

[Dog is a way of thinking.]

My language, which likes
to prove I am not

alone, wants
to talk to me again
today. It's

telling me, Don't
forget: you want
to be less like Homer and
not at all like Milton, but
more like your dog. Your
dog, my language
says, knows things are
there, doesn't want
blindness to see
a world, only a nose
to know what's
knocking now, who's on
her way home. There's
no yesterday.

Your dog, if he could
talk, my language tells
me, would, every
day, like a radio,
catch an air wave and
say, 'Today...'