

The Cell

The ground I sleep on is cold. The chain link that separates me from freedom is too high for me to escape. I know because I tried. I have food and I have water. I'll survive but I'm scared. My neighbor is old and hollow eyed. I'm not sure he can see at all. His cell is even smaller than mine. He flinches whenever there is a loud noise. But none of this matters. The only thing that matters is my family. If I can find you everything will be alright.

You were angry the last time I saw you. You pulled over to the side of the road and made me get out of the car and walk. I still don't understand why you were so mad. I must have done something to make you stop loving me. I wish I could remember. I wonder if the kids are afraid at night without me. Who will protect them while I am gone?

I never understood you. Not really. But I tried. I learned the sounds that you made that meant I should sit and stay. I wore the thing you put around my neck even though it itched. You took it away from me the day you left me on the road. Every time I hear kids walking down the aisle toward my cell, I think it might be you, coming to get me. That happens here sometimes. Another dog finds his pack and they take him out of the gate. I wait to see you and I sniff the air, but the scent is never yours.