

Dante

Stephen Carragher

Around the roads
My mother and sister drive
Calling out for our lost dog, Dante,
Listening for a reply.
But here in bandit country
A stray dog is a danger.
We never find him.

Down the meadow
By the neighbour's garden fence
I find the corpse of a
Rotting fox
Its flesh pulped by nature
And wonder
If it really is a fox.