

Millicent A. Graham

YELLOW DOG



I

In the pitch black
shadow of a hill
the yellow dog rises, like a halo...

II

Under the tamarind tree
the grasses shoot-
the yellow dog digs them out furiously!

III

The statue's head is rolling-
the yellow dog is yelping,
I closed my eyes and whisper
in tandem, 'Amen, amen.'

IV

The yellow dog turns his eye on me.
I taste vinegar, think, 'It is finished!'

V

The shame in me bent into a bow,
like the lapped tail
of the yellow dog.

VI

An old moon lifts through the air's raw scent-
the yellow dog drags its belly
on the pavement.

VII

I hang my head in shame
having seen the faces that spat
as the yellow dog drifted through
my thoughts ...

VIII

All I have seen is nothing
compared to the yellow dog
whose tongue hangs out at the
sight of
Everything!

IX

The sun goes down

The yellow dog is licking its groin.

X

Digging down to the earth's core, I

came upon

the molten leer of the yellow dog.

XI

The world was asleep: a painting

in which nothing moved but for

the yellow dog's jaundiced eye.