

## 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 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.