

dog training

a flat faced dog pushed  
his nose to my chest,  
its lips felt like gelatin  
and it loved me a lot.

meritorious booler, it probably thought,  
I'll grab you something from the cooler,  
these fingers streak down the flat-fur  
like fire lines, my sacred heart has razed  
many then-tough forests of memory.

oh my poor dog, he was gerrymandered  
into 4 new congressional districts.  
his parts now speak with certainty  
to the power of *majority*.

he called me a fake tweaker,  
he said my lawn is unkept,  
he called a crow to nest in my hair  
and drop nuts in all my sweatshirts.

I can't stand him.  
I left him for the great  
districts 5, 6, 7, 8.  
surpass the old sea legs of flat civility,  
your trees are already so beautiful.

-42212Boneman

