

The Squirrel

GLEN E. ROBERTSON*

A squirrel chirped like a bird
On my front porch, and my dog,
White and beautiful, stood at attention.
I moved the cardboard box

And ached to see the tailless squirrel
Chirp a brave warning to the dog.
My Samoyed I suddenly didn't know
With lips drawn back like rubber bands

And fastened there, and depthless
Black eyes focused like death
On a neighbor boy's lost pet
Which bravely stood to meet the test.

The moment froze on fear and hatred
And froze in my mind helpless,
And afterward the few small stains
Of blood I might have wept myself.

*Mr. Robertson is an instructor in English at College of the Sequoias in California.