

Khun Rat

by Richard Oyama

I saw a rat scuttle under a paving stone
In front of 7-11. He was slithy and grey.
The squirrel lives in the open, airborne
A trapeze artist skittering on a telephone wire
Into dark leaves. The rat lives underground amid
Filth and muck, feces and waterworks. He is
A creature of the demon-world. We hate him for that
For living in the lower circles. I see
Roadkill, *soi* kill, sun-whitened, flattened husks of frogs
And rats like shadow forms of the atomized in Hiroshima.

The rat is our double.