

**Dominion
and Other Lies Our Fathers Told**

Shelley Jinks Johnson

She comes running to meet
us every morning
on our walk through emotions,
miles, curveballs, the city.

Sidewalk to urban trail,
our feet thoughtlessly
wind us along hidden zoo
borders. Fence lines. Pens.

She's a young beauty.
I can tell by the trusting
innocence in her stance,
her steady gaze when I speak.

My dog isn't rankled.
Clearly no instinct
for the hunt or fresh game.
Too couch-spoiled for that.

She is curious.
About him and about me.
My outstretched hand can't reach
to stroke her soft fur.

Dissatisfaction
blossoms between us,
both feeling isolated.
And I wonder,

What possesses humans
to cage the things we love