

Breanne Mc Ivor

Unmaking

Neither fur, feathers nor scales ever clad
A perfectly honed piece of mortal machinery
Like you, that stalked like one who had
Mastered the hunt with effortless effrontery
And imposed the jungle's law entirely
On the dithering herds that daily assert
Their dependence on this concrete desert.

They shudder at your distinctive stride
As your polished black shoes emerge stealthily
And know the simple tie, knotted with pride
And ironed shirt that flows uneasily
Over the tanning-bed tan that won't glow healthily.
But they miss the glimmer of primal fear,
That you master, as if it wasn't there.

I foresee you stripped in your unmaking,
Of the fatal black suit, that only I saw
Fit you ill, and added to your breaking;
True predators fear this world's raw
Venality that spurns your natural law.
What a pitiful way for a predator to die,
Alone in the desert, strangled by a tie.