Some squirrels don’t eat acorns in the park

There’s a portly squirrel
Clumsily perched atop a sapling,
Gorging himself on what looks like a
Frito,
His dorsal fur so bushy and lush,
A terrier’s delight.

How clever he thinks he is—
Balancing himself in the midst
Of an Autumn swell
While shoving two-fisted another . . .is it a Dorito? . . .
Plucked greedily
From some fourth grader’s cast-off lunch.

He clings to the very tip-top groove,
Toes curled, jaws at the ready:
Whirligig,
Gyroscopic,
Jack-in-the-box.

Fuzzy bastard.