

# Where the Wild Things Go

By D. Gilson

The night Max wore his wolf suit  
made him infamous, bred the child star  
never sent to bed. Middle school,  
Max started drinking. *Not in my house,*  
his mother begged, *No, no, no, wild thing.*  
Max reminded her who bought  
this condo, who paid for her meds.  
Freshman year, Max raved. Roared  
his terrible roar, rolled, and almost  
wound up in a warehouse dead.  
Where, oh where, do the wild things  
go? To rehab in high school.  
To college on residual book sales.  
Max kept his head down. Laughed  
at drunken frat boys. *Bro, let the wild  
rumpus start.* Max said, *No thanks,*  
and volunteered for the Peace Corps  
instead. Two years in Kenya, one  
in Belarus, the president thought  
Max might be of some use. Max  
moved to Washington, appointed  
at the State Department a cultural  
attaché. One important day Max wore  
his wolf-gray suit, then drove home  
well past rush hour in a freak snow storm.  
Max drove on the deserted beltway,  
thought it his throne. *Yes, Max belted,*  
*this is where the wild things roam.*

Source: *Poetry* (May 2017)