

Worm under the sun

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [January 18, 2017](#) issue

A nightcrawler has found itself marooned,
Surrounded unexpectedly by sidewalk.
Night rain caused it to move (as earthworms do)
Up to the surface, then across slick grass,

Picking up speed—until the surface changed
From slick, wet grass to concrete, where it stopped.
Now, in a clearing sky, the sun keeps climbing.
Worms breathe through skin that must stay moist to breathe.

What kind of world plays pointless tricks like this?
A worm won't ask; nor will it formulate
Hopes likely nothing but more vanities.
This worm will be a worm and simply wait.

Most people marching toward the day don't notice.
The ones who do—their time is worth too much
To spend saving a worm. Some child might try,
If only the right child would happen by.