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Captivity

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She holds her breath
she's sick of the goats my daughter says
if they mean so much to you then you feed them she cannot

stand the darkness
in the small barn her father built
the spider webs heavy with dust hanging like torn velour

the slick path
and sloshing water bucket bad enough
the goat thrusting his nose between her legs and now this

wasps' hive
droning in the rafters the gibbering
swallows swerving into their mud gourd nest a rustling

fleshy commotion
inside the stinking billy wagging
his member the brown berries of shit on the straw

once she forgot
to close the gate fearful
they'd run away but there they were contentedly browsing

once she
found a rat fallen into
the plastic grain bin frantically digging in the foot

of food trapped
in its heaven she heard it
squeal scuttling up the sheer walls and falling back.