WHY DO YOU ASK?

I can’t make
any story
about my life

tonight. The house
is like an overturned
wastebasket;

the radio
is predicting
more rain.

I ask my dog
to tell me
a story, and she

never hesitates
“Once upon
a time,” she says,

“a woman lived
with a simply
wonderful dog...” and

she stops talking.
“Is that all?”
I ask her.

“Yes,” she says.
“Why do you ask?
Isn’t that enough?”

KATE BARNES

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