David Phillips

He who made the Lamb

Columbo-standard, Crouching cold-nose, Eyes like a noose, nipping Natural paper edges.

Through the undulating skink Night she sulks, Two cigar butts dunking themselves In the undergrowth.

Silent drip-drops of water from pelt. Soundless patter of padding paws. A pant in the night, Panthera Tigris gulps the moon.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk