

Exit

CHRISTINE MCPHEE

The day I realized I was a Golden Retriever
I ate my last dog biscuit,
stopped wagging my tail,
wiped the “what can I do for you now?” grin
off my face.

I shook the curls from my shiny yellow hair
until the ends split and bristled into coyote roughness,
then lifted my lip,
for the first time feeling the wind along the seam
between canine and gum line.

Wearing a sharp new smile
I lowered my gaze and made for the hills,
stopping, only once, to lift my leg
and pee on your roses as I passed
through the gate.