

*a crypt, a tree, a kingdom, a king*

the front yard is a blanket of frost  
at the first dogged  
waves of winter. the forest  
of grass is made a crypt  
of bugs & birds & those spoon-  
shaped leaves lying dead in brotherhood.

i pull up my hood  
to save my ears from frost,  
but they chill and bend outward like a spoon.  
the dog  
stops to dig a hole, a crypt,  
maybe, maybe a garden, or a whole forest,

and it would be his forest,  
the hooded  
trees like fingers reaching from a crypt.  
& oh! the way the frost  
dangles from their limbs. the dog  
is now a king; long live the king; as i spoon

up his crap with a gloved hand. his spoon  
of a back bends under his forest-  
fur. can a dog  
be king? he pulls back the hoods  
of his eyelids, & frost  
clings to his lashes, & they close like a crypt.

this village of his will be a crypt  
of bugs & birds & missing teaspoons  
buried under frost.  
he keeps a forest  
of twigs in his little neighborhood:  
of course the dog

is king. of course the dog  
watches over his people, speaks in some cryptic,  
howling language, wears the hood  
of some royal robe. i spoon  
up his majestic body & wander his forest  
of fur, stiff & cool under frost.

i pull the hood up over my eyes & the dog's;  
the frost laps at our feet & makes us into a crypt  
of coffee spoons & warm blood & fur like a forest.