

The Winter's Too Warm for Bears to Sleep

by Jerry Ratch

The winter's too warm for the bears to sleep,
and they get up in the middle of the night
with insomnia and wander about the streets
in their pajamas, knocking over garbage cans,
looking for a midnight snack of some kind.

They're getting kind of ornery.
Jump into cars and start driving around
with a huge furry elbow hanging out the window,
trying all manner of talk to pick up some lonely
girl bears hanging out on the corner
with their parts all hanging out and such.

Smoking cigarettes and fish. Catching up
on the latest bear gossip. Doing their best
to ignore the bear or cat calls coming from the cars
passing by, like a line of big bear pimps, yelling,
"Yo, girl, show me some of that fine fur!"
Lighting up a doobie the size of a caveman's club.

