

SONNETS

1.

Whiteish greyish greenish pond water lies
On this warm winter day in which we stand
Two loves, not seen as such to others' eyes
One holds the other's leash with gentle hand
I breathe the air and I enjoy the smells
Though I know that you know them all the more
Each sniff, your nose discerns where scent's source dwells
And further goods thereby you'd find in store
You look to me and ask if we can stay
There in the dirt and leaves we take repose
We wait and smell and see and hear the day
Ears tilt to bounding squirrels and noisy crows
These are the hours that fill our lucky bond
As man and dog, observing by the pond

2.

Such love is in the snuggles when we wake
Our body heat defeating winter cold
The moaning breaths my rubbing has you make
This sleepy lump of fur I may behold
The way that after one endearing yawn
You snort and then roll over on your back
And over your soft belly I may fawn
As that thin fur I rub and flank I scratch
Contented now you roll back to your side
And then we lie as one a while more
I breathe your paws and butt and breath and hide
The scents of you that I do so adore
And all these loves redouble in your kiss
How could I ever want for more than this?

3.

And there's the mailbox that you like to smell
And there's the house that has the flick'ring light
And there's a sign which must have lately fell
And there's the stream we drank from yesternight
Exploring suburb streets I would not know
If not for all these nightly walks of ours
Familiar routes initially we go
Then grow our mental map beneath these stars
As every night a farther venture calls
A cul de sac, a street, a forest trail
A breaking down of anxious lus'ry walls
A pause to chat, a faintly wagging tail
I thank you for this groundedness I've felt
This place was ne'er a place without your help

4.

There was a time when I would not forget
The countless joys you brought me day to day
The sniffing out of treats hid 'round the house
The drives out to the park to run and play
The beauty of the sunlight on your face
The scattered piles of leaves in crisp new Fall
The kisses that you gave to my pinned hand
The world's delight inside a tennis ball
So early on you made that boy complete
Rightfully took him with you when you went
The emptiness of better half removed
The pain of growing back from what was left
Always, his love for you will still be strong
After the good boys of summer have gone

5.

To heal of course seems such a pleasant thing
It takes a second's time to say the term
But having healed and having healing seen
A healed up wound is not so quickly earned
The growth they took from off your lovely paw
Is for your later good, but nonetheless
I'm sorry that you have to wear the cone
I'm sorry these short walks do not impress
In some weeks' time we'll venture out again
And long miles walk along your favorite route
Act will in joy find complement within
Joy will in act find complement without
This wound you heal forebears wound on my life
I love you though someday you'll be a knife

6.

A certain stance, a smile, a coy wag
I drop what I'm doing and come to you
Down on my hands and knees, head below yours
You lean in and give a cursory kiss
I kiss your shoulder and nuzzle your butt
You trot playfully off to the bedroom
I follow you and bend over the bed
I unbuckle my pants and show my butt
You give it thorough licks between the cheeks
And then you jab your claws against my thigh
I spin to face you and you grab again
You pull my hand beneath you and hump it
Your penis slides around inside my grip
I hold onto your knot and feel you pulse

7.

A oneness while I read a yellow book
And at my side you dream of some grand chase
Paws scratching bedsheets softly as they twitch
Some gentle barks, a wildly twitching face
I lie ensnared in blankets round my legs
And likewise wrapped in words on pulpy page
And also I lay snuggled in your scruff
My temple buried in your shoulder blades
Here now, I follow two stories at once
In one, thirteen dwarves and a hobbit walk
The other you whisper in sleepy barks
Telling me of a fantastical run
This old book's tale is good, but not the best:
Your doggy dream gives wholeness to this nest

8.

A storm is brewing in the people's minds
The type which makes the powers that be sweat cold
As we proclaim love comes in many kinds
And righteously demand what we are owed
No pseudoscience paper or debate
Can disillusion what one knows first hand
We aren't the monsters that you so create
Our love does not deserve your fiery brand
What else but love in handjob for pooches
What else but hate in the threats to expose
What else but love in mutual smooches
What else but hate in the laws you impose
For far too long we veiled our zooey pride
But now we see a changing of the tide

9.

A silly thing it is to watch a dog
Attempt to bury bone in human hole
He pokes the tip around and round and round
And never quite can seem to score his goal
He humps and humps and humps and humps and humps
He mounts, dismounts, and mounts, dismounts again
Between the thighs his eager penis pumps
While trying to put pups in dog's best friend
He barks to say it is the human's fault
For of his own prowess there is no doubt
Their stature is the root of this result
Too tall for doggie legs which are more stout
But if the human shows their hole just right
The knot will soon be in the human tight

10.

If when I try to kiss, you turn your head
If when I touch your sheath you do not care
Then if you'd like we can go walk instead
There's joys in life that can be found elsewhere
If when I kiss, you deeply lick my eyes
If when I touch your sheath you hump my hand
Then I'll infer what humping does imply
Some signals are not hard to understand
There are so many ways to tell me no
And just as many ways to tell me yes
Whichever choice with which you choose to go
Is with no doubt a choice that I'll respect
A fundamental part of being zoo:
For us, the beast must have a good time too

11.

Wisteria vines and pineapple stems
Little black claws and a spotted blue tongue
Cold river pebbles and grey sweater hems
Lithe little legs and soft fur thereamong
Tall granite rock faces washed in the rain
Straight little chompers that like to squeak toys
Folded up napkins with strawberry stains
Tugging on ropes with a play growling noise
Warm pumpkin pie topped with fluffy whipped cream
Top 40 music and sweet honey wines
Bubble gum pieces and puppy dog dreams
Kissing the human who visits sometimes
I bask in this new slobber on my face
A smaller breed's a happy change of pace

12.

Two feet of snow have melted into mud
 Four snow-white feet have snow-black feet become
 The icy seal on scents today undone
 Six footfalls amble on with squelch and thud
 Cold cases in this park are now back on
 Unburied branch is sniffed from every side
 A mother with a stroller passes by
 Investigation of the branch goes on
 And when this branch has been sniffed all throughout
 Six footfalls will inch forward to the next
 And that next branch, to one distinct from last
 Will in its own time too be figured out
 Two old men, each the elder in some way
 Skulk in the shadowy seconds today

13.

Ten thousand traps will tempt me from this zen
 Ten thousand arguments flaunt easy hooks
 Those trolls assuming privilege of a friend
 We all should go and read a fucking book
 A better life you show me every day
 Though tempt me not to look to left nor right
 Where countless quibbles wait one step astray
 When we in fact may stay above each fight
 A shared disinterest in the social apps
 A shared engagement with the woods outside
 Us both bemoaning when a camera snaps
 Us both delighted to go for a drive
 A day in airplane mode will do one fine
 The most part of the world is still offline

14.

Do not humor them, they with no interest:
 They who would not know love if it licked them;
 They who feign they cannot see no or yes;
 They who see an animal as an “it”;
 They who have turned the word science to faith
 And strike down curiosity—science—
 If it makes them feel they may have been wrong
 Or if the truth might be too arousing.
 They must not ponder a dog has a knot,
 Horses slap, and dolphins will make sex toys.
 They must feel they have quite an ownership—
 Dragon hoard-esque—over others’ pleasures.
 Instead, humor a dog with a long walk,
 A cat with string, and horses with carrots.

15.

Mosquitoes buzz and sting this evening warm
 Here in this clearing where we often sit
 I slump upon a log, bark years now shorn
 As you engage in chewing on a stick
 It feels like summer long at last is here
 The clinging winter’s spiteful cold drove off
 The snarling ice at foot now cool earth
 This late orange sun still clinging up aloft
 So many others crowd the paths today
 A frank departure from when winter held
 When we, and only we, made bold foray
 Through warding frosts, in winter jackets shelled
 Our ventures take us through not space alone
 But time as well, each season staked our own

16.

An errand often is a mundane chore
A boring thing which needs be done again
Though quite the opposite becomes the case
When I have chance to bring four legged friend
An overbrimming joy at coming with
Excitement to be riding in a car
A friendly polite wag to the cashier
Rewarded with a dog treat from their jar
Would that the world were more a friendly place
To those whose bodies thick with fur are clad
An hour with a canine at my side
Will always be an hour better had
Were costumes so advanced no dog would show
I'd take you with me everywhere I go