

Any driven animal



Denise Riley

Anonymous animal of the yellow hide,
scat – go figure out the curio of why
your luring passions stump about for more,
lowing that they'd get filleted per usual,
their dewlaps swaying to some charmer's wind
then eyeballed by the taxidermist. Lighter
to wear a dress of feathers and eat berries,
slice dapper arcs of wingtip self-sufficing,
spiral above the leaves, rattle the heather.
But no, your portly body's earthed, perplexed –
tramples at night to know itself unsexed.