

Squirrel Poem

Joanna Cleary

I had a dream where I was
the dead squirrel outside
my apartment. I had a dream I
freed myself from my limp
squirrel body & was the air
I have for so long loved to feel
on my skin. I had a dream my
squirrel children found me &
ran amok with grief like all
animals do. I had a dream
they held me gently like how
all children will one day hold &
then let go of their parents

& upon waking as I returned
to my sleep-softened body I
was so small & feral & loved.

Joanna Cleary (she/her) is an emerging queer artist. Her work has previously appeared or is forthcoming in *The /t&szl;/ Review*, *The Hunger*, *Gordon Square Review*, *Always Crashing*, *Apricity Press*, *Digging Through The Fat*, *Typehouse Magazine*, *The Gravity of the Thing*, *Funicular*, and *Canthus*, among others. Follow her on Instagram @joannacleary121.