

Of starved dogs and lovers

I am a wet dog howling
in front of my lover's shrine
instead of howling to the moon.

I am a wet dog bawling
for my lover closed the doors
of her church, leaving me without prayers.

I am a wet dog clinging
onto my lover when she steps
out of the church, ignoring me.

I am a wet dog howling
at every steaming tear streaming from
my lover's face, blessed by moons.

I am a wet dog bawling
at my lover to open the
doors, shut in front of me.

I am a wet dog clinging
onto my lover when she glances
at my godless visage, admiring her.

I am a soaking wet dog
famished in front of my lover's closed
doors, throwing a match stick on gasoline.

I am a soaking wet dog
dying in front of my lover's closed
doors, tearing her down there with me.