

Calm Your Dogs

Herbert Breath

You there in
the future,
thinking you
know my thoughts,
read my words,
and say I
mean this or
my life meant
that, but I
don't know what
I believe. You
don't tell a
dog what its
barking means,
you don't crack
open a
cactus and
pronounce that
the clear juice
is gospel
music, I
won't become
what you say
I am just
because you
say what I
am. I am
a streak of
noise that cracks
all meaning
and refuses
to allow
so much as
an echo.