

november on henderson bay

loretta lukaczer

I stand on a sand patch, surveying assonance
of dappled rocks, clouds, water, fog, the seals in the bay. Did I
mention gray? Dark cedars drip behind me. There is spirit
or religion, meaning somewhere in here, and I'm just
the one to find it.

The dog will have none of that. But when she finds a dead bird
she sweetly picks it up and carries it for hours.
It feels right to her, for no other reason does she do this.
I long to shoot ducks for her sake

to complete the satisfaction she is running toward.
There's no logic here, a small black lab looking to be
useful, that's all. I ache to give her a task
equal to her gifts, no more.

But first, she'll curl at my feet, sleeping and drying
by the fire. To be of use, worthy and true, it
couldn't hurt to also be well rested, warm and fed.
It might even be a requirement.