

MANGY DOG

We drove together on a dark lonely road
Flanked by guardian trees,
Skeletons of a late autumn night.
Cramped in a hope-filled car
Supporting each other with sticks and stones
Cruising, gliding along toward a comfortable spot
Hot bath and warm drinks
And hope at the end of the road.
Frightening whispers of the cold lonely trees
Pushing us on to our lovely destination.
Suddenly --
Red eyes glaring in the night
Hind legs wounded, limping in pain
A stare of fright beyond my expectation.
I am startled, shocked,
I am put upon by my own ghost.

A wild, mangy, desperate race
With horrible blood-stained fur
My own death before my eyes
Hobbling across the road
You speak to me
You remind me of a small dinner party
With good cheer and the thin lace of laughter --
You remind me of a happy ending.

A brief dream of existence,
Limping wildly across the road
You stare at me as if I were your friend.
I'm sorry to see you die,
But we have no choice.
You presented yourself to me --
Or did you?
Are you really there
Or are you only my fantasy?
Sweet dreams turn into dread nightmares
I drive myself down a lonely road
With a wretched tail between my legs.
Who is afraid of whom?
Is a vision of a nightmare more powerful
Than a good night's sleep?
Only Ann Spruyt knows
And she won't tell.

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Karme-Choling
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