

Letter from the Dog

Terese Svoboda

Me tyrant? Me sit.
Accursed speech,
I write in tail-
scattered birdseed,
intent on faux foe.
Or flutter.

With forks on my feet—
snicker snicker—
I drag a fur halo
to the front of the pack.
Even the park statue's
chained, peeing.

You ask, How much
of myself stares out?
Observe my sanguine air,
loins licked—I paw
at your left bed.
Talk it up, you never say.