

## My Dog Think

The random rustling of others,  
As I sit freezing on Delicate Dew,  
Recently plucked from my warm woven womb  
By the matchtip's flare  
Over moldy treetops.

The swell of Clover Ocean  
And the sweep of the icy gustbroom  
Brew with Blackened Red-breast  
To pickle my thoughts.

Crossing Horizon's line, my dog flops forward.  
Without bark or greenery or grackle,  
He sniffs for the Gherkin, grossly.

And I, Mongrel, break loose from Collared Clearthought  
To yelp these words –  
“Stop, Think. Heel, Think. Good, Think.” –  
With no flare, no sweep, no flop.

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