

POETRY

Dogs

by Giada Pesce



Illustration "Is it that dream you sell?" by Vanesa Erjavec

Is it that dream you sell?
Of that day when I was eight
and I was running with the dogs?

Down those stairs the steps so wide
my soles slapped the pavement
crushing that lizard away
from its wiggling tail,
blood drops drawn around the frenzy of its dance.

A summer echo around the smell of warm silence
while the sun pounded with sweat in my ears,
ponytail swaying side to side,
dog nails screeching,
and the screaming concrete.

Is it this dream you sell?
Is it that smell of home,
the water running brown with soap,
talcum powder on my back?

Running from boys that night,
the steps still so wide.

When he spat in my hair
there were no dogs in sight.