

Ferri's Café Close

Newmilnes 1957

In the short dark close that led to your house
Was where he'd be
If I was going to meet him
Maybe he just stood there for fun
For practice
A little crouched over
Trying to cut down on the angle of light
As his red eyes darted from side to side
Feeling their way along the darkest edges of the wall
O he had a knack
For touching things that lived in the dark
I knew this
Could smell it like death
And he'd stand and invite me to meet him halfway
A test
He could sense fear like energy like electricity
It gathered itself around him like hatred
And he loved it
As his eyes two hungry holes
Darted from side to side
Filled with the depths of things I could only despise
Come on
He'd wave again

And wait a moment before coming down the darkened close
His tins of poison rattling at this side
Wired to an old leather belt
I could feel him inside me
As he moved closer
Crouch over to be nearer the ground
Listening for every sound
And as he passed he'd cock his head towards me
Looking for shelter
He'd say in his own sly way
Making sure to brush me gently with his weight
As he passed
Well I can tell you
There is none
None
Not from me or yourself
Or anyone else
And he'd laugh
As he made his way on and into
The rat scratched dark.