

A Sestina by Sesna the Wombat
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I perceive that my butt was in your way, so sorry, you seemed a predator,
And I, with many a hasty burrowing, strove to put my cartilage ass in your face.
Well, we all have these untidy features, you know, and yet it's wisdom
Not to make a joke of others' large protuberances, as I can crush your skull
with my butt.

And you know, betwixt the two of us, I can tell you the real truth about poop,
For I do it in cubes, so that I can tidily mark my trail in bushes and trees.

Well, now that you are here, won't you come have a meal? Perhaps a nice tree?
Or maybe you'd prefer some bushes or grasses, you see, a veggie predator.
I know, you only dropped by for a cup of cane juice, but here's the real poop:
My teeth keep growing always, and frankly, it's pushing around my face.
And I know that while you probably like to joke, you'd not make me the butt,
As I am able to summon up a group of my kin easily, well known as a "wisdom."

And we know all the world loves a lover, but best is the literature of wisdom,
Which I can meditate upon while I waddle and gnosh on the trees,
For even though I might look stubby and from every angle resemble a butt,
I should tell you that you don't want to challenge me as a predator,
Have you thought things thoroughly through? Are you sure it's I you want to face?
I can run as fast as a human, though I can weigh 38 kg! You'll be pooped!

So, if what you want is the facts on me, what I've called before "the real poop,"
Then, you should perhaps ask my nearest marsupial relative, showing wisdom,
The lovely koala! I know, I know, my cousin has a far lovelier build and face,
As she dashes and darts (well, really no, she's slower) through the trees,
But she and I have some similarities, too—of trees, leaves, we're both predators.
And we both have backward-facing pouches, so again a salute to the butt!

Again, again, I know, you're tired of hearing about my butt, but—but—but—
Oh, you! What is the matter with you? You're all a bunch of party-poopers!
But wait until we get threatened, you'll want to run first from a predator,
And leave me to bring up the rear, as it were, defending the whole wisdom.
Go ahead then, the whole tea-party of you, run, go, run for the trees!
All I can say about you non-wombatish characters is, you show a lot of face!

So here alone, with the courage of the second largest marsupial, I face
Some challenge or other, so then I alone will be able to drink from the wine-butt!
Well, maybe not wine, but perhaps some rich nectar drawn from the trees,
Alone, as mighty in my way as any captain standing on his deck of the poop,
And though none of my teeth are like what you call yours, the wisdoms,
Yet my teeth and claws and nails make me the queen of herbivorous predators!

(Envoi)

Can I face down the inevitable that comes for us all, a predator?
Oh, with or without your sorry butts, I can call to my wisdom,
And they will come, from hither and yon, where they've gone in the trees to poop.

(And with that total lack of grandeur, though great deal of frankness, Sesna rolls
into her burrow to sleep. Facts on wombats courtesy of Google.com links.)