

ROUGH

A pointer
Or maybe a heeler
For sure a shepherd
At least to me

We called him rough
As he greeted us with tooth and nail
Rougher still
The way he threw his weight onto a stomach

Always after dinner
With his bicolored eyes
Like moon and sun
Each to shine a cascade
Down his pointy snout

His ears like radial dishes
That fold like fleshy satellites

My hand caught in his directionless fur
That grabbed and snagged

All the nature we roamed
What miles his pads lumbered
How many shoes I went through just to keep up
While shook his head as I lagged behind

Always waiting up for me
Until am ready
To take his paw one last time

-S.L. FISCHER