

Black Beetle

Little black beetle
Scurrying across the bathroom floor.
Going so fast
On those little legs -
What's your hurry little one?
Where do you have to be?
He goes this way and that
Back and
Forth
Round and
Round,
All the time dragging behind him
A pubic hair -
He doesn't seem to notice or care
Or maybe it is a souvenir
Of a far off conquest
Or maybe it is an erotic gift
To entice his lover.
He stops for a second
Twitches his antennae
As an explorer checking
His map and compass
To get a bearing
On such a large, unknown world
Or maybe he is questioning his life,
But then he goes off
Quickly
In a straight line
For a crack in the wall
And he is gone.

Frank Braun