

Armistice

by Lynn Harrigan

Two by two they board the ark
nails clacking against the wooden plank
tails wagging

Whiskers twitch and tickle past
bellies that brush the ground
slow hips lumber
propelled by a deep warning roar from behind

Once inside they take their places
straw beds are blanketed with striped fur here
sharp quills over there

As the boat rocks and rain beats against the roof
there is no room for *food chain*
only dreamless sleep heartbeat against heartbeat



Untitled, Anna Morellato