

DOG BARKING AT MOON

November light breaks apart the architecture
as we walk down the parkway away from museum
banners that spell out the letters V-A-N-G-O-G-H.

You fall quiet your voice replaced by the wind
as it scratches along the pavement the cracked
consonants of leaves howled vowels in our hair.

I have something to tell you. The words sink stomach
to bowel as you start the story you have only told
till now in pieces : crickets : a car : the heavy lid.

We enter Logan Square. Mist settles on the naked
fountain gods' green muscles on your stubbled face
as your story takes form like a painting by Miró :

the cliff : a sloped curve separating the brown field
from black void; a strong contour for the yellow line
white line; vibrant red for the blood in your sandal.

Was a moon out that night? Was a dog barking?
And if so what did it look like? A jumble of color
as you slipped to the precinct? Beyond the canvas

edge. How to paint those things? Fleshy purple
furrows cross your knee. Where the wind slashed
your words I trace by finger I brush by tongue.

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Joan Miró. *Dog Barking at Moon*. 1926. Oil on canvas. 29 x 36 1/4 in.