Another poem about a dog

This is my America:

Sugar structures, shale, and missile

You may read this as a love poem, but whose love does that make it?

The trap is in the question, when were you last hungry?

Sometimes we see the loyalty in dogs, but remember the leash and who feeds.

At what point did we stop telling the story of human nature, that stout arc of humanity, and start telling personal dramas, anecdotes of self-importance, threads bearing the multitude?

How did the wolf turn cur? And what is the length of our reach?

Today I learned a poem is not a breath because a poem can only try to breathe.

And today I admit this poem does not impart a break for hunger, nor a common purpose any more than a pack prowling the river bank, laughing and lapping, their mouths around a featherless bird.