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The blond doe behind the house was Nancy
and she held my gaze too long for a healthy deer
so I knew how things were
even before she dragged the crushed
leg away like a dead animal she was
hauling home.

And then the hammer-snout Siamese
with his flat stare was Nancy,
and the girls in denim at the mirror with
mascara wands who would meet
no eye but their own
were Nancy
crowding the bathroom that was Nancy's

and the blond nanny in the kitchen who looked at me
full on was just one
letter off and so,
of course, also Nancy

and the poet Joy Katz who had moved next door
though she resembled her dachshund
was in this case One Who Takes Joy
in Cats and thus, Nancy, too

and the action figure with the big head
and the geriatric poodle-baby
and my mother (forgive me)
and the fawn alone in shade beneath the fir tree.