

NIGHT VOICES

At night he hears the sirens near and far
as fire trucks and ambulances race.
He barks while mercy runs are taking place
and challenges, no matter who they are.

He's sensitive to voices of the dark,
to distant dogs whose yelps assault his ear.
He woofs to let them know that he is here,
insisting they make echoes to his bark.

In darkness lonely coyotes yip and croon
as they announce their places in the pack.
Without a quivering, he bays right back
and adds his voice to serenade the moon.

by Lee Netzler