Mystery to Me

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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.