

Malcolm Greenlee Farley

The Fox Knows Many Little Things, But the Hedgehog?

The rain is falling yet again tonight, and you're unnavigable,
rudderless. You can't maneuver your leaky old scow

through a flood. Beyond, reality liquifies into a single, cold,
undifferentiated aargh. Object to abject. A shuddering.

The rain intensifies. Or sounds as if. You've neglected to swallow
your cloud-nine lozenge—one cause, but proximate.

Another, your parents, now far downstream—so small on the torrent
that seized them—you can barely hear their cries.

The rain adjourns. But no, a spitting lingers. Protest, atomized.
Low-grade vociferation. And the thunderheads

scud where? To some typhoon too near the planet's
seedy capital, that wave-scourged port where drowning's *de rigeur*?

What a fool's errand—to try and forestall your own climate,
your inborn calamity. Like attempting to pin a tail,

while drunk, on a donkey. And isn't the one big, hedgehog thing
you've learned by now precisely this: There *is* no tail,

no donkey, no pin?