

If Aidan were an animal
Jacqui Beck 2014

If Aidan were an animal,
would he be a snail?
semi-trans-
lucent. protected, but not completely
soft, tender.
four tentacle-eyes peering out at the world

If Aidan were an animal
he would be a lion with a full mane.
Served by a harem of lionesses
as he lies in the sun
periodically letting go with a deep roar,
his head thrown back
crying to the sky
sending birds whooshing up out of the trees
to fill the sky with black shapes.

If Aidan were an animal
would he be a monkey?
clever. everywhere at once
laughing at us from his branch
as we go about our mundane lives, thinking
we understand

If Aidan were an animal,
he would be a mother hen,
her chicks gathered close to her feathery warmth,
safe from the foxes.

If Aidan were an animal,
he would be a seal. Sleek, alone in
the water. Curled up with other
fat seals on a rock. Roaring, then
quiet.
Sleeping on the flat rock. Diving
away. Down. deep into the water

If Aidan were an animal, he would be
a giraffe, his long legs long neck giving
him the view above and far.

If Aidan were an animal, he would be
a mouse. Quietly gathering grain to take back
to his little home in the barn, behind the rusted

tools. Small. Furry. Vulnerable. Quick. Industrious.

If Aidan were an animal, he would be a peacock. bright blue eyes in his tail.

If Aidan were an animal, he would be a cat, sleep 17 hours a day and never check his email.

If Aidan were an animal, he would be a golden retriever, but he would never bring back the stick. He would take it into the woods and chew on it, bury it by the big cedar that grows beside the creek, come home wet, covered in mud, and leave muddy paw prints on the floor.