Passage

By Kate Estrella

My dog has laid siege

taken over the thresholds

to better places.

He has usurped the route

necessary that I find

in the night, urgently.

He has parked himself

fur over car, immobile

yet with one eye, spies.

Uncanny, when I eat,

he sighs. I inhale guilt,

late for rehearsal.

Together, we practice

who will forget first

where he is.