

The Dogs

The dogs went crazy as he turned a page
half-listening to the changes in the street.
Incuriously he registered their rage
and read on in a jitter of self-deceit.

The summer midnight worrying the curtain
rebuked him to the window where he saw—
what did he see down there? He tried to be uncertain
of the arched brindle lifting up her paw,

the pack around her wheeling like the spheres
or darting in to take some life away,
and she aloof, beyond the reach of tears,
a rapt *prima* in a mad ballet.

The crone next door, emerging, pokerface,
kicked till It lay beneath his hiding place.

Harold Skulsky