

Mustelidae

I dream of weasels.

A man speaks to me
his arms wrap
around a large basket
full of long, brown bodies.

I don't trust him
or how he carries
bellies streaked
with yellow.

He thinks I am familiar
because I hold a small basket
filled with short, dark ermine.

But I know how he killed
the long-tailed weasels.
I live in this cold castle.
He comes and goes
as he pleases.

-Ariana Kramer