

**CHARLES WYATT**  
**The Ten Thousand Ways**

Dog and I in our morning, after the dark  
around the dog-tooth moon passed  
as it sank in the south and almost east,

following the woman in the white coat  
up the long hill wondering if we could  
match her pace—foolishness.

Dog must digress in so many ways.  
Finally I resign myself—I am he  
who picks up after the white dog,

who brushes her ears and tail,  
not he who can follow the woman in white,  
her arms swinging like Miyazaki's girls.

Oil on the pavement—I remember  
breaking down, days lost, weekends.  
Now it's just the body refusing

to find a new pace—remember the moon,  
its blackness low in the sky,  
that rind of light that remains.