

Howl

It was two dogs and that's what they did. One lived there with its man. The other was just visiting, or so the man said when I didn't ask.

Dogsitting, he said. He looked sheepish. Coincidentally, the dog was a sheepdog.

Weeks went by. The dogs barked. They had a harmony, or they made one. And one howled from time to time.

For variety?

My wife liked it that they barked. She said it made her feel safe. She lived with me, anyway.

I liked it when my wife felt safe. I lived there, too. At night, I slept with earplugs.

In the day I slept face-down at my desk, and I drooled. We all felt safe.