

David Filer

Walking the Dog

Sellwood, Oregon

8:30 a.m. The sun
just now rising in the east
lights the moon, only days past
full, barely above the ridge
to the west, morning, evening,
all at once, time in balance,
at least in the human mind,
neither side all right or wrong,
both well worth considering,
at least while the dog-walk lasts,

and then, on the last weekend
in September, the rain comes,
welcome after a very
dry summer, but also dark,
telling a different story,
a story of new balance
between one kind of darkness
and another, both of them
necessary and both high
above us and both real,

absence and presence at once,
just like now and forever,
and once again it is time
to find a jacket and leash,
rouse the dog from his slumber,
make sure the cats are inside,

and walk, walk the route we've walked
time and time again, three blocks
and then back the way we came,
everything back in its place.

