

A Big Black Dog In Springtime by Nancy Eichelberger

April 10, 2014 at 4:15pm

He doesn't celebrate
The end of winter
And its glorious snoutsfull
Of snow.

He notes it.

He stands a little longer
Each morning and inhales
The neighborhood,
Synapses blazing with
Wisdom unknowable to me.
Short, deep, intense.
Repeat.

He issues a few sharp warnings.
Rabbits, squirrels, robins,
All bustling with their baby business,
Know they survive at his pleasure.

Later, in the park,
He luxuriates in the muck,
Rolls in rebirth,
Goose gunk, compost,
All manner of putrid,
Tacky, stinky stuff.

I anticipate cleaner, greener days.
He cocks his head at such
Silliness and leans into me
And the moment.