

Balaton Accident

1.

Sewage smell on the wind here
as brake oil sticks to the tarmac
under a single mangled car.

A man is lying on the ground
with all thought draining out
from the labyrinth of his head.

2.

Memories vaporise: the body becomes
a pulsing light, a flame to eat the dark
and then itself. The car chassis
is compacted like a trampled bug,
steel bending – an axis mundi.

Only this written-off frame, a shorted
nervous system of sparking wires
and these split, squashed, torn
human entrails. The soul departs
through fog, candescent as the neons
outside the strip clubs. Coolant
pools with blood, and evaporates.

Mosquitos cloud around the flare,
bats zigzag over the wreckage
and foxes lope from the bushes
to test the body and gnaw on it.
Worm eggs buried in the flesh
feel their time arrive and hatch
to chew a maze into the corpse

3.

Lie down here. Press your back
against the clods, stones, rusty screws.

The clubs roar on at the lake,
other cars burr along other
roads, like exhausted strippers.

You ran away from home again
and now you picture each moment
of dying yourself: the car hitting,
the blood taste. You smile
to see the faces in the crowd
rearranged with grief. Lie down
and watch the strobes and vibrations
of the clubs disturb the fireflies,
and the star-labyrinth of sky.