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Black Lab

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Daniel Lechay

BLACK LAB

And it so happens
that ink darkens the page, the mind of the dreamer
flows, and the snowy yard grows dense

suddenly with unexpected animals,
with lost dogs, with shoes and footprints, tatters
of old songs and the wail of sirens

that sounded thirty years ago. Where
have they kept themselves, so long? And why
are the dogs still puppies, the slide trombones

in the tiny band that plays in the park
still shiny, though the whole audience
has wilted and turned white? And why, when

the black labrador comes and licks your hand,
this rush of happiness? *Good dog.* Nothing
is more mysterious than the way things are.