

Eli

by Larry Strattnr

Dogs think in the moment. So Eli is always thinking of me. He cocks his head like a pistol. Half cock, full cock.

He's thinking, "What? or What now? or Where? or Who?" Each head position means something.

We know each other from a million years of sitting around fires. We've developed compatible genetics; a combination pheromone / head cock thing.

Rosetta and I were making love. I glanced left and Eli was beside the bed giving me a new head cock. It asked, "is this a fight I should be in?" I laughed and had to stop. Rosetta was pissed. She has difficulty getting psyched up to make to love me since she doesn't really like me.

Being in his moment, Eli inadvertently ruined Rosetta's moment. Maybe she can make love to the lawn service guys, her usual fallback selection. I think she likes them.

Sometimes I see Eli thinking, "Might dinner be served early today?" He knows better. Dinner's never early. God help me though if it's late. I get the frantic Boing! Boing! This is how I describe him jumping around me.

His feet are like cat paws, slender and dainty. He can jump extraordinarily high. He may get his cat genes from eating them. Eli does not like cats and is faster than most. Fresh out of the pound I had to buy Eli a shock collar. Otherwise he would have eaten a hundred cats in his first week out of the slammer.

Slender and dainty Eli is all muscle. He appears a cross between a Whippet and an Australian Blue Heeler. He looks at his world out of scary blue eyes. He loves to run.

I got a special gizmo to tie him to my bicycle so he can run beside me. Was I fast enough on foot to stay with Eli I'd have a pile of Olympic Gold Medals. Fast as he is, he stays close. Much as he's in the moment I think he remembers the Pound. He had a close one.

Once when we were out running I got twisted around in the back streets. We ran past the Pound. The Pound leaks noises of pain and despair. Eli gave me a head cock I hadn't seen before. The, "Whew!" cock.

Eli is probably in more moments than I think he is. He's just trying to figure out why I don't catch on faster. Eli and I were made for each other. Rosetta can do whoever she wants whenever.

