

**TWO DOGS DOWN**

Me either. So, let's talk  
 about lying  
 in front of the fire,  
 two dogs down,  
 and listening to Dylan.

The fire reaches out—  
 arms or the open  
 mouths of baby birds. You  
 say his song makes you  
 think about poultry, two  
 notes down, the third up—  
 the motion for laying eggs. Stop—

no romance in that. How much  
 to erase. The other  
 poet's not even  
 writing about betrayal  
 anymore—and good for her.

Let's start again. This  
 is our first fire of winter  
 and we have put in  
 a full cord of wood. Yes,  
 indeed, you do know a lot  
 about chickens—the natural  
 rhythms of killing  
 so a family can eat.  
 But do we need

to include that twisted  
 neck in this poem? Here  
 we are—sexed up—  
 and what we see  
 are white feathers  
 floating all around, two  
 dogs down, flames  
 and logs crackling,  
 and, no matter what,  
 we can't force  
 this poem to do what  
 we want just because  
 that's what we want  
 the poem to do.