

The Maggot

It's hot and it stinks. This is where they leave 'em: they call it the meatlocker but they may as well call it the bodybins.

In amongst the rot and the flowering grey mould, a white expanse pulses. The sunlight arrows into the decay and something stirs.

It unfolds and an oily claw scrapes the side of the metal container, hauling itself up and over the wet mulch that surrounds it. Red eyes glint and a blue tongue flickers over sharp fangs.

With a damp, slippery slap, it flows over the side and lands on the hard soil. Long nose sniffs. Then, like a burrowing blind mole, it sinks into the earth – to leave nothing.

Don't think you can follow the trail; this isn't a cartoon.

Maggots feed on flesh so it's not interested in you if you're alive. However, it becomes much more enamoured when you're 'not alive'. It doesn't take much to transform one state to the next.

Don't look at the floor: try and pretend there's nothing down there, nothing to come raging up to wrap its pale, greasy hands around your neck, nothing to erupt from the mud full of bile and hunger and bitterness.