

SERPENT SEED

Glenna Holloway

Now.
Right now.
It's the only
moment you can
kill it: Envy
isn't green the
way you were
told except
as that very
first tender
tendrils freshly
clawed from fertile
dirt, uncurling and
catching red. You have
to move faster than a
snake can strike or
it's too late for
anything to stop
the process. The
shoot leaps into
flames; a ravaging
tentacle throttles
itself impotently,
thickens, grayly
toughens in the
final fire. Dull dross
remains, cold rolled into
a coil. Another stage begins
below the deepest layers of the
ashes: Planted like Medusa hairs,
they thrive and writhe and wait
for any hint of happiness, any
crumb of joy to devour and when none
can be found, they
start to feed
fiercely
upon the
nearest
eye.