

Pavlov's Dog

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I chase my shadow all morning. The neighbors watch
from between drawn curtains.

I tear up clumps of lawn until my blood churns how it does
when the bell rings. I sit in the sun and pant.

Next time I'll lunge for his throat. But the bell sounds
and I love him still. When I run away, it's to nowhere

special. There's a certain slant of moon
I seek. It changes the angle of my longing.

Hunger is the pain I can't be free of—when I'm sitting
in the sun I love him.

I'm never free. I'll lunge for his throat. The neighbors will say
I told you so.