

## *Jill's Apology*

A rabid raccoon, aprowl  
in blood-thrall thrill,  
possessed more wholly  
than stake-burnt witches,  
has a vicious mission,  
wants to bite. It itches,  
writhes—must—*will!*  
What in its condition  
drives the coon to bite  
its victim is pure urge,  
ur-urge, not hate:  
infect, and replicate.  
The tabby it has bitten  
aches to maul its mate,  
settles for its kitten.  
Bring on the threat:  
a slavering hound, a vet,  
an SUV that misses  
by a hair? *Fo, fum!*  
Nothing can deter it.  
Let devastation come!  
the coon's cat now spit-hisses,  
seeming almost to prefer it.  
In just this way you had to love me, Jack.  
And so I felt compelled to love you back.