

Michelle Mee

## MONKEY WATERS

We are  
swimming in the dark pool  
of fronds  
and hanging vine.

the monkeys chatter  
discussing our state  
of undress

take our clothes  
up,  
up into the trees

fingers pry  
in pockets.  
No food,  
they tear at  
fabric, buttons.

Your hairy bum  
disappears, undecided  
onto dry land.

How to get our clothes back?