

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.

**With Bogie**

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.

# Bogie



*Lawrence J. Krips*

**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**

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.

*Please recycle to a friend!*

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

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