

The Pool of Forgotten Warriors

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The remnants of the thunderstorm have long passed;
one by one, a series of raindrops continue to drip off the upper
forest canopy and strike repeatedly against the
leaves of plants that thrive below.

Far below, on the surface of soggy peat,
a miniature puddle has collected within
the cavities of a low-lying killer.

The grotesque appearances of the numerous, pubescent sacks
display little intimidation amongst
the creatures of the bog.

The fluted lips, consisting of green and red, and the
pleasant perfume of rich nectar tempt many a creature
from their dark recesses.

As the rays of the Australian sun grow stronger with intensity,
the odor emanating from the depths of the lotus' parlors
increases as well.

A black ant, a warrior in his own right, cautiously
climbs a spiked ladder and drinks the wine
of the eccentric lotus.

He soon feels dreamy and whirls and dances about
on the ornamental lips of the pitcher plant.

"Oh there's more my friend; please come inside and help thyself."

The ant is entranced by the generous advice and enters an orifice covered with pale
walls—

to take yet another sip of nectar.

*"Dear Cephalotus, thy drink is indeed fair. I remember
not where my home is located and so I will stay
here and drink for days on end."*

The intoxicated creature then stumbles before
dropping into a translucent pool in the lower
section of the chamber;

He struggles and twitches until alas—he moves no more.

*"Ah my friend, fear not, thou shall not return home again.
Thou shall rest with thy brothers and abide
in this magnificent hall of delights."*

The black, drugged corpse slowly sinks to
the bottom of the watery tomb—and joins
the bodies of six other warriors and travelers who
also took one sip too many.

*"Come one, come all, come and taste the nectar that
I've prepared for thee,
I know you'll want to drink a great
amount of it... and you're welcome to stay
for all eternity."*