

## **Back Yard**

I think it must have been raccoons  
that tipped over the jack-o-lantern  
the day after I set it out back where I could see its smile  
while washing dishes.  
They rolled it face down in the grass.  
Good-bye, smile.

I thought they would gnaw it to bits  
over the next few days,  
but nothing happened.

Then one day, snow topped its orange curve.  
The next day, it was mashed flat as a pancake.  
I looked at it and thought, "A bear sat on it."

So now we have a bear in our back yard.  
It is invisible,  
but it has blue fur.

How, you ask, can I know  
that an invisible bear  
has blue fur?  
Well.  
It is, after all, my kitchen window  
and my back yard.

Margaret Fisher Squires