

Have you ever thought what it would be like to be a Worm?

To prowl the earth beneath our feet
To eat the debris as our stomach churns
Forming nutrients to plough behind
As our bristles in our skin propel us
Through darkness hollow
Where all we know is touch and feel
The constant pressure of the soil
Or stubborn resistance of clay or rock

A delicacy for birds and small animals
When we emerge at night and exit unseeing into the light
Even beneath the earth we're not safe
From moles and spades that slice and dice
If only an amputation not a complete devastation
We the earth worm can grow a tail
And continue our bounded life

The depth we travel measured by inches grave depth deep
Seventy-eight confines our world up to down
But like our length the distance travelled depends upon each worm

No one knows how many we number as we turn the soil
We're not recognised as special
No protection comes our way
Despite the good we do under each and every paw and foot

No one thinks of the earth worm
Unless it rains and a sodden corpse appears
No voice or fur to stroke



Bereft of features that will awaken one drop of empathy
Or even a hint of sympathy instead we lead a solitary life

Hermaphrodites whose lives briefly touch one another
As we lie side by side top to tail
Bonded by the mucus on the saddle as it rides down our back
Combining sperm and eggs
Abandoning them beneath our head
To grow into small orphan worms
Knowing nothing but touch and feel
Cast out into their underground world

Christine Fowler



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