

i am sure there were no negotiations
but somehow this became the agreed upon
sacred urine spot for the neighborhood dogs
who had a sense of spiritual presence in a ruthless territory.
all other dog business would be suspended
for the investigative determination of sniff and sniffer.
then a leg would go up and life would go on.
the scent is not about equanimity
it is a warning
or a defiance
an open house notification
of instinct awareness with an address.
i like to sit on the porch
and watch how
they notice
the notice.

no negotiations.

wf.h.

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