

# Feral Ferocity & Two More

By [Diane Webster](#) (February 2023)



*The White Cat*, Pierre Bonnard, 1894

## **Feral Ferocity**

Knowing I'm dangerous  
I retreat into the shed.  
My butt jams into a corner  
where slivers of wood  
attempt to distract my alertness.  
I see with enough light  
I hope no one sees me.  
My ear hairs comb sounds  
into threat or benign  
as well as my nostrils  
wide for scents or nonsense.  
Like unconsciously tapping  
nails on a table  
my claws extend, retract;  
my muscles flex into memory  
pounce position every second.  
I crave someone to enter.

Blood spurts between my fangs  
until the heart beats a last rhythm  
against my chest, twins for a moment.  
I feast in feral ferocity as I savor  
each shorn morsel of flesh,  
and I make myself comfortable  
in the same corner splintered  
a might more.

## **From the Bridge**

You wouldn't think I'd be able  
to jump from the bridge  
not after when I was a little girl  
my dad held me over the dam's edge

to see what was on the other side  
and pretended he was going  
to drop me and laughed.

You wouldn't think I'd be able  
to jump from the bridge  
being afraid of heights so much  
that I was called "flat lander"  
and teased that standing  
on a newspaper was too high.

You wouldn't think I'd be able  
to jump from the bridge  
since I can't swim  
or open my eyes underwater,  
but what does it matter?

If I want to jump from the bridge,  
I'll get mad enough at all  
those naysayers that my anger  
will summon the courage enough  
to step outside the box  
like when I swore I wouldn't go  
back to the counselor's office  
in junior high when she didn't  
believe me or didn't listen  
when I needed help.

I pretended I was fine then;  
I pretend I am fine now.  
No one thought I'd jump  
from the bridge.

## **Silhouette Climb**

Up the staircase I climb

a silhouette  
until I step into the darkness  
and merge with only the rail  
to guide me upward  
like the white dotted line  
in the center of the highway  
reflected back in headlights  
barely cutting the night.

Perhaps the rail continues  
with steps left behind,  
and I climb onto nothing,  
plunge or hang fingernails  
on the rail ... for a moment  
wondering how far I could drop.  
Only a step? As far as I climbed?

What hides around the hairpin turn  
that my headlights haven't  
illuminated yet?  
If I speed ahead faster than light,  
will my life flash before my eyes  
before I blink?

## [Table of Contents](#)

Diane Webster's goal is to remain open to poetry ideas in everyday life, nature or an overheard phrase and to write. Diane enjoys the challenge of transforming images into words to fit her poems. Her work has appeared in *El Portal*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Eunoia Review*, and other literary magazines. She also had a micro-chap published by Origami Poetry Press.

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