

The Badger

commanding the conference room table
directly across from me sits
the badger

this is a rare thing
a badger sighting
at a meeting

usually, the badger
sits behind a monitor
and monitors
a favorite tactic
composing toxic email messages
and with the stroke of the send key
a nuclear explosion
the perfect storm

sometimes
after the dust settles
the badger will emerge
to survey the damage
picking through the debris
searching for any sparks of life
devouring the young

but today
the badger sits across from me
flanked by a fox and a jackal
dressed in a tailored suit
glaring at me with beady eyes
I can see the dark clouds of thunder
brewing behind the scowl
waiting for the precise moment
to unleash a lightning bolt
and strike me dead

what a sight to behold!
the ferocity of a badger
on the verge of a kill
unfortunately, my dear,
it takes two to tango

No longer playing this game

I vacate my seat, and in doing so
the badger shifts focus
to the next victim

a reign of terror
floods the conference room
until the window blinds
are covered in spittle
the coffee mugs overturned

I seek higher ground
winding up the hillside
others follow, tentatively
until remembered confidence
provides sure and stable footing

with a downward glance
I notice that below and behind
in the shadows
the badger is left alone
railing at their own reflection
in the mirrored surface of
the monitor