

THE LORIKEET ●

Jacob Appel

That puppy we never adopted
Went un-walked though my childhood
Failing to paw the upholstery
Or scar our Frisbee with canines

He did not chase the other pets
We never owed: hamsters, hedgehogs,
That one-eared Abyssinian tabby who
Didn't trail us home from the park

No backyard cairn marked his grave
Nor grade school eulogy recalled
His un-barked rage at those bunnies
We left behind in the shop

Our mom feared rabies and fevers
Droppings riled our dad
So no lorikeet serenaded at breakfast
And that pup neither frisked nor fetched

But once, tail wagging, he retrieved
That doubtful lorikeet between his doggie teeth
And how I sobbed over that absent bird
Even now, I am still mourning