

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.