

Dog Tagged



He peered at me
behind the bars
and I peered back.

His coat was shabby
white, brown, green,
gold, blue, black.

Wary eyes
with hopeful trust
and sadness deep within.

He was alone
crowded in his mind
and hope wearing thin.

My door opened.
He is caged.
I walk free.

Now I'm his dog.
I have him.
He has me.