

MATT DEL BUSTO

New Exhibit at the Zoo

Sometimes I feel like a weird clustered monkey.
I'd perform markedly better as a pickled egg, enmeshed
in a jar or an unmarked dark box in an attic
somewhere.

Seeing as there aren't any pickling plants
on my side of the world—
or at least no ads I've seen for one—
I'll hang on to my prehensile tail
and unwieldy opposable thumbs.

People opposite me oft gawk,
trying to divine who, or what, I am,
trying to close the distance between us
like a palm pressed flat on glass at a zoo exhibit.
I'll admit it, I exhibit rather non-person qualities these
days, with my yearning for climbing high trees
and staring back as strange human eyes
undress me.