

POEMS

Paws on my Butt

Today I woke up with your paws on my butt
I was the little spoon in our snuggle
I had a hangover, the good kind
The kind where you don't feel too bad really
The kind where beating up your insides feels like you got a deep
tissue massage
The kind where there are a few mysteries to solve
I turned around and inductively charged my soul by the smell of
your belly
After a few good long minutes of this, we made out

A Bad Hangover

This morning I woke up with a hangover
The bad kind
The kind where there's a headache
The kind where there's a dry mouth and throat
The kind where your stomach hurts a vaguely concerning
amount
I woke up an hour before my alarm
You woke up up too, after a moment
You stretched and dug your warm back into the side of my legs
I pet you and told you good morning, because suddenly it was

The Marked and Pleasant Absence of a Hangover This Morning

I woke up this morning with no hangover,
And well rested.
You laid reversed beside me
Like we were a Jack, or Queen, or King.
Your sleeping hind legs were atop my chest.
I stayed lying with my eyes closed, and breathed.
Eventually you had a dream that you were running,
And I was the ground.
Thank you.

Tender

Waking up hungover again,
sensitivity overtuned to accepting stimuli from the world,
I eventually roll towards you
and you, bless you, snuggle back into me
so we can spoon.
Overly sensitive,
tender,
I get to feel all of your dogness.
It is in the weight of your head on my arm
that you use as a pillow.
It is in the endearing way all of your bones move around inside
of you.
It is in the sound your paws make when they scratch
against the bedsheets
or when they tap against the wall.
It is in your look
when I open my eyes and look at you, and,
hi,
yes,
look at you, you are a dog here
snuggling with me
on a hungover morning—
I love that: that you are a dog.
It's good to see you.
It is in the smell of the top of your head
and it is in your big-tongued and wide-mouthed kiss.
I love you.
Good morning, my dog.