

My Dog Was Wrong About You

by Jennifer Donnell

She was your bitch from the start-
wanted a taste of that baby faced cheek,
licked past the stubble of your beard and rested her head on your
lap,
burrowed in your blue jeans and gave you the same look I would,
later,
as you lay on my bed, my lips on your neck.

I knew I would never love you the way she already seemed to
and told you this. I warned that this might be the last time, our first
time,
yet you patted my head, fingers through the twine of my fur.

You asked for a show. On all fours, I wagged, as if possessing a tail.
I purred, a pup with identity problems,
trying to be whomever you might like best.

When it was time to leave, she lingered beside you,
bidding you to come again.
I flicked my cat-dog tail, indifferent.
She wanted to lick your face.

I gazed out the window, as you drove off,
with the cynicism she'll learn the hard way.

