

free time

that false, burrowing monster
dug its grave in wet
earth, damp from someone
else's sweat

someone
like a snail
once chased, over and over
and around his tail

got his hands on that
writhing, grinning beast
little rascal, sat
clawing, biting yellow-tinted teeth

but
thought he heard, low
(echoed in tunnel vision)
train coming, and let go

just to have something to do.