

Totem Pole

By Jack Underwood

I put an animal on an animal
which I put onto the animal I had already stacked
on top of my first animal and stood back
to appraise my work only
it looked much too short despite the number
of animals I had gathered, and I felt tired and silly
and disappointed, slumping to my knees, rocking
back onto my bum, then lying down to stare
into the hoary sky until my eyeballs softened
and I was forced by the consistent light
to close them and listen to the animals taking
a surprisingly long time to disorganize themselves.