

POEMS

Sonnet

Woe and glee explode in me
And never will you forget us;
The missiles you'll throw and the drives back home
And no god that can contain us;
My bounds and olfaction, my ev'ry good action
Speaks to pleasures you never will have;
My scorn, my skill, and my unthinking will
I should never allow you to have;
A sickly sting will my yelping bring,
Our hurts will be but one;
And when time's bent along and the costly thorn's gone
The scarring will better but one.
Oh the things you'll remember, oh the tears you will spend,
Wishing beyond wishing we could do it again.

Orange

Out on a cool night drive, wearing
a black tanktop that lets the wind blow against me
and my new zoo pride beads bracelet on my left wrist.
The passenger windows, front and back,
are rolled down a crack for a friend.
She hops back and forth between the front seat and the back,
smelling out of one window and then the other,
making the PASSENGER AIRBAG OFF light
turn on and off; With each passage
from front to back or back to front,
her athletic, sleek, warm canine body brushes against my
shoulder
and the smell of her coat and her breath strongly fills the air.

During a part of the drive where the speed limit
on the road is faster, I ease off on the gas, ready
to stop for deer.

She stands with her hindpaws planted on the back seat
and her front paws planted on the center console
right beside where my elbow rests, and looks ahead—vigilant—
and her side leans against mine as we slowly prowl.

Red

Slowly waking to
a quiet room
and then rolling
over to find
a dog with
on the bed.

Keep

My corpse in all its splendor
I think will not surrender
One more climactic happy noise
Nor one more line on Gaia's joys