

Like a Dog

I want to be soft.

Like a dog rolling on its back,

Exposing its soft underbelly.

You've torn through my silky-smooth skin,

Disturbed organs and shredded veins.

I fear you've taken the best of me.

I fear I don't know how to be kind,

To be good.

I bare teeth and raise hackles,

Growls louder than my racing heart.

I roam a reckless stray,

No leash or chains to hold me down.

I think that's the worst of it.

Because underneath mangy fur and tucked in tails,

I feel the phantom touch

Of kind hands on a soft stomach.

I want to be a good dog

But I don't know how.