

The Serpent and the Unicorn

Unsure of the coming weather
I had to leap over mysterious puddles
In case they were electrically charged.

Hot wind warmed my blood.

Deceptive pools of fluid in the palm folds,
Taunting,
A headache for thirst.

The unicorn who lives round this area

came into my periphery.

He drank from a palm pool.
 Head down, he stayed there,
 Throat rhythmically filling and squeezing, until
 He lifted his head.

I sat like an empty mosquito
Ready to do something nasty.
He was peacefully unaware, perfectly unaffected.

I inched toward the palm pool, and drank.

I heard a tiny crackle in my periphery. I saw
A serpent gawking at me from a strange tree, uncanny,
hanging, wet, dead.
I drank steadily;
No sudden movements.

Potential energy swelled like the Spring.
A hot, electric cloud gathered over the forest.

Well,
Head tingling from the quench, satisfied,
I set off, to find a warmer body.