

The dogs assure me:
There are volumes of meaning –
Life and death –
And time;
Past, present, future –
In the scent of a rotting fish left after the flood,
Or a trace of scat,
Or the coyote, long passed,
But not everyone reads poetry.

I'm not so lucky, all told:
The rich scent of meaning –
Heady, intoxicating –
Rises only from words
And the way you rest your hands on the table.