

The Dog

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

The dog is reading. This morning, as every morning, the book is open in front of him. Well before his master's rise, he had already read the moon then dawn and the clouds. Now the slippers, these that walk here and there. Followed by coffee and the pages that turn. A little bored waiting, he half closes his eyes and continues reading the early morning scene. The spring smells, the wet humus, the thing that shines in the sky. Finally comes the last chapter: the cup's crystalline sound on the saucer, the folding of the paper, the hand on the leash and the path that opens up in front of his dog world.

