

Dog Days

by Foster Trecost

The seat I'm in was made for someone half my size, but I'd rather be here than crammed so close to strangers they become a second layer of clothing. I'm eye-level with an ass and if this guy turns around, I'll be eye-level with something else. I don't know which is worse, so I plan my escape: front door, side door--both blocked, but the front's closer. Two stops to go, a lot can change in two stops.

I dreamt I was spinning down the coast in a convertible. It was warm, and the top was down. Waves crashed against rocks, and gulls glided over the waves. The radio worked, and played music I liked.

It's still dark. Why do we say *sunrise*? Probably started back before we knew what was really going on, and we still say it even though we know better. It works, it's easy and simple, and that's what we do, we take complicated things, and make them easy and simple, even if it's not true.

My dog died last night, I found him in the kitchen. What do you do with a dead dog at five in the morning? I wrapped him in a sheet, and put him out the back door. He wasn't old, I don't know why he died. Maybe he was lonely. Maybe.

I'm almost there, one more stop. Soon I'll be birthed back into the world, but dogs die out there, and the truth is I feel safer in here, no matter what's in my face.

