Only a Dog

Pat McKeage

Grand Valley State University

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Only a Dog
Pat McKeage

I am only a dog
I have four legs and two gods and
my gods call me Oz.

I suppose I would defend
them to the death, even though
they are so very ugly, encased in
their naked skins, their noses
mere bumps on their faces, their ears
flat little things stuck on
the sides of their heads, looking like
they could fall off at any minute,
and most sad of all;

no tails.

Still, they're the best gods I have.
I do love them. They feed me, pamper me,
and we all fart.

I listen to their moaning and groaning all
over the place. Sometimes they do it on the
kitchen table—where they eat, ye gads—they have no shame. They know I watch.
I like to watch. They know that too.

But this my passion, my worship.
I like to watch them
sitting on their porcelain white throne.
These moments I would die for.
These moments I would write a holy book for.
For in this I do know, they do
exactly what I do. In this,
I love my gods the best.

Both Sides
Pat McKeage

They stand
husband, parents, and he
minds encased with grief as they bury her at age two.
A cruel and capricious God

Elsewhere, another one lies
death relenting.
God's face turning, and
his great love
expanding minds with peace.

I've been on both sides
of this endless fickle fence.
I'd like to wring your holy neck.