

Gone South

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It was the day, and then the shot came
From the sky, and then it was the night
But nothing in me was tired, so I did not sleep
Instead I waited in a bush

I sat and watched, but no one came
Except a rabbit and some dogs
But they did not give chase, as far as I could see
They'd lost their appetites, too

I spent some time making bird calls
But none responded out of fear
I dug myself a spider's hole, and it was hungry work
And then I ate from my geo-stash

I made some notes for my legacy
With some mud on a rock
But I was not fulfilled without an audience
After a while I gave up

I missed a plane flying overhead
Through the sky and off into the night
I knew that I could not compete with that technology
So I designed a bear trap

I met by chance a great tall man
Who said he had a room full of orphans
He had them working round the clock preserving energy
He spoke about the keys to survival