

Two Dog Poems

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

Hospice

maybe a day in deep winter
the snow drifting
against the trees and
you think how lovely
but underneath
something's dying?
or a rainy night in spring
driving on a road scattered with frogs
that first you think are stones?
or how about a perfect June evening
the songbirds a myriad of tiny flutes
while on your bed your cat stretches awake?
or maybe in the grim part of autumn
the knowing not for long

For Lady, a Collie

The day before you died
I lay on the floor with you
We were almost nose to nose
though I held my head back
so I could see you better
You were luminous in the sunlight
I stroked the sides of your face over
and over like careful polishing
my fingers soft from the touch
All qualities transferred
you would have made an elegant woman
with fine features and beautiful hair

smart, sweet eyes

When I withdrew my hand
you reached out to touch it back
and I ran my fingers over your ribs, your spine
shallow bones, a warm sculpture
Turn me to stone, you said
Turn me to stone

