

Samantha Leigh

A Dog's Hunt for Love

Retracing steps, I sniff out your
stride, cradle your dropped curls,
like soft, peppery fennel in my mouth.
The coffee grounds you left behind
I inhale, intoxicated. Stretched
on your side of the bed, sheets
unwashed, weeks of skin dust
linger. I grab at blankets, push them
to form a replica of you. I'm circling,
circling to find your scent again,
find you on the other end of my stick.

