

*Something that is real for one observer, but an illusion for another depends solely upon one's point of view— Einstein.*

## BigFoot

We sat outside in the garden  
Enjoying the smell of jasmine  
Opening to the night,  
And the company of friends.

Conversation fell to the hot, dry weather,  
bemoaning how our forests were dying  
And aquifers were drying up,  
Compromising gardens, farm and threatening forest fires.

As the hour of the apéritif approached,  
The moon hung suspiciously low,  
And an owl hooted in the distance,  
Causing goose bumps to prickle my arms.

Deciding it was time for that drink,  
I prepared tumblers of ice when  
A shadow moved just to my right,  
and quick steps rustled in the near distant brush.

A putrid smell wafted,  
And neighboring dogs took to howling.  
I poured the scotch, and friends,  
Their eyes alert, eagerly took their glass.

Natives say Bigfoot smells worse than wet bear, and  
Runs up mountain sides faster than deer in hunting season.  
Some say they jump from one dimension  
To another, when humanity needs help. Hmm.

The stench faded with each sip of scotch.  
The owl stopped its hooting, the dogs became silent, and  
From nowhere came the sound of  
Approaching rain.

November 15, 2022