

# I wanted to write about you and instead remembered this.

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Point Defiance Zoo. The background isn't even real – it's wallpapered ferns and shrubs, then a bit of sand and contrasting tufts of green. The enclosure is tiny – maybe eight feet wide and ten deep. A plaque tells me this is a rock wallaby, native to New South Wales, Australia, something that seems so obvious I want to cry. Glass superimposes my image onto the brown-grey marsupial, crouched near the back. He's cowering, cold maybe, despite the summer-bright afternoon outside. In the bush, I've seen wallabies bounding across dirt road and scampering over rocks, that flex of haunch and upward movement.

Dear Point Defiance Zoo. I am worried about your rock wallaby in enclosure 5C.

Dear Shady Cosgrove. We take the health of our animals seriously and follow national standards re enclosure-spacing.

This was almost twenty years ago. I still dream of coming back at night. Dodging security cameras and wire-cutting the fence, following a dim circle of flashlight to his exhibit. I couldn't flee with him, what would I do with a rock wallaby in the Puget Sound of America? Instead, I imagine myself inside the enclosure, forced to kneel because the ceiling is so low, sharing the weight of captivity.

**Shady E. Cosgrove**