

Le dog

Le dog barks when I burst through the door –
when anyone bursts through the door,
like a phaser beam on skin.
He pesters me to feed him,
to play with him,
like sandpaper on skin.

I give in.

Le dog jumps when I give it food –
when anyone gives it food,
like a shark bite on skin.
He chases the bone,
chews the bone,
drops the bone,
like crude oil on skin.

tI'me travellin'.

Le dog sleeps at the end of every day –
when he curls up on that metal tray,
with soft towels on skin.
He breathes,
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his whispers on skin.

I miss him.
Like citric acid on skin.