

NANCY JO RINEHART

Raccoon

Driving past you for the second day,
or the third (they fly so),
I notice again your rigorous posture
and wonder how you died.
Thank God you lie off the pavement,
where your cousin was rolled to oblivion;
you, little bandit, wave goodbye
with stiffened limbs,
Perfect monument to your living.

Back Again

Here I come again,
on a giant slide—
not the funhouse kind,
but one dumping me
into a future
of excusing my eccentricities,
convincing everyone
that singleness is bliss,
avoiding the doctor
with each headache and rash
(could it be cancer?),
depending on my parents
and fearing their goodbye,
existing in loneliness
in a cheap apartment
where I don't know how
to fix a leaky faucet
and wish I had learned.