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Leitmotif (4)

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Jacob Kahn

(Leitmotif (4) *)*

personally, I love the dog.
I have no qualms with the dog.
The dog sheds white snakeskins,
white fabrics, black hats,

62 tangerines. I yoke Tuesday
for the anonymous sail and blink away two dogs.

K I am not alone. I shout. I say
a surrender! On the carpet is a lake.
h Beneath the lake is this: Egypt.

n If you hit a dog he will tell you your secrets:
he explodes like a pill. Or confused
he will tell it to the grass.
There still is land
in his nose. Among it

I have memorized these triangles.
We were walking these
through gnarled fields. Angle of
fear, angle to hold
all of the human race, solace
and disease

but mostly the dog. Thin knobby
torso, flat cobbled
skull. How honest: his blue hindlegs
on fire. How, violet, grief

is mold on muscle. The dog is a ladder.
The dog like an arpeggio is
filled with teeth:

camera, glass, and fur!
Sun rises up.
The field is black.
The dog stretches off

path, before light, in dark,
in the less dark day.

The trees slump down off the string.

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