

It Keeps the Rain Off

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There, in the tall dancing grass
Dappled oak-shade playing across the un-glinting metal
Lies a helmet
Battered, dented, pockmarked with rust
Forgotten
And within, a skull.
"How do you do?" it calls out
"Lovely weather we're having."

Stepping from one orange-red patch to the next
Spider, beetle, butterfly, moth
Each take their turn
Surveying the conquered mountain of the battered helm
The remainder of its suit long gone
"Lost track of it," says the skull
Itself long detached from its own suit of flesh
"It was bound to happen, sooner or later.
Part of the job, you know."
Above, the green-laden branches sway.

The helmet lies in the tall dancing grass
The sunlight unable to coax out a shine
The skull says, "I kept it gleaming, once upon a time."
But the gleaming did not protect the wearer
Not in the end.
"No.
But now it keeps the rain off."

