

Barely Spring

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

On a business road, the only east-west one in this part of Vermont, at a mall entrance, at the tiny concrete divide, a strip so narrow there's not even a planter, two dogs lay head to tail one behind the other, a blonde shepherd and a white pibble with a brown eye patch. They look fat and happy lying there in that perilous place watching traffic. A man stands in front of them at the widest place holding signs I can't see. Car after car turns in but no windows roll down. Nothing's happening. But I see the dogs lying there looking at him adoringly. Oh, how they must love him.

I think of the fifty dollar bill I don't really need in my wallet but I am in the wrong lane.

