

THE ZOO KEEPER'S SONG

I could watch them for hours
Esmeralda and Zola
strolling up and down
on legs as long as stilted circus clowns.
With my daily offerings
of lettuce, radish and grape
I enter the enclosure,
run my hand over
the primitive patternwork skin,
watch how they flutter
their eyelashes
like two actresses
in an old time movie.

When I come back
I want to be the leaves
on the tallest trees.
I want to be devoured
by those magnificent tongues.



Maggie Sawkins