

ANIMALS

The animals must think we're dead.

The eagle flying over the empty four-lane highway,
drunk on clean air,
and the lions napping in the middle of the sunbaked road
must wonder,

then return to their day moments later,
untroubled,
even pleased by our absence.

Where three weeks of stillness cleared the waters,
a swan can see its baby's feet.

And the whale no longer swimming among the roar of so many cruise ships
and the seismic blast of so many air guns hunting for oil,
can hear its lover's call.

When we do surprise them with our return,
can we be better company?