

## *Argos*

by Jude Luttrell

---

Noble hound, time-honored tracker of fleet-footed dear,  
Now nestles piteously in a pile of warm mule muck.  
Too old and tired to twitch your lousy, mangy back.  
One eye sightless, draped by droopy lid,  
You keep unwavering watch with the other,  
Scanning passersby through a single milky lens,  
Mustering a minute's strength to wag welcome  
To the beggar who shares your history,  
Long dead in a far country.