

Primal Call

What primal urges
encoded in our genes
subtle stirrings forceful surges
allure us to woodland scenes

Primal call is winsome
birdsong in our mind
we deny it and become
a shadow trailing far behind

We are drawn to interface
a world within
a world without
a coded trace

Each Park round a token
scratch in sand or snow
how many men or women
do we recognize or know

Ponytail with fast paced walk
ipod belting out heavy metal
a longsince youthful rebel
rarely hesitates to talk

Poodleman eighties old
with wood trail preference
at his age it seems bold
cell phone lit but lacking sense

Schnauzers boxers cockers labs
Dogs romp and smell and sniff
Dog excrement left in slabs
some dried out and stiff

Packrat-man with laden car
sixties clothes hair untressed
eyes glancing near and far
searching out forgetfulness

Woman is big dog is little
little feet do not stand tall
Little dog looks are dismal
expressing Do not slip and fall

A salt and pepper two
drive in for the breeze
among unjudgemental trees
can again their love renew

Hormone frenzied wives
women aglow with forties heat
frustrated with their boring lives
lust for taut and tingling feet

Primal urges of long ago
do the songs waive reason
or is it just a passing season
that melts away as winds blow

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