

HOLLY DAY

## **POETRY**

The dog works long into the night  
filling pages with paw prints and psalms  
love poems and long strands of dirty drool.  
Morning is coming and it's  
time to eat.

The dog sniffs the new wet leaves covering the sidewalk  
thinks of a story it wants to write.  
Its owner waits patiently as the dog  
defecates out of both need and boredom.  
This is what's expected of it  
this is what it does.

The dog spends its day trying  
to speak to a cat that refuses to learn a common language  
or even to share a little of its own language.  
A small girl says, "Good dog," pats it on the head  
it knows what that means but wants  
so much more.