

Night Squirrel

When I first saw you
I thought a baby gray squirrel
Sneaked out of its parents' nest
To get a snack of sunflower seeds
Just as night was falling.

But I look closer.
Your markings
Grey back, white belly
And a dark line defining them,
Your tail broad and flat,
Your large, dark eyes.
Who are you?
You know I'm watching.

Did I just see you fly
From that laurel to the chestnut oak?
This is New York.
My field guide says
That flying squirrels don't live here.

You have a mate
Spiralling head first down the chestnut oak.
Those seeds are good.
You peel them like I peel bananas.

Eat up.
Other night creatures are hungry!