

OK, OK · *Mary Jane White*

I sit down, say
a short prayer
of thanks for
the carpeted seat
of the outhouse.
*Susan, Stephen, what
an unexpected pleasure.*
I will have to
tell them as much
in the morning.
Could this be *Vogue*
under the flashlight?
I could sit to
the first light
of morning, let
the door stand open.

Something,
surely uncivilized,
the size of a badger
is moving outside,
distinctly rustling
off.

Enough.
I know enough,
instinctively,
to know the size of
a badger when I
hear it.
Did you see it?
I didn't see
anything.
There are badgers.
We've seen badgers.
Skunk, coon or what
I tell you,
it scared the shit
right out of me.
Ha, Ha.
Ha, Ha, Ha.