

The Screaming pit

Teresa Rogers

Closed eyes, stopped lips
Lungs exude an eggy bubble
No birds sing within the shallows
The secchi disc soon disappears.
It could be bottomless, this pit,
The haunt of sullen local monsters
Whose stories stir the murky surface:
The drunken carter and his horses
The Devil's iron door.
They say it screams on certain midnights
Though all I ever heard was foxes.
And the pregnant kind of silence
That bears down.

The chainsaw whines away the willows
The digger grasps a fist of mud
The cart and horses clatter skyward
The Devil's door slams shut.

Green lens, algae
Blooming in the sudden sunlight.
Motes and floaters of mosquitoes
By spring the clouded vision clears.
And, for the first time in fifty years
A sight for sore eyes in the plowlands.
A pond that's clear and shrill with living:
Tapping on the water's eardrum
Sirens sing a *la la la*.
Potamogeton passes bubbles
to *Dytiscus marginalis*
Nymphs shrug off their demon armour
Damsels fly.