



Doggy door

-after Klimt's "The Tree of Life"

On an autumn day, where people just started
to carry around light jackets,
her clothes sparkled
like a star, but her eyes
were dull as tree bark.
That girl with lofty hair was fair,
but her clothes were always straight pressed ironed.

So instead of her, I held you.
While the vulture was waiting
in circles for us to fall
out of love,
the branches stared at us

in nail-gun-shot-eyes.

“Let's get a red bricked house with a doggy-door
that makes a squeaky sound,
and I will yell at you,
“Where is my tool box?”
and you will yell back
that they are in third shelf in the garage,
I'll yell back that the screw driver isn't there,
and that's how our weekends will be.”