

1992

Squirrels

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Recommended Citation

Moore, Richard. "Squirrels." *The Iowa Review* 22.1 (1992): 188-188. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4124>

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SQUIRRELS

Were I a squirrel, I'd worship trees.
Think how one must feel in the spring
when one's whole home once more happens,
heaves and works under one's pawtips;

when the view from the nest disappears
into leaves, birdsong, sprouts full of good smells,
and fills the heart with sticky promises;
when the wood of one's floor turns to business.

O, one treads lightly on such pregnancies,
twitches one's tail, stiffens, expectant,
sits in fresh grass, conscious of history,
of long-kept secrets that come unshut.

For breakfast one digs up a nut.