

Zoo

by Nora Nadjarian

It's London Zoo and ten minutes to closing time. The clock walks in and out of cages. I love you baby when you laugh like that at monkeys.

Penguin and pelican, wing in wing, approaching. It's some bird act, I know. Two birds from nowhere. One flies, one walks.

The zoo stuntman is immobile today. Poor orang-utan with nowhere to go. Panda winks at him, tries to cheer him up, and fails.

We'll take a photo of you with the lovebirds, and you pay for it on the way out, please. We are zoo paparazzi with a Polaroid camera.

What happens when all the animal cages are cleaned? They get dirty again in no time. What happens when they get dirty again?

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