

POEMS

38 Haiku About Dogs

i

Summer: sniffing grass
Scent an unseen mystery
Winter: footprints shown

ii

The smell of dog feet
Beloved to more than pervers
It is transcendent

iii

Awakening warm
Happy, everything is good
Face in doggy fur

iv

Between desk and chair
Diligent companion's post
Head asleep on foot

v

New pleasure one night
Leaves much research to be done
With furred assistant

vi

Curious intent
A wagging tail is lifted
To sniff a dog's butt

vii

Human lies awake
Dog hops onto the bed too
Together they snore

viii

Green sprouts up from dirt
Esoteric dream from rest
Boyfriend from dog food

ix

Dog squats on the grass
Yesterday it was liquid
Glad to pick up shit

x

Crossroads on a walk
Dog insists on the long path
Dog lover obeys

xi

Dog lies smug on back
O ye of infinite chest
A belly is rubbed

xii

hghagh, auauau, oghhh
Interspecies sarcasm
Teasing words of love

xiii

Calm night in July
Suddenly exploding sky
Dogs justly displeased

xiv

A visitor knocks
Arrarrarrarrarrarrarr
Welcoming tail wags

xv

Dog spits out carrots
Empathy across species
Vegan cooks him steak

xvi

Under large blankets
Face buried in softest fur
Snuggling dog butts

xvii

Do you want some food?
Do you wanna mess around?
At last, tail says yes

xviii

Picture book on Danes
Repressed culture is revealed
Not one cookie shown

xix

Cross-species threesome
Film captures the friendship here
Dog smells sadly gone

xx

Dog relieves himself
Taste of yellow snow is learned
A worthy snow cone

xxi

Circle circle pause
Circle circle circle pause
Poop spot will be found

xxii

A pizza is watched
Six inch line of drool hangs
Slobber looks tasty

xxiii

Small vanilla cone
One soft taco, only meat
Sharing human's fries

xxiv

Human mad at screen
Dog asks human to drop it
Dog is right; they walk

xxv

Human walks with dog
Something in the dark woods stirs
All freeze and listen

xxvi

Dead thing found on road
Human sees it, but too late
Dog wins this time: *munch*.

xxvii

Human flops around
Inebriated kisses
Dog's tongue is the world

xxviii

Dog is up early
Grumpy human, needed, stirs
Pre-dawn sky serene

xxix

Walking down the hall
Dog puts nose to neighbor's door
Sniff. Sniff. Sniff. Okay

xxx

Juice, coffee, toothpaste
Sometimes dog kisses to kiss
Other times, to taste

xxxi

Anticipation
The tags are all taken off
New toy for the dog

xxxii

Mud rinsed down the drain
Dog leans into towel rubs
Dry and happy friend

xxxiii

Big dog passes gas
Non zoos roar about disgust
Zoo at first confused

xxxiv

Stomach makes noises
Salad of grass to puke out
Upset will settle

xxxv

Lickjob in mirror
All proportions stand naked
Contrast hides in rhyme

xxxvi

Hand on the sheath rubs
Hidden anatomy shown
Beautiful secret

xxxvii

At last the birds sing
The bright sun again does warm
Long walks can return

xxxviii

Trotting and halting
Dog teaches human patience
Do not yank the leash

Twilight Forest

There is, in the Land of Nod, a pleasant enough forest
where it is eternally twilight.

Warm, dim hues creep their fingers around the trees and across
the grass.

Come: let us go there,
away from cars and concrete,
away from the faintly screeching electrical pulses of
motherboards and gadgets,
away from screens,
away from bright lights and obligations to keep up with things
to the second,
away from here, away from time, let us go away.

Out in the twilight forest, there is a presentness of being.

You press your hand to the tall trunk of a tree,
pushing your palm as hard or as soft as you like against the
bark,

and the tree does not move, it does not break.

It is, and it will be, if you let it.

Lying on your belly and pressing your face to the ground, the
grass smells like grass.

The dirt smells like dirt.

You spot a weed and pull it up, root and all, out from among the
grass and dirt.

Holding the root to your face, soil pressing against your upper
lip and your chin,

you inhale, and the soil smells even more of soil this close up to
it.

Setting the weed down, you get up slowly onto your hands and
knees,

and then get up farther, and stand fully upright.

Your breathing is not rushed here:

You take deep, helpful breaths as slowly as you like to.

You take a step, and in the bones of your foot,
your ankle, your knee, your thigh,

you feel the endearing weight of your body against the weight of
the rest of the planet pushing back, holding you up:
steadiness beyond steadiness, it will never, ever drop you.
As you walk, you wear a blanket over your shoulders like a cape.
Whatever else you wear, or don't wear, is up to you.
No one will mind here.
As you walk, you walk in whatever shape of being you would like
to.
Maybe a dog, maybe a human, maybe an ant, maybe a rock,
maybe a bush.
Maybe something in between.
You are what you like to be, male, or female, or some of both, or
something of neither.

The air becomes pleasantly cooler as up ahead, there is a gently
trickling stream which you are approaching.
It is felt and heard a while before it is seen.
When you arrive, it is as though arriving at the side of a tunnel.
This tunnel is made of the gentle stream at foot,
dim tree trunks to each side,
and a meshwork blanket of branches and leaves overhead,
through which you can see the sky.
From where, and to what end, does this tunnel lead?
You walk along on the bank of the gentle stream, seeking to
know.

I Did Take Care Of Him After For The Record

The other day we had the air conditioning on
and so I missed
when my dog grunted and huffed
and rolled over
asking for a belly rub
but I did happen to turn around at some point
and see a gremlin on the bed
halfway between presenting his belly and lying down on his side
again,
his limbs bunched up but also splayed,
his jowls shown,
his eyes wild
and staring directly at me
me
who had missed his belly rub demands
in the noise.

In that moment still, he was beautiful.