

Neil Paech

THE OTTERS

theirs is the philosophy of fun
as they roll over the dirt/rock the rocks
and succumb to the idea of the hollow log.
they sleek their fur back over their heads
in an effort to keep everything close to the skin
and are totally tactile as they allow their energy
to bounce them around their tails

they prong their teeth into yabby shell and fishhead.
they bone the cracking of the dead

they rush the water to play it and clean it
while they go for the meat in the centre
and the soft touch of their mouths is an open pink
as they gallop down the deathness of fish

for them nothing stays still for long. even absence.
and there is little to suggest they know it exists
other than their stomach at feeding time.
and that is easily fixed