

*Bradley Buchanan*

## HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT THEM

The dog is drinking  
from the pool. The water's not  
as poisonous as alcohol must be  
to us. Let her slurp all the  
chemicals she wants; she won't make a scene  
after fleeing rehab. She  
totters around on two gimpy legs, like  
Redd Foxx in "Sanford and Son."  
A thick-skinned lifeguard, she will never drown  
like a teenager at 3  
a.m. All this praise, you may guess, has come  
after a party at a  
broken home, with the light shining warnings  
on the lawn. The noble and  
ineffectual mascot of private  
unhappiness, she doesn't  
know the difference between a fight and  
a kiss goodnight, a night spent  
on the couch and rest. She watches over  
properties and the human  
beings they possess, the neutral ground in  
a trashed backyard where only  
hard feelings are spared.