

Snake



Nine am the shift starts he has a job to do,

Slithering, twisting, turning,

Is the divide between the rich and the poor,

The haves and have nots

To one side he hears an eerie silence

Everyone has gone to work,

Start early, finish late,

he rarely has much contact with that side,

Noone approaches that side of the wall

He has been told not to ask questions.

The other side are the ones paying.

They have their luxurious swimming pools,

tennis courts,

First class service,

and the grand building towering

over the skyline keeping watch over the other side

like a hawk watching its prey.

The clock strikes ten,

*this is always an interesting time:
for this is when the whole world seems to become still*

Hold its breath

Watch.

And as always, right on time

Two men both in their early thirties

Both with handle bar moustaches,

Both with the same deep black hair,

yet one seems to shine and gleam,

Whilst the other is matted with years of

Dust sweat tears and blood,

One smoking a big cigar,

One smoking a small cheap cigarette,

Either side of the divide.

It makes him wonder every time

What was the changing point in their lives

At what age or what decision has made them so different

Or was it that the starting line

was just further ahead

Was that fair?

But he keeps on slithering, twisting, turning

For he is the snake,

The twisting turning wall that separates this broken city,

He is the divide.

By Zach Hawkins