




2022

Peanuts Please

Sara Anne Hook

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/oa_grscholarship

 Part of the Poetry Commons

Peanuts Please

Sara Anne Hook

Early morning in February. Sheltered on my front porch, a small gray squirrel. Head bent low, back turned to shield herself from the wind. Tiny paws clasped together as if in prayer. Looking in my window, pleading eyes. Cold. Hungry. Help me. Named her “Skinny” because of the size of her tail, slim and compact like a skein of embroidery floss. Still in my husband’s boxer shorts, baggy t-shirt and favorite sweater with holes in the sleeves that serve as my pajamas, I retrieve a bag of fresh peanuts. Jumbo size, salted, deluxe, still in the shells. Venture outside in bare feet, hair awry, no make-up, hoping the neighbors can’t see me. Scatter two generous servings for my faithful, freezing friend – with enough left in the bag for me.

Vanity yields to
humanity, compassion
always in fashion.