

Kelpie
by Tom Vaine

It turned your knuckles white to see it,
mad eyes rolling, rising from the muck
to stand before you at the water's edge,
its muzzle dripping filth,
and yet its coat was shining dark,
velvet dark,
dark as drowning, beautifully dark and silent
as the depths of the lake, and you knew
when you touched it where it meant to take you,
knew by the song it sang that it would drag you down
as you rode it, pull you under, flooding even your pores
as it devoured you, that despite your desperation
you wouldn't even scream.
That letting others see it would only make it worse.