

1992

# The Harness

Pat Mangan

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## Three Poems · *Pat Mangan*

### THE HARNESS

All right mister she says    all buckled  
her good boy good dog    in the doggie harness  
she had made for him    real leather  
with the brass rivets see    it goes around him  
across his shoulders    under the tummy  
but not too tight    because he is walking  
just everywhere    getting into things  
and to which now she fastens    a length of rope  
and then to the clothesline    All right mister  
going for a walk    and he loves it  
gets right up    under the fat clouds  
the green trees    everything's waiting  
as she gives him a kiss    a slight push  
for direction    down the line  
the garage    where the birds are nesting  
and turns away    and never looks back  
never hears the rope hissing    above his head  
or the short squeals    the ecstatic panting  
all morning    throwing himself into play

### THE BEAR

Who would burn a bear    with cigarettes  
and yet they did    over and over  
at the city park    under the cottonwoods  
brown bear with    much of its fur missing  
next to the bandstand    it didn't know to go  
to the center of its cage    it kept pacing  
the way they do    rubbing itself  
against the bars    shuffle turn  
shuffle back    the small flames I imagined