

## Dea's Post

Sprawled across the door mat staring at her reflection,  
licking the carpet, panting, panting, panting,  
Dea humphs and rests.

She is tired. Her zeal for a cat had choked her as she pulled the leash taut.  
Next time will she be more careful?  
No, she will do it again. Such is her nature.  
Though trained in many ways,  
her old habits are goaded by her nose,  
the cause of all her  
mischief, energy, exploration.

She stares. Always the same. Glass and the front yard.  
Does she long to be free? Is she free already? What does the other side bring?  
Only she knows, her nose, eyes, and ears intent on something.