

Tyka

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

I open the door and there she is doing the mongrel wiggle-waggle in a girdle and heels. I pick her up and she licks my face as fast as she can. Never get enough, never get enough, never get enough, her own joy wriggling her from my arms. Smaller now she fits under the couch. I can't always see her, even on my knees. Then she's there, brown eyes wide, like she just this second caught a ghost and brought it back for me to see.

