

## MAD DOG'S LAST SONG

The sky is pale green, and the power's out.  
I wait in this sulfurous dusk for the heat of you  
panting at my heels, asking to be let out.

The smell of pine that permeates through  
the walls, into the floorboards to turn  
the sky pale green and cut the power out.

The light from a pumpkin with its face cut out  
paints the room in a speckled disco orange.  
You snap at my heels for not being devout.

Your paws click clack and track your route  
in blood, like a reindeer leaking red acrylics  
against the pale green sky. The power's out.

I burn a glass candle while I stake out.  
The flame falters for a false idol, its red hued  
wax melts into my skin for not being devout.

A dog barks in the street, but I doubt that  
it is you because your blood has dried like glue  
sticking to the pale green sky. The power's out.  
You still snap at my heels for not being devout.