

A Circle of Yellow

by Dan Collins

Once she was a circle of yellow
herding us along the shore.
Now she looks up at me,
sling around her hips,
a yellow lump of dog
walking on her front legs
while her hind legs dangle.
Is that gratitude? Or
“How much longer
are you going to make me do this?”
She is beautiful. She is old.
She whines all night.
Somehow she seems less yellow
but more like a circle.