

Not far from the precipice
Roman-nosed rock face
We hike on the low-saline soil

All salinity lost
Opiate state of mind

Roadrunner flashes between the Manzanitas
Coyote was not in pursuit

Disappointment

Ever want Coyote to win?
I did
To an extent

The writers at Looney Tunes could have taken the narrative to Oscar-levels

What if Roadrunner had a kid?
A child Coyote never knew existed

There could be montages of Kid Roadrunner in training
Roadrunner analogous to Texas Pop Warner football coaches

“Dammit son! Your ‘Beep Beep’ is way off pitch!”

“Spin your legs, don’t rotate ‘em!”

“Evade! Evade! Evade!”

One day Coyote gets smart
Every dog has his

Coyote’s dusty China finally gets put to work

And boy, let me tell you
Roadrunner tastes delicious
Children love toys because it takes forever to open the packaging

Kid Roadrunner waits in his cactal nest
All night
All morning
All alone

His time has come
Too early or otherwise
Makes no difference
The time to become a hero has never been a convenient time

Like all sons
Kid Roadrunner exceeds his father's skills

Well-balanced he is
Offensive-minded is he

In his father's film sessions
(of which there were many)
He'd secretly watch Coyote

The bombs
The snares
The ol' boulder-down-a-mountain

Kid Roadrunner puts on some pounds
He's TOO lean
Doubles his rattlesnake intake for six days or so

Then
He

Crafts snares
Plants charges
Designates a kill zone

The day comes

The Looney Tunes' Orchestra amps it up
O Fortuna-esque

Coyote aimlessly meanders down the run like cattle to slaughter
47 Ronin could not have done it better

Trapped in a snare
An exploding boulder perishes Coyote

The red curtains draw to a close
There is no next Saturday Morning