

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Ursa Minor

By W. Arnold Yasinski

Black bears count for entertainment
in the Adirondacks. Smaller than mean,
western, brown-furred grizzlies, the ones
that will put a jaw lock on your neck
and kill you, after they've mauled you.

A favorite weekend spot
is the trash area behind Arquette's
Supper Club. Lit by headlights, whole
families amble out of the dark to dine
on garbage, or to watch the diners.

On the golf course up the mountain,
a lone bear on its ursine rambles
will cut across the fairways now and
again, freezing the tourists, while
we caddies go on about our business,

since we know they're harmless.
But this one time, the pendulum
of the wild swings the other way.
Playing alone, I come up over a hill
to see a bear stroll onto the green

I'm playing to. Looking at me, it casually
bends the metal flagstick double, shreds
the flag, and slaps a four-foot divot
of sod out of the green, looks at me
again, and humps back into the woods.