
Volume 1971 *Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i
don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

Article 9

1971

Siddhartha

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Recommended Citation

Pattullo, Judy (1971) "Siddhartha," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1971 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1971/iss1/9>

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Judy Pattullo

SIDDHARTHA

Wolf sound is hunger sound
I always thought.
"A hungry wolf
cried in the distance"
or howled.
But a barrel-bodied
bone skinny thin legged
timber wolf
turns such differences.

Timber wolf is standing tip-toe
or cutting bread.
Perhaps being mesmerized
by a streetlight—perhaps,
though it is a streetlight.

At the zoo a lady said
his eyes were too light
and hi doggy! he doesn't look mean and cruel
does he?

Sniffs pale eyed
in his two-wolf jail.

Oh lady, if only he cared to bite and eat you up
and eat you up. If he cared, it
would be the bite
of the bluest black Thursday night.
Those legs are taller,
the growl deep and stronger.
Woman, you are the hungry,
he is the realized.

Oh lady, I am frightened—
Oh wolf.