

# Penguins

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Delia Sinni

Masquerading as Penguins,  
trying in their stuffy coat tails  
to mate for life  
but finding it *unnatural*  
because they don't want  
to be bitched about  
in bathrooms  
and churches,  
the way other animals bitch about  
the Penguins behind their backs.  
The Cougars snicker away  
while they paint their lips  
blood-red  
with Bambi's valentine  
and read them *The Secret*  
at bed time.  
The Tom Cat dissects  
the taste  
of his conquests  
with  
a roughened tongue,  
absolving himself and his body  
of the feathers that flew  
during last night's  
pillow talk.

He'd eat up a Penguin  
for breakfast he purrs,  
smacking his lips  
like a satisfied bachelor.  
The Humans,  
like the Penguins,  
march together  
in black and white  
pairs,  
like Moses  
through the Red Sea  
his family on the right  
her family on the left  
toward a pillar of society.  
She lays the eggs  
he gives them shelter  
her mind starts to wonder  
if his eye starts to wander  
and then comes the Human part  
when the suit comes off  
when you check your pouch  
is out of earshot  
when you stare each other in the naked eye  
and think  
*How did we get here?*  
We both have wings but we can't fly.