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## **Dangerous**

**Andrew Hubbard** 

I keep a weasel for a pet
I feed him frogs and birds
He kills them even if he's not hungry
Then kills them over and over—
Tearing them apart and shaking the pieces
With a rage that never, ever relents.

I feel just the same.

Sometimes he bites and bites At the wire mesh of his cage Until his mouth bleeds.

I know that feeling too.

We stare at each other
For an hour at a time
And I know his single thought:
He wants to kill me.

Sometimes I do too.

I don't mind his death wish on me I'm used to strangers wanting me dead It just goes with the territory—

I was trained to kill Trained to want to kill Trained well and surely.

Now they've flipped the switch: No more killing. I'm latent energy Like an unfired bullet.

They give me pills, counseling. I don't listen. I don't take the pills.

What would I be without my fury?