

K-9 BILLY (GRIEF)

It's starting to feel like grief.
I have a frame to the future
and I know where this will all go
eventually

good places
But there may be so much more pain
along the way
The two pushy angry older white men
driving unVermont
their rage
and frustration
and fear
and fury at lack of control
and pentup energy
usually used to eat competitors alive
and will their wives into compliant submission
blast the doors off my car as they pass
over a double-yellow line
in a school zone
that now means nothing for a time

while "elderly white male"
wanders in the woods
of his wintery mind
and the landscape outside a front door
he does not recognize

I have a frame to the future
and I know where this will all go
eventually

good places
But you know when you lose someone you love?
Those unexpected moments
that catch you
unawares
creep up behind you
and hitch the grief up out of your bruised
heart
and into your mouth?
And then the grief is loosed
I looked into the eyes of K-9 Billy

and hitched in sorrow
for what has to be lost
on the way

to reclaiming
what we have overlooked.

“The male had left his residence
without shoes or a jacket
with the air temperature
at 22 degrees”

It was devastating.

In this moment of global solitary confinement,
it was devastating

to be - in my imagining -
that anonymized elderly male
wandering lost in the woods
and in his mind

The loneliness
the absolute emptiness
of knowing he ended up
down an embankment

alone

lying on the ground

next to a stream,

in trees,

where he tangled up in the underbrush.

But K-9 Billy saved him.

And in K-9 Billy’s eyes I see all the humanity
that humanity lacks in calling down
this corona scourge

so that maybe

perhaps

one day

it can

see

with the eyes of K-9 Billy.