

## Zoo You Too

Big Ape stares at the watchers  
gathering before the plexiglas wall.  
His fellows mope and sprawl  
below the limp ropes, the smooth log.

Big Ape's bloodshot eyes move from sport  
shirt to sport shirt, from shorts to shoes.  
He absently dips his finger, nothing to lose,  
into the fresh dung before him.

Big Ape rolls his thick lip, his finger  
sweeping to his mouth, ~~aside-long~~ watching.  
The crowd gags on its own groaning,  
swallows and burps a tight laughter.

Big Ape turns his back as the shirts & shoes  
quiet in their we've-seen-it-all relief.  
At his side his loose black arm sweeps,  
until his fingers scoop up the dung and

He whirls, discus thrower, spattering  
the glass at eye level, feces sliding.  
Big Ape, on his haunches, rocking  
rolls his lips and watches the scattered

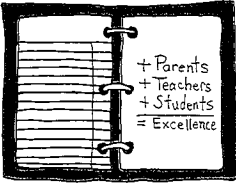
Zoo goers go apeshit, and a big ape  
grin goes wide with tension:  
You upright shit-faced gawkers,  
I despise you all.

S. Hind

July 11-12, 1993

--all this talk about zoos as the last arks, etc.  
It's just another goddamned lie we tell ourselves,  
an act of condescension and power, as we gobble up  
the last of the wild places. I guess this is what  
Bruce Cutler used to call an "upyours" poem. I miss  
that old guy.

(over)



# Hutchinson Public Schools

AVENUE A ELEMENTARY SCHOOL  
111 SOUTH MADISON  
HUTCHINSON, KANSAS 67501-5499  
TELEPHONE (316) 665-4610

ANNABETH HIND  
PRINCIPAL

*I wanted the rhymed couplets to be "captured" by the quatrains, so to speak. — Too cute?*



Your public schools... There's no better place to learn.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER