

“The Dog Park” by Ava Jo

Saturday morning in a bright oval park
Sunlight dapples sleek black fur
Muscles ripple, jaws snap
Furry bodies chase red blur arching through the blue
Finally caught in eager jaws, dropped to the ground
Repeated again and again.
Brown poodle sniffs my quickly moving pen
Short, curly coat brushing my fingertips
Snout pointed happily toward the sky
Wanders off.
Gray-furred, sprightly mutt
Vies for the attention of a small, fair-haired pup
Golden dog turns away
Ignores her furry playmates
Nuzzles into my arm
Sleeps.
Excited calls and names litter the air
Stolen chew toy flies through the air
A bark, a standoff
Man in baseball cap commands with a clap
Pats furry heads
Pours fountain water into an aluminum bowl
Peace offering.
Tight community of humans and their best friends
Parents, bikers, writers, children
Poodles, terriers, shepherds, mutts
Sunday morning in a bright oval park.