

Bats at Twilight

by Con Chapman

The bats are out tonight,
I said. She looked up and there
they were, silhouetted against the dying light
to the west. Over our shoulders
to the east it was dark, but from where



we sat, we had an intimate view of the two,
engaged in some sort of courtship ritual
I surmised after a while; the urge to do
as lovers everywhere do. They dipped
and soared; I assumed it was very traditional.

“If we had more bats we'd have fewer bugs,”
I said. She shrank back into her sweater,
and gave me a look, then a shrug.
“I don't care,” she said. “I don't like bats.”
I knew, no matter how I tried, I'd never get her



to agree to let me put up bat houses.
It was a little thing, nothing I cared about much,
just at the corners of our lot. One's spouse holds
the veto vote on such matters, over
all the earth and every creeping thing and such.

Abide by this rule, or find her colder
once under the covers you have slipped:
As to animals other than dogs and cats,
forswear them all, and love her.

