

TO THE DOGS

Dear Bear,
Be aware
this door
should make you
stop and stare.

Mostly fir
and pretty thick
the bark is gone
but the scent is fixed

Dear dogs,
Late at night
our hunger
is a love
that bites.

I can smell you
on the other side
and feel a need
that won't subside

The dogs the bears
the nights the moon
the distant dreams
and appetite.

Absence is a door
that all pass through
the I that opens to a You.

Kick it open
make it slide
where's a door
we haven't tried.