

Lost Dog

by Frances Rodman

He lifts his hopeful eyes at each new tread,
Dark wells of brown with half his heart in each:
He will not bark, because he is well-bred,
Only one voice can heal the sorry breach.

5 He scans the faces that he does not know,
One paw uplifted, ear cocked for a sound
Outside his sight. Only he must not go
Away from here; by honor he is bound.
Now he has heard a whistle down the street;

10 He trembles in a sort of ecstasy,
Dances upon his eager, padding feet,
Straining himself to hear, to feel, to see,
And rushes at a call to meet the one
Who of his tiny universe is sun.

“Lost Dog” by Frances Rodman from *Good Dog Poems* by William Cole; Scribners/MacMillan, Inc., 1981.