Permission

We go to sleep

Naked. The dogs

are curled in the living room.

Ramona

Has to shit

Around 4 a.m.

She scratches

Open the door

Stares up with black eyes

That say “shit.”

A whisper first, but

When she cries

I am pissed.

She might quiet

We might wait

Til morning.

Tonight I stand

In the cold

in a robe

With a dog on a leash

Just hoping for

shit.