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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!
The sun goes down
The yellow dog is licking its groin.

Digging down to the earth’s core, I
came upon
the molten leer of the yellow dog.

The world was asleep: a painting
in which nothing moved but for
the yellow dog’s jaundiced eye.