

Dog

My feeder light me to run, the tail me wagers
he here! he here!
The wait me all out and the lone me
lift like the loose wind—he here,
he here, he here.

Over the ground grass the pup me
nose up the sweet piss of the not me.
Throw high the yard stick for the teeth me,
and test me feeder—test me the follow you—
we here, we here, we here.

Lend me this world of the make you,
the empty me fill, and the body me
into the waters leap
at the finger point you—
this here, this here, this here

Lead, feeder lead—across your feet lay me,
the fool me, greed me, the want me—
wake the dream me, feeder beyond
the see me and nose me—beyond the you me
all here, all here, all here.

And old me, the hurt me and used me,
still in me the need me—this breath
all here for the you me, wherever you go
take me, take me and run me, feeder
this last now.

ROBERT CARTER