

Irate Caterpillar

Hugh Cornwell

The other night I chanced upon an irate caterpillar
He was irate he had a darting face
Crinkled with old forms
Appendage arms spread out fanlike glancing
His string noise boxes
The rest were a howling wolf
Afraid to be left upright against sleeping forte
Calling to the caterpillar
Throughout the time span
Wanting to be fed wanting attention
Wanting waiting full of tension
They don't crowd the spiderlike object
They didn't object at least not many
Just waiting for the next creak
From his aching limbs to reach their brains through
Cup-like objects stuck on the sides of their heads
No-one joked no-one spoke
They became embarrassed and planted contempt
Under their haunches
When the caterpillar rested
His appendages ummed
His appendages arred
But not connecting with
The string noise boxes
And...
They...all just gazed

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