

Bitch in Heat

By Bambi Yost, 1999

bitches, everyone of them,
lined up in the summer sun.

he struts,
unaware of the hunger,
the danger.

she moves first
calculating, cool, complete.

he falls.
hard.

the next one passes
unscathed
unworthy.
she licks her lips
anticipating the next kill.

will it be as sweet?

the other bitches envy her,
so beautiful to watch.
she always wins.

if she weren't such a strong provider
they would starve to death.

bitches in the summer sun,
their queen reigns supreme.