



Crocodile

by Fran Duffield

Put your little hand in mine,
and stare down at the noisy brink
of the intertwining water:
we can pretend it is frozen,
that we can get it right
this time, time
after time, skate away
on that river

while the sly digital minutes
slide and switch, dishonest,
not the truthful tick
of clockwork, fixed in its little coffin
telling out our time,
tolling each quarter hour
with joy and severity

and in the shallows,
where it looks safest, to put
our bare feet, ready to baptise
ourselves anew, to a better
beginning,
lies the ticking crocodile