

Old Dogs Growl

A dog grown old moves seldom and slow.
He growls often, but low. My territory is his to eyehole.
A leg up here, a leg up there, allowing his urine free flow.
Taking it personal, as if it is his territory to patrol.

I step into my world outside, into the elms,
outside my community, inside the state, where I roam.
Scenes in my forest are outside of this realm,
giving me right reason to remain home.

Limited are the directions to choose, eventually trek.
In time I walk to the left, in time I walk to the right.
I keep walking forward till backward is my plight.
Satellite devices are hi-tech, what goes up can ulf/elf down.
The future is the dust of the filmy past,
in time I cannot walk behind myself.

Acres and acres, dimensions developed by imaginary lines.
Walk two acres, walk two hours, cross ten-d space-time.
Figures and function on d-brane, a universe in my mainframe.
A farm boy counted on relatives till one stone
changed the numbers, while Wern had women on his p-brane.
My dimensions continue to increase with age.

Light shimmers with yellows of change, and orange.
Meaning little to old Dog's blue-nose, his lacking blue-law.
Light is a wavicle in what we do do, not what we know.
Plunking strings made my cat squall and pee in the box.
Color loses all magnitude when my eyelids are closed.

Travel defines time as time defines motion,
probably why I never find myself sitting still.
My clock shows I'm moving, wristwatch I'm moving faster.
In the Beginning, there was no time for a beginning.
How can someone be late five minutes? 1435 more allow
one to be on time. Time doesn't drag when I'm asleep.
Whenever I look at my watch it reads now,
a space where time never passes, not even a bleep.

You ask for truth, you ask for reality.
It is everywhere, it is everything,
surrounding me, including me.
When I speak, it shatters. . .
as did my wife's antique vase on the tiled floor.
Don't ask, I told her the truth.

I leave a cluster, I lose my identity,
except nothing is ever extinct.
Do and Be. I feel it in the gut, feel it the toe.
I am, therefore I think.
As I think, so I am.
Credit where credit is you.
Old dog will continue his peeing and growling,
for that is what old dogs do.