

Aubade

I can see his shoulders bounce,
not quickly, but with slight rhythm,
a funk in his walk along this path,

and these mud puddles the color of pennies,
color of dead leaves tossed about,
where the dog rustles then rests to relieve himself,

and so we wait, the sky turning on its heels, caught
in that liminal place, the phase in which the day,
still so modest, uncloaks, shooing away

the last magic of night, sending it up the hill;
an unfolding, where the grass rises
to a new occasion, where the bee still hugs the stalk

in its last bit of sleep, and when the dog scampers back
to the path, my man follows its sudden lead, I grab hold
of his arm under this wide, dark blue changing,

reminded of what duty I have to him,
those funky shoulders, that walk, like half stepping
up the scale, as in a chromatic gait,

but isn't that love—half steps to a wholeness,
a duty to wholeness only fulfilled by taking
one's time, and that too is grace, yes—

the dog plods under his shag, pittering heavily
along the disappearing dew, us going too,
the Canterbury bells flanking our small journey,

of course I'm minding his limp, my man, his plastic
boot, his good funk of determination,
and the dog falls back to run between our legs.