

Bi-Bestiary

Gregory Brooks

I suppose only the animals that paired off
and shuffled up the ramp
survived the flood.

So this Bishop, pointing out
that we would rather flirt
than marry—well, he built

an Ark out of the trees
lining the church property.
He grew a beard overnight

and pounded the pulpit, crazed
with the fire of righteousness,
saying—*Get thee hence, freshmen!*

*Find a temple, make babies.
See the rivers swelling with rain?
You have no time. Buy a ring.*

Every week I'm invited to the zoo.
Single salesman, white shirts and ties.
As if the weight of straight men

could convince me to marry.
In fact it sends my body into the water,
another animal, the last of its kind.