

Leslie Monsour

Doggedness

The sun has followed through and come again
To tint my window pane pearlescent gray.
It's cloudy, but it isn't gong to rain;
That's the official forecast for today.

The fly resumes its angry arabesque;
The child across the street heads off to school;
I gravitate in stages to my desk
And take my swivel throne, summon the fool.

On cue, the neighbor's dog begins to yelp;
Its chambers echo like a catacomb.
I'd go and comfort it, if that would help,
But it's not me it cries for to come home.

The dog is at a loss without its master.
It clamors in confusion at its lot.
You'd think it had been stranded by disaster,
The way it howls. It overruns my thought,

As if a distant dog awaited me
In some abandoned place I knew before;
I'll search for it and keep it company,
Until my own master comes through the door.