

The Tower of London

1

Because my white dog eats dust
she can taste changes in air,

meaning a storm is coming.

2

Because my white dog is white
as fresh snow on the first winter morning
no one can harm our house.

3

Because a legend says the tower
will fall if they ever leave,
ravens are kept in the Tower of London.

4

Because my white dog sleeps
in corners, we let her be.

5

Though they are fed well and pampered,
though they have everything

but freedom, which they
have never had, and so
have never known – though what,

and I ask this literally, do ravens
know – anything about it,

the ravens' wings are clipped.

6

Can't anyone fulfill
his own
prophecies of failure

in much the same way,
by withholding from himself
certain facts

and then acting
as if someone else were withholding
the key to what is actually

an unlocked door?

7

I might say I was not
taught how to love properly
to excuse myself.

I might stay in my room
as if someone had sent me there
as a punishment.

Or, instead, I might poorly love those
who will let me love them.

8

I might entertain the romantic notion

that my dog has answers
she cannot articulate to questions
that are all too easy to ask,
such as *what am I supposed to do?*

9

I might say *my dog experiences
the world as it really is.*

But, no, I would not trade
my life for the life of my dog.

10

I might say that one day, ravens

will alight outside the window
and my dog will fly after them.

11

I might say that the tower will
fall. I might say that it is

because of ravens
that my house has come to harm.