**Flying Fox**

Alison Thompson

Like seals on land

they are awkward out of their natural element.

They claw across wet grass,

ply avocadoes to the ground,

strip the skin from lemons and limes.

This night time raid is disturbed by the dog; they scramble like fighter pilots,

wheeling into the sky at the barked alarm.

Next morning, my feet squelch

on the warm mess of their destruction

while they are elsewhere, slung safely

upside down,

crowding night-raiders hypnotized by dawn.