

DOG DANCE

I see your skull veiled by a cloud
Eyelids sunk
Hands pressed on knees
Heart gone
A sight of secrets

In the distance, a dog is howling as the
sirens pass
Does this dog know what I don't?
Is he crying for the dead?

The dead are a miracle
In the cemetery, graves connect and a festival
of arms try to touch one another
Passerby's wave good-bye and the stone
reminds me of their daily labor (of how strong or
brave they were)

I think living is brave
Death is a release
The dog knows--heaven is nothing but a frill

-- Gloria Mindock