

THE RACCOON IN MY CEILING

RHONDA LOTT

If she lives to hunt for flesh another year,
I hope she finds a way to pay for
scratching up the rafters. In my head,
she's drunk on some red berry she fermented.

I hope she finds a way to pay for
the black liner she took from her mother,
but she's drunk on some red berry she fermented
and only dens with girls who strut and wear

the black lines they took from their mothers.
She never sleeps when others lie in bed
and always dens with girls who strut and wear
the tile so thin, they may break through the grid.

She never sleeps when lovers lie in bed,
and I don't either, so I'll still hear her
(if I live to hunt for flesh another year)
scratching up the rafters in my head.