Hooves, fur, horns didn’t fool us. We knew his scent almost before it hit us. The undertones of swagger and Seagrams. For years we chased his quarry for him, one season into the next, our paws bleeding from thorns and thickets, and never once a Good girl! or a pat atop the head. If our brethren escaped he would drive his boot into our heaving underbellies or the softness of our snouts. He never even named us. We were ripe for rebellion and when we caught the whiff of his fear the wolves inside us sprang into action. His flesh opening like a kennel door.
THE POET CONVEYS HIS REGRET

She had a name,  
a home made of marble,  
impossible to miss.

Our months passed  
quickly. Leaves flew  
down from the lindens  
& drowned in the pool.  
Each new day  
the skies  
grew more leaden. It  
snowed—& our laughter  
emptied each room.

Then spring.  
And her carefully  
tended garden—  

(Only the finest...)  
came alive.

Infested with light,  
I freely confess  
how your absence  
saddens me—  
the soil sending  
up violets—  

I wear as tiny veils.