

POEMS

Said I

Fool said I you do not know
The miles each night that he and I go
The hours that I am by him led
The recesses hereabouts his paws have tread
The air heavy and humid in late July night
The air screaming and freezing in December's bite
The strange decorations on houses we've passed
The minutes we've taken to smell at the grass

He is my best friend
My north star
And I've fantasized a lot
About how if someone attacked him
While we were out on these walks
I would kill them

Happy Dog

I am in a room. The door is closed. I am in a recliner. In the next room, I can hear dog nails tick-tick around on the hardwood floor, and then arrive at the closed door to this room. Under the door, I hear the dog sniffing. Snnnnniff. Snnnnnnnnnnniff. The dog bashes at the door, standing on her hind legs to come down and hit it with her forepaws. I leap up and open the door. She runs around me three times as her tail wags, and then runs out of the room to the back door of this house. I jog after her. She is waiting at the door, poised to run as fast as she can the second the door is opened for her. I open the door. She runs left and right across the yard, again and again. I call her back in, and then have her wait outside at the back door as I go in and grab something to wipe her muddy legs with. I come back out, we wash the dog, and then we come back inside together.

Figurine Man

Jacob Bride sets his mug of coffee down on the side table, and sits himself down in the rocking chair on his back porch. He looks out at the open desert. Takes a big smell of the fine dirt in the air. From the side table, he picks up his sharpened knife and a block of basswood. He looks down at his hands as he works, though his mind's eye is jumping ahead. He whittles off the corners, molding the basswood block into a shape that is curved, organic, reminiscent of something living.

From out of the wood, Bride uncovers the rough geometry of two backs and eight legs, two tails, and four floppy ears. One figure, large with fluff, stands with all four legs planted on the ground, while the other, lithe with short hair, has only the back legs on the ground, and the forelegs locked onto the fluffy figure's hips. He carves out the undersides of the figures, leaving a sheath and testicles for the one with all four legs on the ground, and a vulva for the figure who is mounting.

With the rough shapes done, Bride retrieves his glasses from the side table. In doing so, he also remembers his coffee, and has a long drink of it now that it has gone from piping hot to warm.

Glasses on, Bride holds the wood closer to his eye level, and leans in and around the work as necessary. The fluffy figure is a tangle of waves from a windswept ocean, billowing and free. The lithe figure flexes her muscles as she humps, and her claws grab into the cloud of a coat below her. She presses her chin down onto him, reveling in his softness and the solidity underneath. He carves her toes curling in pleasure. He carves the male's back legs in a wide stance to support her weight upon him.

Bride sets the figurine on the side table. He stands steady, and she clings to him.

The Doorway

I'm thinking of a conversation I had
on my phone
in the doorway of an Olive Garden
where I told my friend
who I was moving in with
that it really mattered to me after all
that we can find a place that will allow me
to have a 100 pound dog.

Life changingly glad
that we had that talk.

Remain

It's so easy
to stay inside
all day
when no one
is asking you
to leave.

Taking out
the recycling this morning
I saw a sky and felt air
I hadn't in a while.