

Horn Spotting

The Rhinoceros is not extinct.
Its hide, brash as copper,
riveted above the shanks,
like a Panzer tank, streaked
with blood, brawn to brain—
the Rhino has not yet passed
to the realm of tygers.

Being odd-toed, an ungulate,
it grazes on fierce grass, digests
cellulose in intestine stomachs:
Rhinos belch pure methane
into the mouths of children.

When it stomps,
the ground quakes,
toppling tall okra;
when it charges,
the matador flees,
red velvet flailing;
when it summons,
the gods lay down
like crib death.

In fact, the Rhinoceros
has multiplied tenfold
since the earth first shook
the mountain of zinc.

Its camarillas range across
the heartland; they pray
in cathedral, in mosque
and synagogue, in small,
hometown churches, where
mothers stroll babies in
the park: a few have rung
bells to toll sinners home.

One Rhino played Putt-Putt
with his nuclear family, sunk
a hole-in-one through a windmill;
a little boy Rhino wore spurs
and a cowboy hat, then burnt
his sister at the stake.

Others have taken up
Shakespeare—his tragedies;
they've roared like Lear

upon a heath; I even
saw a Rhino play Benedict
in *Much Ado* (his performance
reeked of sophistry and
school yard prank.).

At a neighborhood
bar two Rhinos broke
the skull of a Wombat,
who tried to siphon
a scotch from a third,
who had donned grace
to seduced a princess.

At dusk in fat
buildings Rhinos
tremble with
ecstasy, chatting
on Instagram,
while around
the corner a
dirty Rhino cleans
her sports bras
at a Laundromat.

Males never wear boxers:
some secretly pop Viagra
and pray for reproduction.

Ionesco would be proud
of this Rhinoceros resurrection,
even if reviled by the snort.

The poor Rhino: so close
to God; so far from extinction.

© Copyright 2016 Robert Michael Oliver