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Wild Dogs

Picking bones after picking bones, the errancy
can only be tender: bristled furs & their grapples, love
& its whatevers, I'm just a hungry paw hovering right
above another, & how there must I quiet, a wound
being wound. Scabs will be scabs, & in time, are
no more, so regarding joy, what do we ever know
but another, which is not a need, only something
scavenged on the road—maybe answers for
whatever, take your pick, whatever. It's rather simple:
you howl then I do, I do, then some quick leaps about
& over, tongues out, drool & drool, chasing down
nothing that's ever afoot. How we'd wag our tails
if we just had them too—we were, after all, to imagine
as all strays make do. & so, regarding joy, there is,
then there's nothing more, until something else
is thrown for us for another second. Or how we never learn
to bite where it might matter most, so we'd always sink
our teeth wherever it may hurt, lest the possibility of
a whimper be finally enough as far as enoughts ever
go. One only snarls for oneself alone, if only to fetch
in the end a truth as white as bone: how we animal
briefly, to know, & then...

But of course, regarding joy,
I refuse, just as how one rests open, most eager to be
stroked: more must only mean more, so hunger
to be held so close. As in keep me in a leash,
& keep me in. Feed me now & then, then leave me
wanting again. Call me good, rub me my name. Stay.