

# Against Disorder

*by* David Ackley

It is true that the college dogs  
spread vermin, reeked, shat on  
the soccer field where it waited,  
smoking, fetid, dire as only shit can be,  
for the white shoes of visiting teams splendid  
in their new uniforms, their preppy haircuts  
-- secret weapon, along with our girls,

barefoot,

overalled, bobbing after the ball.

And that the dogs themselves  
sometimes bunted the ball  
out of bounds when a score threatened

against us,

that they'd been known to show teeth to the  
opposition,  
to piss on their tires;  
that they did it doggy style before  
the library porch on parents' day,  
dogged the steps of the president in packs  
and howled outside his door at night so he

heard

bears and wolves and students howling like

dogs.

Still, why have rules on them as if they were  
lesser? Exemplars among us,  
so fine without laws.

