

Tiptoe Past the Whimpering Kennels

All the dogs are dreaming,
hopping haphazard rabbits
sniffing out the buried bones,
cats on fences handing down sentences,
dropping blizzards of shredded remissions,
salt shaken on lolling tongues,
meals sealed in unopenable tins,
enough rope and go hang.

Lost scents afflict them,
dangling snout-tip just beyond reach,
dream horses with stuffed saddle bags,
omegas of their iron stamping
printed crazily in all directions,
sweat of riders dispersed in the wind.

Tell me your canine dreams; I too
consultant of dream books, sorrowing
to all your frowning horizons
between here and chase-end.

JOHN V. HICKS