

# If Dogs Should Come

*by* Bill Yarrow

if dogs should come  
do not run  
do not turn  
do not fall down  
keep even pace  
face front  
don't stop  
be deaf to danger  
outrage  
anger  
make secrets of your steps  
don't run  
make silence with yourself  
no screams  
decelerate your breathing  
reprove the heart  
for beating fast  
admonish silly gasps  
it is the air  
cold at your eyes  
night by your arms  
fear in your veins  
keep pace  
face front  
the pinching blackness  
will not rend you  
the tearing barking  
cannot maim you  
the awful silence  
will not eat you  
your sacred body  
cannot die

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