

In the Dark
Gray Adams

It's 3am.
There's a shrew
in my front yard.

It's a peculiar thing—
Tiny, elongated nose,
pinprick beady eyes.
Whiskers twitching,
sensing the damp
dew-kissed earth beneath
its pale pink paws.

It stares at me.

What does it see?

A predator?
Impossibly massive,
its lips encaging
pearly canines
meant to tear meat
from bone?

A monstrosity?
Bizarre and vertical,
awkwardly bipedal
as it looms, a kaiju,
above the Tokyo
of grass blades?

It's difficult to guess
what thoughts occupy
those piercing eyes.

As I ponder, I recall
something important:

Shrews are nearly blind.
It can't see me at all.