

## The drunk digger-man

High octane being regularly pumped  
Through cylinders and limbs  
The voice pushing through too  
High so that a crazy pitch  
Is reached while limbs fed  
Fuel continue to move recklessly

He's following me through doors  
Down stairs out onto the tarmac  
With a colourless flammable  
Hydrocarbon not of the mundane  
Series already present in my life  
Racing towards my being uncontrolled.

By Erica Hume Niven