

**throwing our lives in with the dogs**

we gave up our jobs in the city  
and moved to O'Brien, Oregon

near a small market and post office  
with militant-hippy neighbors

all we needed were some mountains and rivers  
and a few acres with trees

we gave up on the boob  
tube and the electric toaster

we now have a mud hut  
and an earthen oven  
and a skillet for open flamed  
matsutake stew

our dogs wanted this too  
they gave up fresh cut lawns  
and sweet fecal-poems written by groomed  
poodles and shih-tzus

one is part coyote and the other part wolf  
they move closer towards their ancestry  
and towards the wilderness with all its teeth

sometimes we run with them, sniffing the air  
for evidence of cougar or fox or bear

none of our old friends would recognize us  
we look like the landscape  
and smell like fir tree soil

if they visit, we might greet them with a howl  
romping down the hillside  
licking and licking their faces

**from *Root of Lightning***