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To the Squirrel on Rose

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To the Squirrel on Rose

You pull yourself
calmly, calculated,
lopsided leg
useless as my black ponytail.
Fuchsia petunias sweep your spine
twisting, an ivy vine creeping
up the rusted lamp post.
You stop, in front
of my robin's egg toes, speckled
from flicked up mud.

A bike rides by
throwing puddles
into clammy orange lit air.
I wonder how
you came by your leg,
seemingly snapped
into two.
You don't twitch
or scare
or smile,
a living garden statue,
tipped over, lying beside
Rose Street's cracking cement.
You crawl,
contorting, draping
that broken limb
over your thinning tail.

The rain starts
you sit
in the park downtown.
I hope
you found a cubby hole
tree and hide
from the falling sky.
No, you must be wet,
writhing as the trees
do above you.

Jessica Rethman