

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.