

Eileen Godollei-Reis

Hound

A blue shape, all but hidden,
dingoes in the dark, intent,
follows one scent
past town, past farm-
houses, remote barns,
up a hill,
to where the road narrows
to a footpath, wanders off,
is nearly lost in weeds, tree-roots,
a worn rag of ribbon
dropped long ago, along a lake,
and then
widens again.

Three crescents:
the moon, and two yellow eyes.
They widen, wax round,
nearing the mistress.
she waits at the crossing.
She sits on a fallen
tree, obliquely
dividing the road.
Caressing his ear, she whispers,
"I knew you'd come."

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Angry Poem

I'll laugh if you bar the door.
Nail the windows—go ahead.
Wreath the bedposts with garlic,
Clutch a cross all night!
Build a fire—
or shut the damper, and strew
upended nails on the cold hearth floor.

You won't hear us—
but we'll get in.
Delicately, in the dark,
my hound will lick
your throat (a thin wind
will have snaked through
a crack and blown back the sheet).
You have to sleep sometime.

The Blue Fox

The blue fox sleeps,
haunches drawn in,
tail blanketing. The wind
ruffles his fur. Nostrils, jaws,
ripple, work, tasting it.

Lapped in shadows,
he is lapped by other shadows,
seen and disappearing,
the carcanet of white at the throat.

He could almost be dead—
body fretted with light
stabbing the canopied space
like seven swords through a magician's box,
when the leaves stir.

The dictionary says that the blue fox
is the winter color phase
of the arctic fox. This canine roams
the arctic regions, which lie mostly
north of the timber line. Regardless,

in a viridescent forest,
streaked harsh and glorious with purple,
orange and yellow,
droning, steaming, tangling,
screeching, sucking, gnawing, splintering,
the blue fox twitches
in his dream.

