

animals

We are animal
The civilized veneer
Peels away
When we are alone
We play the roles
Of socialized beings
Until the door is locked
The transformation
Can come from a glance
Or accidental brush
Of the back of a hand against bare arm
It is immediate
Profound and intense
We become
Natural
Our appetites are fed
With copious flesh
And liquid satisfaction
Satiating is only a relative term
Hunger can be placated
But never extinguished
This animal nature
Has no cruelty
Nor agenda
Save
The merging
Of two natural
Spirits
To be
One
The only
Questions left
Pertain to the definition
Of a civilized
World

REVEREND DAVE WHEELER

Reverend Dave Wheeler is a poet who became addicted to words at age 14. Although he frequents PA meetings (Poets Anonymous) with several fellow "poetry junkies," he still wakes up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat searching for pen and paper. Remember, the addict has to want to change!

