

dawn lonsinger

We Have No Idea

We sit in
the park
& squint to see
our screens
while our dogs
delirious
pant & circle
ciphers
of grass.
Dogs lapping
up sheets
of water,
sustenance
a receipt
for being.
Leashless
unbitten dogs.
Dogs smelling
the genitalia
of other dogs.
We try to take
snapshots but
they blur.
Dogs of relief
& territory.
Dogs of
fetch & dig. Dogs
of we have no
idea. Dogs chewing
on the bones
of things
once living
like they mean
it.

