

1980

# Ok, Ok

Mary Jane White

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OK, OK · *Mary Jane White*

I sit down, say  
a short prayer  
of thanks for  
the carpeted seat  
of the outhouse.  
*Susan, Stephen, what  
an unexpected pleasure.*  
I will have to  
tell them as much  
in the morning.  
Could this be *Vogue*  
under the flashlight?  
I could sit to  
the first light  
of morning, let  
the door stand open.

Something,  
surely uncivilized,  
the size of a badger  
is moving outside,  
distinctly rustling  
off.

Enough.  
I know enough,  
instinctively,  
to know the size of  
a badger when I  
hear it.  
*Did you see it?*  
I didn't see  
anything.  
*There are badgers.*  
*We've seen badgers.*  
Skunk, coon or what  
I tell you,  
it scared the shit  
right out of me.  
*Ha, Ha.*  
*Ha, Ha, Ha.*