

## 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.