

JILL DAVIS

BROWN DOG

Brown dog, with indiscriminate, damp nose
(Dustbins and roses equally attractive),
Your tail a trail of simulated sorrow,
You slink outside the house, then bound away,
Forgetting in an instant all your crimes,
Your tail once more a barometric plume,
High as your spirit on this glorious day.

What use to me is your affection, dog?
Too easy to obtain, its worth seems less
Than if it had been harder won, and rarer.
What credit can rebound on me, from love
Given alike to dustbins, me and roses?

Yet there are times when I brood, sad, alone —
The black dog sits upon my back, they say;
My mind's a dustbin of discarded dreams.
Of all my loves, the only one to stay,
Your nose still presses on my knee, your eyes
Look into mine, and see there only roses.