Foxymoron
*The fox knows many things but the hedgehog knows one big thing.*—Archilochus (7th century bce)

Look at him lying there, smug under the hedgerow,
With his pig-like snout and that thing he knows.
Yeah, a big thing, a really big thing. I bet.
Like what? How to bring peace to the world?
How to help all the children become Miss America?
Some useful big thing that he will reveal one day
making us all better off, at peace and wearing a tiara.
But does he know pi to 25 places? Know 25 places
to get a good massage or a real pizza? Does he know
why the Tower of Pisa tilts? Where Pisa is? Does he
know a good recipe for ratatouille? I wish I knew one
for hedgehogtouille. (Pigtouille, ptooey!) Tell us,
O Great One. What do you know and when did you know it?
At least 27 centuries ago, evidently. Is it that insects
taste like chicken? Heck, we know that. Tell us something
we don’t know. Do you know the way to San Jose?
Who cares? GPS will tell us that. Can you box
the compass? You must know about hedge funds.
That would be a big thing. Or would have been.
Do you know that Bill Conti wrote the music for Rocky?
Do you know Rocky Balboa? Do you know it was Balboa
who discovered the Pacific, not Cortez? Have you ever
looked into Chapman’s Homer? Into his re-
frigerator? Well, don’t.

*Edmund Conti has no cat but continues to write bio notes anyway. His last book (and actually his first book also) was “Just So You Know” from Kelsay Books. He has had the usual 500 poems published but that was then.*

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