

## EVADERS

The officer from Animal Control  
is out to nab us when she's on patrol  
for violating leash laws with our schemes.  
We're rivals, playing on opposing teams.

When hidden from full view we walk unchecked,  
but when in open places reconnect  
so she can't tell for certain what she saw  
to swear we're non-compliant with the law.

Black dog, black leash, black collar—clothing, too,  
make seeing well impossible to do.  
We add to that our variable speed  
concealing our un-ties as we mislead.

Despite the fearful knot inside of me  
I know sometimes we just need to be free.  
We are compelled; we have to take the chance,  
so we continue with our furtive dance.

We've been repeat evaders for too long.  
We know one small mistake could do us wrong  
and send the two of us straight off to jail.  
So just in case our subterfuge should fail,  
I've made allowance for that small detail:  
I walk with checkbook clutched should we need bail.

by Lee Netzler