

From confusion to confusion
 and from clarity to clarity
 a profusion of options chosen and refused
 slaking profane from the sculpture.
 We, the sculptors, move soul
 from psychic subjugation to religious repression
 from pagan rites to scientific prejudices
 from one concept of knowing to all concepts.
 Released from material concerns,
 from the sepulcher of the soul,
 evolution's unstopable journey to freedom
 is the luminosity to which we fly.
 And here we sit,
 the ancient at our feet,
 loving what was and still is.
 Knowing what will be.

The Dog

The dog licks his wound,
 a life nearing completion,
 watching snow flakes fall.
 Leaves wigglng in the wind.
 The human writes in his chair.
 The dog seeks both.
 A poem unfolding.
 Even as we read these words
 life is proceeding.
 Not seen is the wind
 nor sun's explosions perceived,
 leaves just scuttling.
 The ancient wisdom
 sniffed through his twitching nose.
 At peace with the world.

No more will he come.
 Winds whistle incantations
 to the weeping gods.
 Uncomplicated
 by ambiguites' doubts
 departing to dreams.
 The man, endlessly
 beating thoughts down the narrow,
 angry with sorrow.
 Life begins and ends.
 I am breathing in and out.
 Here we are again.

It seemed to never end,
 his life, that is.
 I dug his grave by a tree.
 Ellen and I cried
 when the needle's contents
 took its effect.
 He went to sleep
 after that one long labored breath
 last year.
 He kept getting the mail with me.
 I heard his paws clicking down the stairs
 then waiting by the door to run.
 He comes to me when I read.
 We look into the other's eyes
 the way lovers do.
 By the tree, I call to him.
 Maybe he wonders why
 his bark no longer echoes.

With Bogie

Bogie

My dog circles on top of his bed,
 two or three times, tamping down its texture
 and smelling the air it puffs out
 before snuggling into a restful repose.
 He follows me, his group leader,
 not as a subservient being,
 but as one fulfilling his role
 to make a succinct unity.

I get to witness the antiquated,
 the facets not yet wrenched from him
 on his journey from wolf
 to sharing with another species.

Bogie sits, face on my lap
 desiring only the affection
 my hand can provide his body,
 the security and fulfillment of our pack.

Like a baton passed from runner to runner,
 he conveys the awareness of my path,
 a transformation from the old intuitions
 to this current processional step.

Dedication

To honor an honorable being
 who, in our short time together,
 changed the course of our lives
 giving to one another
 a place not known before.

Bogie



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Please recycle to a friend!

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