

The Tiger Wished She Wasn't Striped

MEGHAN KELLEHER

The tiger wished she wasn't striped
Or the color of the sinking sun;

She pictured her face on parlor floors
And watched her blood pour
Into painkillers and aphrodisiacs,

As if it were already happening elsewhere
As if it were possible to prepare.

The tiger wished she had taken the other way home;
She wished she had eyes on the back of her head;
She wished, from there, he could see her bare her teeth.