

We Treat Our Dogs Better

Rays of gilded light lick
the blades of grass
in Lyle's side yard,

where crimson is caked
into the clay, lupines,
ferns, and goldenrod.

His son steps outside,
sees the morning glow
growing all around him,

sees the gaping maw,
the pool of piss, plasma,
and parts of his father

that he'd never seen before.