

Semblance



The dog I love is turning into my father
an old man I have to humor to get up
do his business he even growls like my father

and gives me the eye I never know what kind
of mood I'll find when he wakes from a nap
and with stiff joints makes his way to the kitchen

when it rains he turns from the door whining
peckish when it snows he refuses to wear a coat
when people visit he remembers his old

manners and sometimes joins us on the couch
and falls asleep snoring like my father who
never had much use for my conversation

and showed his teeth when I
displeased him collared as he was
and made to heel by his betters

after guests leave he stares at his food sometimes
I ignore him sometimes I plunge my hands
into the smelly stuff and he eats from my palm