

## Opossum in Estrus Explains Why Her Lover is Made for Her

your twin veins  
split like the river  
where our fathers drowned

though more powerful  
more filling

flood me split me  
leave me growing

our pink joeys dripping  
out my shallows

only you smell me  
in the fat-white Springmoon  
when the others distracted  
foragers sniff out snails  
and peepers you track me

this one night me  
the only flesh to feed you

Brendan Walsh