

invasive

love is an invasive species
trespassing the ecology of thee

stealing precious feeding grounds
privacy, and emotional resources
from naïve, native populations who
think they'll live forever, burrowed
with inherited doubt and isolation

its murine scrutiny creeps the meadow
like clustered furry stumps of hormones
where only insect introspection's welcome
vermin whose fickle feelers tasted
that parliament of brooding mice, elected
voting in favor of space, instead

how its meddlesome mitts must seem
uninvited creeper vines, navigating
wooden boards inside your coiled thighs
fences acceptably erected, for your defenses
a pro-environmental reconstruction
which ironic solitude left in disrepair

(this barren balance feels better
when there's no one there)

how many eager biologists have tried
to convince, assist this migration?
towards warmer climates, favorable conditions
prizing a more tenable position for
its lone sequestered citizen, but
couldn't quite get passed her equator
where lonely's lurid pull is greater

some compassionate scientist
may carve his name, or yet succeed
in rescuing this elusive breed
breaking the genetic code
relocating you someplace, chilly
where you can be alone

(your natural habitat)