



STRAY DOG IN HAVANA

by Zaro Weil

walking alone
by the briny rocks
 a tourist near the sea
a stray dog followed me
I saw him avoiding a parade of
high-shined
wide-winged old cars
as I crossed the street

he must have heard me
wishing for his safety

his tan fur was ocean-choppy
patched with rough scars
his thin frame
a story of hungry days
too-long-on-the-road

but his eyes were soft
as fresh foam and
warm with deep
circles underneath

as I walked
he stayed by my side
and even bloated trash cans
dotting the pot-holed sidewalk
didn't stop him
leaving me

I could tell
people passing by in
flip-flop sandals and neon trainers
thought he was my dog —
they smiled

we were both proud

I wanted to give him food and a bed
teach him to play catch
on the sand

but when I got to my door
he vanished rushing off
like a summer wave
 rolling home

maybe he knew
that it wouldn't work out

I think he must have
attached himself
 to another stranger
walking alone near the sea

someone who might be around

tomorrow

