

LAURA MCCULLOUGH

Witness

The dog was thirsty, the man could tell.
The choice: to crawl, maybe fall, along the edge again
to capture water, so the dog could drink.
Not as he himself had done, by dipping face
into the gated reservoir, but from all he had, his shoe.
In the dark, as always, police possible,
maybe more so now than ever,
armed with their suspicion, poison in itself.
All I wanted to do, officer, was help the damned dog.
Just *dog*, no adjective nor expletive, danger in inflection.