

# 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

