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.