



Oh Strange Animals

Oh strange animals
that care in us,

strange strong animals
lie waiting for an end in us,

oh dry animals
that mourn in us,

coiled serpents
are knotted in us,

rare butterflies
look for flowers in us,

dear dark animals
stretch dying in us,

bats fly in circles
in our caves,

oh strange animals
heal us.

David Hart

from "Setting the Poem to Words" Five Seasons Press 1998. Reprinted by permission of the author