

## 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.