One Use of a Best Friend

Luke Abraham*
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I train dogs to dart
into oncoming traffic
so I can meet women.

I go through
about four a week—
dogs, not women
(sometimes the drivers are male).

Once the animal goes under a wheel,
I leap from behind a bush,
bawling,
and crawl to its side.

It is best if it dies on site,
because I don’t want to deal
with medical bills
on top of an elegant dinner.

Sure I could drag it out back,
bury it alive,
but that requires a cold heart
and far too much time.
By the dogs side,
I rub my hands
through the warm, damp fur,
and apply the blood to my face.

What a horrible sight;
impossible to forget.
I am burned into her mind;
always thinking of me.

So when I call her up,
weeks, days, hours later,
She feels nothing but guilt.
How can she say “no”?

And only in the dark—
sniffling during doggy style—
do I find it in my heart to forgive her.