

Smalltime Wrestles a Bear

... Of course the Bear jumped to dash;
Smalltime was a well-known guy
and today had been loudly
belting out 'Dead and Bloated'¹.

The Sun sat recalcitrant.

He swaggered in his work pants
and matching heavy duty jacket.
Welding goggles hugged his neck.
His vest carried everything.

Spotting the bear, he leapt from
tree fingers and leaf-filled winds.
His boots kicked up compost as
His torso hurtled through growth.

Some say he wanted the skin
to make his lady a coat.

The bear jumped halfway to help
in an earth bank's hidden breast,
but Smalltime stuck out his hand
and pinched one claw with taut strength.

The Earth scolded the rough pair.

He shook the bear like a sheet,
swung the bear into a tree.
This was possible because
the bear was only a cub.

Fair! Smalltime was a man-cub;
sandy whiskers barely masked
dimples and soft shining cheeks,
granting only hammer eyes.

Now the cub felt flight had failed,
and turned instead to rending.
The doubled canvas work pants
that Smalltime wore barely held.

Still he gripped tight to the fur,
And tufts caught on trees like seeds;
With clenched and callused fists
he smashed at the frothy mouth,
'til pearly walnuts scattered.
The bear wormed behind his back,
Squeezed tight, and kneed his legs out.
Crushed Smalltime into the roots:
Furry mortar and pestle.

¹ by the Stone Temple Pilots:
*I am smellin' like the rose
that somebody gave me on
my birthday deathbed
I am smellin' like the rose
that somebody gave me
'cause I'm dead & bloated*

paw blows rained on man's skull, so
Smalltime curled in, and
he bit dirt; flexed his neck
And rolled onto the bear's paw,
Kicked out, spun up, and reversed.
He latched on to the bear's head
Alligator-rolled and put
the bear to a full-Nelson².

Some say he fought for the teeth;
they are plus two against wolves.
Others suspect jewelry.
One man claims that he eats them.

The Sun gave up its reproach
As night spared day of the sight
and the Moon blinked twice in shock.
"What is this!" the Big Cheese roared.

Smalltime released his choke-hold
As the words bent trees and wills.
The bear fled then, but from who?
Was it the Moon, or Smalltime?

Whatever, the matter was done.
Some say Smalltime wanted fame
Or simply respect from those
Who do and judge in like veins,

but I know it was fifty
bucks that bear cub had stolen
and Smalltime wanted back.

² *The full-Nelson is illegal in
collegiate wrestling. So, however, are
bears.*