I go out to weed along the fence
and see it scowling by the compost pile,
orange as a beanbag critter in a crib.

One of the neighbors’ animals. Shit. Shit.
Serves me right, living near their ragged zoo.
A lioness got loose two years ago—

she didn’t like Kansas any more than I do.
Old as I am, I should know this basic rule:
if something happens once, it will again.

Sneaking out at lunch to get a Scotch.
Sex with my ex who’s like the news: all bad.
This beast can run me down faster than God.

Expect the snarl, the crash, teeth in my neck.
Let it be quick. Dive in slam that door streak

into the bathroom stay in there an hour.
And now the news team interviews the cop
who shot her and they show her gorgeous bulk

splayed lifeless like a sandbag in the mud.
I know for sure my heart will never break.
If it were going to, it would do it now.