

For Jet

Distracted
I open the door
There had been a scratching.

The dog bell ringing
The pack lifts their heads
Ears pricked.

Who has come home?
I open the door
To the emptiness of the night

The silent clicking of nails
A whisper of paws
Minding her tail I close the door.

The pack gathers to see
Forming a pattern around the not-dog
Swirling around nothingness

This soul of a dog has returned home.
She settles down on the couch.
Turning three times as she did in life

The pack squeezes in and around
The empty space in my heart
Fills with their joy

Quiet and patient Jet waits
She knows puppies come to this home
Empty vessels waiting for an old dog to come home