

I Always Thought I Would Own a Dog

Jennifer Sundheim

Don't talk to me about givens, Buddhist Boy,
of dogs deferred for dreary walks alone.
The way of picking up shit
teaches you many things.

Commitment and loyalty are tangibly present
when you wrap fingers around
warm fecal matter
with only a thin plastic bag for barrier.

You are mindful of breath
when you bend to the pile
and will gladly right yourself
for a sun salutation,
finding a sort of universalism
along the way.

These things can happen.

But only when you give
yourself to the dog.