

SUSAN TERRIS

Tiger Dream

Silent and solitary you are prowling midnights
tracking in and out of cloud.

If there's blood or dismemberment
I don't see it only an incessant pace through

mango groves and up into the arc of sky.
Then, sky tiger, your ribboned pelt

roughs my body as your sandpaper tongue
delivers both promise and absolution.

Claws sheathed, your night territory is mine.
This is not about sex but consolation.

We are camouflaged here in lightning-lit
cumulous. Chuff hiss growl moan