

Martha McCollough

Invisible friends

mine were always animals
as there were enough
people in the house already

my guardian angel
wasn't exactly a friend

I'd seen its picture
its worried expression
in my catholic coloring book

looming sad sergeant
of rules I meant to evade

I dreamed of being an animal
hidden, taskless

of sneaking down
to the lake at night
slipping in smooth as a tooth

let's go whispered my little blue dog
my affectionate lion
my bad monkey