

The Dog and I (for Molly)

It started when,
for a moment there, I left my chair
and sat on the sofa beside the dog.

I noticed the computer, from the dog's eye view,
looked boring, gobbledy-gook, simply a lie
for any self-respecting rat catching hound,
of no use, and less interest, for a walk bound
dog, panting, licking, cajoling me to move
from the sofa into a walking groove.

So I made my second move, and the dog followed suit.
We slipped my coat and boots on, and picked up the lead
oblivious to the Net and sleep - such unlikely companions -
keen to explore gutter smells and evening birdsong
before the dark, short winter's day sank
below the horizon
and left the sky screen-saver blank.

Julian Nangle

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