Zoo You Too

Big Ape stares at the watchers
gathering before the plexiglas wall.
His fellows mope and sprawl
below the limp ropes, the smooth log.

Big Ape's bloodshot eyes move from sport
shirt to sport shirt, from shorts to shoes.
He absently dips his finger, nothing to lose,
into the fresh dung before him.

Big Ape rolls his thick lip, his finger
sweeping to his mouth, a side-long watching.
The crowd gags on its own groaning,
swallows and burps a tight laughter.

Big Ape turns his back as the shirts & shoes
quiet in their we've-seen-it-all relief.
At his side his loose black arm sweeps,
until his fingers scoop up the dung and

He whirls, discus thrower, spattering
the glass at eye level, feces sliding.
Big Ape, on his haunches, rocking
rolls his lips and watches the scattered

Zoo goers go apeshit, and a big ape
grin goes wide with tension:
You upright shit-faced gawkers,
I despise you all.

S. Hind
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--all this talk about zoos as the last arks, etc.
It's just another goddammed lie we tell ourselves,
an act of condescension and power, as we gobble up
the last of the wild places. I guess this is what
Bruce Cutler used to call an "upyours" poem. I miss
that old guy.
I wanted the rhymed couplets to be "captured" by the quatrains, so to speak. — Too cute?

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