

THE DOG

there is nothing quite like it
just touching him will make you
feel good
or going to the park with him
& playing stick, swinging
him around as he holds
the stick in his mouth
& he won't let go even if
his mouth starts bleeding
& to please me he goes after
tree limbs & boards
struggles up this hill
sisyphus with a tail
& then there's the fire engines
when they go by we howl
together, a regular serenade
these limp howls wiggling
up thru our throats
& unfortunately for him I
don't always want to play
unfortunate because his mood
his well-being is so linked
with my own
he knows me better than anyone
from five years of sitting
under this table while I write
the good times when I get up
& dance around the room
his eyes closing
his face smiling
he can hardly take
such good times
dancing along with me
trying to wag his tail
his whole rear end shaking
& then there's the table pounding
the fucks the shits the goddamns
the fists of paper flying about
the room
& him taking it to heart so
like maybe it's his fault
cowering & trembling
under the table
every bit as neurotic
as his master.