I Always Thought I Would Own a Dog

Jennifer Sundheim

Don’t talk to me about givens, Buddhist Boy, of dogs deferred for dreary walks alone. The way of picking up shit teaches you many things.

Commitment and loyalty are tangibly present when you wrap fingers around warm fecal matter with only a thin plastic bag for barrier.

You are mindful of breath when you bend to the pile and will gladly right yourself for a sun salutation, finding a sort of universalism along the way.

These things can happen.

But only when you give yourself to the dog.