

On the death of a dog

for B.
(February 2, 1994)

The uncertainty of not knowing
Pales into insignificance
Leeching the timbres of you voice for intent:

Despair–Attitude–Response–Self-defence

Before relating to another,
There was only innocence
And the horror of premeditation.

Another bluey has gone,
Anthropomorphism be dammed!
What is it love is teaching me?