

Marc Nerenberg

SOMETIME AROUND 2 AM

Sometime around 2 am I'm told,
You could smell him, powerfully,
In our bedroom on the second floor,
Though he was, no doubt,
On the ground somewhere,
Behind the house.

We don't know
Where he comes from;
And we don't know
How often he comes around.
Our bedroom windows are usually kept shut tight.

But our air conditioner is on the fritz,
And it was hot out last night,
Thus our windows were thrown open wide
So we could breathe the cool breeze
That flowed in through them.

Last night's breeze carried an unwelcome gift,
Though I, myself, was quite unaware at the time,
Being wrapped in the arms of Morpheus,
Sweet, sweet Morpheus!

He used to live in the expansive space
Underneath the solarium
That stands on stilts behind our house,
Until we had it sealed off with steel mesh,
Creating a large cage, kept locked, at all times,
To keep him out.

Oh,
Did you think I meant Morpheus?
Sweet, sweet Morpheus?
Oh no.
He is quite free to come and go
As he pleases.

I rather meant: the sweet little skunk.