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Prowlers

Carl Dennis

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Prowlers

CARL DENNIS

Footsteps in the hall at night, bed fears of prowlers.
Buried under covers I ponder their plan.
I can smell the methods of my old girlfriend
Jealous of my print collection,
Bitter that our friendship never grew into more.
"You are lucky to have such a friend," I told her,
But a woman stubborn as she was never wants to learn.

In the drawer of my desk is a loaded gun
For use against prowlers; but I am ashamed.
What spectacle leaping armed from the bedroom,
An indignant apartment-dweller,
To compare with the gasp of the family man,
The fat father trembling into his trousers,
Clutching a reading lamp for a club.
In the hall he trips on the tinkertoys.
No one is there. The family hoots
At his bruises at breakfast,
But he doesn't care.