

No Pets Allowed Paul Henry



So I walk Milo Morgan,
the boxer from the garage
who is stronger than Milo of Croton,
whose muscle no gym articulates,
who could shit for Wales,
who snorts and salivates
a snail trail down my jeans.

More of a spaniel man
I walk Milo Morgan



who turns into a motorboat
I ski behind, on grass
when he spies a stray sheep.

I tie him to a bench by the Usk.
We are getting used to each other.
He barks at the low-flying ducks.
I walk Milo Morgan.
Never judge a dog by its cover.
There is beauty in a crushed expression.
The same sun warms his face and mine.



Illustrator: Eleanor Howell Edwards