

And the Dog Came Down From the Christmas Tree

he came kicked
plummeting as if entering orbit
her embrace is tough love
or punishment
or catalytic intervention
but the dog came down
no more overjoyed barking
of a pup unbridled
instead a surreal stillness in motion
like the time after a final breath
the waiting for a post credit scene never written
it's no longer Christmas
it hadn't been for a long long time
no son of God inhabited that tree
but the dog stayed there
lingering over the wrappings of presents already relished
bones digested
pretty but empty boxes
the terrifying falsehood finally brought the dog down
descending into the world outside of the holidays
the sowing before the harvest
the work before the play
the dark before the day
now the dog shows his belly with the shame of need
and the knowledge of the prodigality that still pervades the self cowed bitch spirit
or rather the spirit humbled by the divine shattering of the facade
when the dog finally came down from the Christmas tree
with time
hopefully the dog will know Christmas again
only in due time
then the dog can return to the Christmas tree