Wendy Darling’s Grown Up

the clock ticks faster and faster in the crocodile

as he devours the girl’s white underwear

she writhes at his bite—

prolonged, rolling, white-burning pain—

twisting in her stained sheets

as Peter Pan cackles at her, fading

before the face of Big Ben

the clock ticks within her,

with each cry and story told,

each infant’s laugh and fairy born,

slower, slower, slower

until torn scarlet garments lie

abandoned on the floor