

There
Jem Poster

It's happening, like almost everything,
in another world: the green
larva unclasps its feet, drops from the ribbed
leaf in the unseen canopy and swings
earthward on a shining thread to fall
just where you might be standing if you'd left
the path ten seconds earlier, losing itself
in the untrodden leafmould; and you can't come at it,
that dark translation, the skin split to disclose
to no-one's eyes the hardening
armature and what would be the gleam
of its burnished contours if – but the blackbird's shuffling
the litter somewhere else and you'll not pass
that way again – the thing were brought to light.

(first published in Indra's Net vol 44 2008)