

Poem

ANIMAL STANCE: after Rosanna Warren

Like
the giraffe
as her staircase neck bends

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o
w
n

by the edge
of the watering hole back legs
spread birthlike

absolutely parallel

with front
forming an isosceles
shadow under her belly,
knees turned out, shuddering
like the fluttering
nerves of a tightrope walker,

rearview-mirror eyes scanning for danger under sleepy lashes.

So I
on crutches
thin and black
as if my torso and head were
camera and tripod rubber
soles shape of her hooves;

stand in the sea
knuckling down in the
sucking sand
bent

triangular

in bare feet

and pick up seastones
stowing them in the pocket of my jeans.

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