

Drowning the Baby Possum

By Nancy Mann

I am smooth, nicely sociopathic -
My fears are not compounded
Of the realization that shadowy tendencies are all around us
Like rings –
Unchecked, they lead to bizarre events and dark, evil things
Yes, in people – there's cruelty, coldness, disregard –
You and I possess all these things --

In a sunny, sparkling-water swimming pool –
So clean and bright – and turquoise-tile lined,
Sudden sounds intruded into my reverie,
My consciousness –
Annoying morning's casualness, and my self-centered mind –

Those tiny mewes and now weakening, tender cries
Evoked in me few, and tedious, sighs...

The water's surface was now noticeably swirling—disturbed –
I saw a swimming, struggling...baby...animal?
No, to me...just some sorta' "thing" ...
It was in Desperation—but me?

I didn't feel bothered or perturbed –
Yelping more – now it was helpless—its' very life at stake
Unless I intervened;
But, no, I grabbed and swooshed with a nearby, long-poled net,
Forcefully,
And, to my delight, (I'm very athletic) so gracefully,
Only once ---
Bore the irritating critter into depth – its death –
Tossed the rescuing pole lightly, carelessly down
And, strolling off, left the scene!