

Three Poems · *Douglas Nordfors*

A DOG'S LIFE

I'm in love with the life of a dog.
I want to sleep, wake up, sleep
all day, every day. I want to be
the withheld, helpless breath.
If it means running free over the sidewalk
I want a triangle of glass in my paw.
I want to ignore my wound, my birth,
let my blood flow from one vein
to another. I want to gallop
toward a stranger and I want the stranger
to put his hand, smelling of fear,
on my head and laugh. I want
to piss on a gravestone, define
happiness as hard rain I, without hope,
can bear. I want the wind, the drifting
clouds, even the motionless ground
to make promises and say nothing
about whether they will keep them.
Crying out like a small child when left
alone in the human world, an empty room,
I don't want heaven. I want to be
interested in all food, chew the rotten
meat, suck up its juice until it's
better than hunger, better than a clear
stream. Whoever comes to me, I want
to always stay with them, look through
them with soulless eyes, put my head
gently on their knee so as not to hurt them.
I want to love, I who can't love.