

It's Not Out There

some people hear of the
strange transgressions
of their neighbors and ask—
how could he? or—
what was she thinking?
I don't ask, anymore
nobody gets what they really want
if they even know what that is
and it makes this a restless
and lonely old world

I hear it whining
for its absentee master
like a stray dog in the night
and I hear the people, too—
a chorus of them, wide awake
when they should be sleeping
screaming for it to shut up, already
and sometimes one of the voices
is mine and the dog
is not out there
but cowers in some dark crevice
where I can't even reach
to scratch him
behind the ears