

Raccoon

Tyler Moore

Hotel rooms always have too many
switches. Getting all the buttons on
your shirt undone before we trip over
the bed is a cakewalk, but I flip all
three switches by the door
before a light flickers on.

You throw the comforter on the floor.
*It gives me nightmares to think
what sick husbandry makes flowers
like that.* You are odd.
But I like that. Help me figure out the lamps.

Perhaps the ankle of a horse is holy.
This is not the way I like being
compared to a horse, but then
my ego's just a taxidermied raccoon:
two black eyes and tiny hands
reaching for anything they can bring
to my mouth to nibble,
worrying less and less about
whether the lights are on or off.