
to shun?

Well the shed
is hipshot now
and she has long since
performed
her last exequies
for the bone-man.

So what it is
you so frighten for now?

That the crapaud
with the night
down deep
in its throat
might husk and cough
like a man?
Ghostly
pallor of the moon?

You scared
the cabbage-coat palm
by day
might really become
a giant Baku man
once darkness
elapse

– what?

What so it is
that crippling
you shoes?

And then you look down
at you foot
and see that earth
is first of all the place

where you

rise up.