

LUKE SAWCZAK

KANGAROO

And just like that, a kangaroo was loose
outside of Oshawa, jumping over
handlers' heads and bounding through
December undergrowth. An animal
was free on Mars, or somewhere just
as alien—it looked very big
beneath the clothed and naked pines.

Conspiracy theorists say it died
and was eaten by coyotes, that the one
they found's a different animal,
like God post-Nietzsche.

Others say that it was never caught.
You might be driving on the highway
when a bright shape hops alongside
you in the fog, then turns to shadow.

Preyde says he's only just a dude
with a net, and it's a little faster.
Preyde gallops through the wintry field
chasing the misshapen dream,
getting close enough to smell it,
but it hops away and darkness falls.

Monday morning two policemen grab it
by the tail. It hits one on the nose.
Cornered it curls on itself.
Like the mountain-dwelling monk,
the voodoo revenant, the tarot reader,
or the woman holding an umbrella
disappearing into corners of the crowd,

the mystery always turns out, always,
to have had an earthlike little body
like the rest of us.