

The Big-Top Dog

Dogs tap delicately across the circus wire. Purring lions between metal bars.

Thundering grey feet, trunk dancing above.

My legs feel electric as I swim within the pages. Then it all goes still... I wilt.

A pale, still dog sinking into the feathery squares.

Will she ever leap through paper hoops again? The black fog of gloom fills my heart.

A rare and secret recipe sent from far away.

Hope. Wait. Worry. Hope. Wait. Worry.

I suck my breath. A twitching ear. Then...yelps and barks!

Screeching monkeys, roars, blinking eyes and hugging hands.

This life is a circus.