



10-15-1982

The Mother Marsupial

Con Hood

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Recommended Citation

Hood, Con (1982) "The Mother Marsupial," *Westview*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol2/iss1/18>

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THE MOTHER MARSUPIAL

— by Con Hood

Death's an old possum
 rattling through dry leaves
 sniffing beer cans
 and eating worms
 and baby birds and thrown-away roast.
 Her breath smells rank
 and her little teeth gleam.

Don't be fooled
 when she's curled in a limp gray ball.
 She's not really asleep.
 The last thing you see
 if she waddles away in the dusk
 is a long cold tail.
 With an innocent grin
 she'll come right up to your door
 and if you're not careful
 she'll eat *you* out of house and home.
 Even though she seems
 awfully ugly and fat
 deep down in her pouch
 little things feed.

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ILLUSTRATION BY CINDY KAISER MOORE