

## Susan Bowman

## Delivering Love

The government sent a food box
A volunteer placed it down.
He wore a mask and silicone gloves,
He carefully looked around,
And tapping at the door frame,
Stepped away with dignified care,
While I cowered inside my home
Pretending I wasn't there.
The bravest man I've seen today,
With a wave and a smile was on his way.

## WILDLIFE

At first, they roam without aim then, fueled by lust they seek the rest. More eager, louder, braver, with all to gain, they creep from door to door and test what lurks within, as worth the cost never prepared for a nights hunt lost.

Deciding when at last a proposition seems to offer promise of carnal delight, with hungry anticipation, the hunter deems, worth a chance and disappears from sight. Lost in the wilderness from dark til sun, mingling with the species, having fun, they while away the night.

Some hours pass as the sounds of the night diminish, as flashing lights and music dim with the heat, time to escape, to leave, to finish, out they rush into the street.

Running wild with energy now, they cower or they stand and fight; the wildlife commonly spotted,

The city on a Saturday night.

## Foxes

Under the moonlight, vixen prowls amid the long grass damp with dew. The quick red fox, no longer fast; her belly almost dragging on the ground heavy with cubs unborn, still demand she obeys their need for food.

Tired and hungry, steadfast in her search, looking for rodents on which to feed and finding none resorts to grubs and slugs.

The odd frog will have to do tonight. Tomorrow she will have to risk the town Where she is not welcome but food abounds.

Exhausted now, she returns to the den and there she tries to rest but aggravated by pain, she shifts and fidgets and in the early hours of morn with screams and whimpering groans seven perfect female cubs are born.

She hasn't long to rest before the need for food returns. With babies suckling at her breast her empty stomach burns.