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“Pond”

Go talk to the baby, see what she's found. Oh, she has prized up a healthy golden caterpillar and is eating it. She earlier found a bun on a bench and is now tearing that apart, too, with gasping fingers, and hurling all the bits at a duck in the pond except for the bits she is herself eating, even eating moldy bits because she obviously thinks they'll be good penicillin-wise. Or maybe the baby'll be pinpointing a ghost in a high abbey window with her one broken fingernail. Or maybe the baby'll merely be sat in sunlight, in a patch of healthy teal grass, making a poor daisy chain and smiling like a kewpie.