



## Acme

John Bennett

I like when the bird paints a tunnel  
on the mountainside, dark as an aster,  
but love—love is the faith of a coyote  
that knows the landscape well, yet  
throws itself again and again against  
stubborn rubble.

I question the caution of poultry  
sprinting unflinchingly between cliffsides,  
but courage—courage is the guts to scribble  
a sign while your rocket-skates putter  
mid-jump.

I sense a traveler grows weary of a place  
offering strictly sand and dust,  
but frustration—frustration is spite  
in a sweaty wool suit, jumping up  
and down on a malfunctioning catapult.

Bravo the fowl that one-ups by alarming  
from behind with onomatopoeia,  
because revenge—revenge is never a dish  
at any temperature, but a train forever  
hunting through a mountain, waiting  
for someone to draw it a tunnel.