

SEAN BISHOP

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## *Observations on a Species*

What is a bestie but a bad batch of want?

What's a bestie if not a fragile greenish sprig  
one coddles and coos at and keeps from growing?

Often a bestie, when the air rustles the chimes,  
will wish to be anything but, and like a tin pot  
catching a leak, will fill up awfully with brackish yearnings.

But one can call a bestie and a bestie  
will answer, like a snipe drawn  
to some woodsy racket, only real.

A bestie will be there. A bestie will tell you  
how marvelous your getup is looking this evening

and will make for you some tea when you're in need  
of some tea, and won't ask for any sugar  
though a bestie may want it.

Akin to the platypi and furred live-birthing birds  
a bestie is taxonimized between *hello there* and *dear, always*,  
perching breakably on the catgut cusp.

Since one mustn't brush against a bestie  
when, in the early light, it's airing out its wings,

a bestie trusts its fellow bestie  
to defend it out of need or love, and who  
can anyway tell the difference, really?

A bestie is a bestie by proximity to a creature  
that mimics a bestie but may or may not be.

A bestie alone in the first frost knows  
it is, more than any, already, not.