

Mr Arkwright's Mind

269④

A steel trap it never was
snapping up rodents and the odd small dog.

It was never the razor slicing through logjams,
dicing them into carrots.

It didn't wake like the Beanstalk giant,
bawling for blood, nor whirr quietly in the night
like a clock with an amputated pendulum.

This mind was an open door, but a revolving one;
it was a skylark with a bad cough,
a cat that found itself at Cruft's.

It was a catapult of crows against a black sky,
but the day when it stopped like a broken song,
the funeral queues were two miles long.