

NAOMI NEAL

WILDERNESS

Behind the fence
is wilderness.

Once there was a dog.
A portal
his own size
in the garage.
Two dishes of red plastic
sit,
worn clean by years of storm.
Piles of
his own making
sit,
untouched after years of absence.

Inside:
the kitchen sink
in full bloom.
Translucent mice
crouch in mattresses:
tender.
Mother mouse is sleeping.
The house is asleep.

Behind the fence: wilderness.
A savage wild dog
dreams red plastic bowls.