

POSSUM TROT

And here comes Senor-Herr Possum, whiskers all abuzz,
 belly scraping the ground. Nosing. "Unc' Billy"
 covers the garden slowly, now here, now there where Mr. Fox
 dallied with his Missus, both of them lolling in the snow
 early last winter. Bright. Hot. Furred. *O give it up, luv,*
 Fox seemed to say to her: *I am dizzied by the way you*
go on and on, putting each dandy delicate foot
half on the soggy chrysanthemums, half arrowing less
into my heart than casting a web around it. Dazzling paw spinner,
jouster d'amour, I am the beginning, middle and end of a queue
knotted only to you. How can we not knot together in this crisp,
luscious air? Their late foxy He/She--a whiff Possum now noses. *Cheerio*
mates, he says, *it's all grubs to me.* No fuss or fusion,
 naught left to His Inspectorship but this quasi-conundrum:
 odiferous histories that rise like spirits, creep and crawl
 past and through the mulch he so ploddingly reads. Track
 quester, transient four-footed savant, he makes his nightly hadj
 right on time: 11:00 p.m., the petunias, 11:05 the patch of zucchini.
 Sluggish snout pusher, midnight marsupial, is he heedless of the lush
 terroir he savors, its lingering tremors, the hot shuddering
 under fur and skin? Their winter yips climbed a treble clef of
 viscera, their yowls plummeted down a bass clef whose
 wild moist midnight scales Possum's nose has text-rayed,
 x-rayed or taken in as a tonic. What to do with vanished music?
 Yippee, he twitches. Fox trot, foxy love, hum it limb to limb.
 Zany honey fox song, swing a song to tiptoe to: gone but for the aroma.