

annals of the bear

You could mistake yourself for a bear,
her *behavior*, summers eating donuts

and birdseed from flicks of an old man.
You, a woman, tucked inside an animal?

You omit your cramping blood, how
you sip cream of other mothers' milk.

Two seasons, her cubs captured, your locked patios.
The bear — you say *female, mother* — shatters

glass to ransack for sons. She is *nuisance*:
orange tracking collar, a pardon from

the governor, an exile to Canada after valium.
You forget, but a bear returns. She dumps bins,

ruts on velvet rocks, rips apart the swingsets.
Here you go again as a bear. Grunting in bed,

yawning for sugar, pinching berries between bees.
Ambling and scratching, nursing the grief of sons.

Do not confuse yourself. Look around: rock
hens, electric fencing, blood meal on tulips.