

Big Cat's Ambition

On the prowl through my dreams
come humans, fine, predatory, vain —
a human cannot change his freckles —
I shall wear a human all the same

once shot by my gallant hunters
I'd turn her over, peel off her nails first
then slice up the inside arms
through the breasts and viscera,
and pull the legs up through the hips

then fracture the skull without skin
breakage, ease it down the throat
and out of the chest cavity,
and dispose of all innards

then tan till the smell's gone.
I'd set my merchants onto sewing —
200 pelts make a fashionable coat —
and I'd go on till there were no more.

STEPHEN GRAY