

LOLA HASKINS

Elegy for Woolah

The dog feels a difference in their caresses.
They circle her, those three who brought her
pigs' ears and rawhide, and threw her sticks.
His eyes are a lake in the woods, where even
the red leaves have sunk. Her left hind leg has
opened, almost joyously, as if it were saying,
Look, here's bone! A stranger enters,
slides a needle in, goes. Then they are
four in the room, then three, and
a mound of fur, rising from the steel table
like an island over winter water.