

Snoring Dogs

by Felix Jung

In my dreams I am my own
locomotive, rumbling over
mountain peaks; every hinge
and wheel of me trembles
with this quaking. I am
the earth in its anger,
the grinding of continents.
Who needs a dog for security,
when I have this thing rattling
the bars of my ribs each time
the moon awakens?
I am the night's rusty
engine, my body sounding
just to hear its own motor
groan. In dreams,
I say the hundred
thousand words I stored
throughout the day, each one
a pebble in the canyon
of my chest, each lengthy drawl
a song I didn't sing.

My father, the strongest dog
I know, can shake the windows
with his sound, send his voice
barreling out beyond the corridors
and rooms. The burst of him
thunders past the lawn, climbs
the bark of trees, throttling
every fledgling into screams.
Like him I keep, with every
breath of day, a splinter
of air and lock it down.
While the world hums
and swims its sleep,
the two of us, heavy
with our languages, open
the cavern of our mouths,
bare our teeth and howl
each other's name.



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