

Penguins

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Masquerading as Penguins,
trying in their stuffy coat tails
to mate for life
but finding it *unnatural*
because they don't want
to be bitched about
in bathrooms
and churches,
the way other animals bitch about
the Penguins behind their backs.

The Cougars snicker away
while they paint their lips
blood-red
with Bambi's valentine
and read them *The Secret*
at bed time.

The Tom Cat dissects
the taste
of his conquests
with
a roughened tongue,
absolving himself and his body
of the feathers that flew
during last night's
pillow talk.

He'd eat up a Penguin
for breakfast he purrs,
smacking his lips
like a satisfied bachelor.

The Humans,
like the Penguins,
march together
in black and white
pairs,
like Moses
through the Red Sea
his family on the right
her family on the left
toward a pillar of society.

She lays the eggs
he gives them shelter
her mind starts to wonder
if his eye starts to wander
and then comes the Human part
when the suit comes off
when you check your pouch
is out of earshot
when you stare each other in the naked eye
and think

How did we get here?

We both have wings but we can't fly.