

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **At Three A.M.**

By David Landon

He saw it by his foot, three inches long,  
a mouse-skinned, grossly rhomboid bug  
with spider legs. He grabbed the toilet brush,  
ready to hack the thing to pulp, but stopped.  
What was this thing? A mutant from the slime  
come here to spawn? to nestle in the dark,  
living on dust and desiccated moths,  
waiting, until he fell asleep, to suck  
the moisture from his lips? What mind  
hallucinated this to share his world?  
What mind did him? So there they were, alert,  
stock still, the two of them at three a.m.,  
fellow descendants of the primal brew—  
until it moved, and he brought down the brush.