



1975

Mystery to Me

Peter J. Reed
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Reed, Peter J. (1975) "Mystery to Me," *Calliope*: Vol. 1975 : Iss. 1 , Article 12.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1975/iss1/12>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.



PETER J. REED

HUMANITARIAN

We were on the third floor
and she had some dog
with her.

"Whose dog?" I said.

"I found it." That was her.

"That means it's somebody's."

"Yeah, well I guess so," she said.

"Best thing to do when you find somebody's dog," I said,
"is kick it in the ass and tell it to go home."

"Oh. Yeah?"

"Yup," I said, knowing she would ask me why.

"Why kick it?" I had this one all figured out.

She was the humanitarian type.

"Oh, that's just so it won't follow you," I told her,
"so it'll think you don't like it."

"Oh. Yeah."

"Ummhumm." That was me.

MYSTERY TO ME

I feel so bad tonight.

My shoes go

 shit

 shit

 shit

on the pavement.

It's cold and wet

and I have no idea

where you are.