

## LOONEY TUNES SESTINA

Wile E. Coyote,  
ACME bag of tricks,  
one more attempt  
to capture Roadrunner,  
smash her impudent  
*BEEP, BEEP!* into silence.

Giant slingshot. Silence,  
then *TWANG* projects Coyote  
through the air in a limp  
arc. Anvil drops. Tricks  
backfire. Unscathed, Roadrunner  
taunts Wile E.'s attempts.

Is she never tempted?  
Does she feel no license  
to defend her “roadrunner-ness”?  
Perhaps she sees Coyote  
is his own worst enemy, no tricks  
needed. He defeats imprudent

self. Roadrunner impishly  
watches the show—more attempts,  
endless supply of ACME tricks,  
painstaking assembly, silence,  
boulder-shaped shadow—Coyote  
looks up. Too late to run.

*THUD.* Flat shape on the road  
emits a moan. Feathered imp—  
gone in a cloud of dust. Yet Coyote  
again plans revenge—a tempting  
ACME box with birdseed, bomb. Silently  
he rubs paws with glee. But trickster,

impatient, lifts box to check. Ticking  
bomb rolls on the road. He runs.  
Hides. It stops at his feet. Again silence.  
This time *KABOOM!* I'm not being impudent  
when I say I'd help with his next attempt,  
if it stopped the war 'twixt bird and coyote.

Don't be coy! Don't run away! I'm attempting  
to end this impudent sestina! But in the silence  
before The End—one more *TICK . . . TICK . . . TICK . . .*