

All Our Dogs

Muffin might've had droopy ears.
I dunno 'cos he – or she – was before me
Like Trixie and the can and a hundred other things
Like the lead lodged under your skin.

Topper, I've seen photos of. Black and brown,
Snoozing on the pavers by the pool in which
Bright gerberas once floated, weighed down by lead
Like the hundred other thoughts that must have weighed you down that day.

I know Buster. But I don't believe what they say.
They say you once bought two Big Macs
One for him – okay – the other for *you* –
Like you'd have a Big Mac: eat-in *or* takeaway!

Run India! Run Coco! Run my colour bath!
The way you do, so it colours my skin
(Don't worry, Mum, only temporarily)
Like the memories we'll one-day share indelibly.