

As You Were

1/13/2008

Bitten Twice

He had dropped some of his eggs when eating breakfast, the crumbs collecting in the cuff of his pants leg as it swung by me like a pendulum. I had walked next to him for a few New York blocks before the pedestrian light halted the crowd. Taxis and cars whizzed by; from my vantage point the toxic fumes flooded my olfactory senses.

He stopped. I sat, tucking my tail in. Oh so important to tuck in the tail. Once I didn't and some lady in high heels stepped on it... Oh the pain and the agony, I could have died and went to heaven... well maybe not quite; but it did hurt. The man looked down at me; I instinctively looked up lovingly at another man next to me so he would think I was attached to the person I was looking at.

The pedestrian light shone eerily through late twilight... Man walking. Let's go! The sea of people systematically pushed forward like zombies.

"Excuse me sir... Is that dog yours?" The cop yelled! My guy shook his head and stepped back.

People yelled, the sea parted, and the cops gave chase in a mad dash. The distance spanned, breakfast was in sight, I leaped snatching a bagel from the breakfast vendor. Turning down a side street I took human shape as the sunlight warmed the alley. Naked, I found my spot and dressed quickly to munch on my newly acquired feast. The police passed, sneering at me in disgust as I smiled; bagel still stuck in my teeth, pointing down the road holding out my cup begging for change knowing all they would ever see is a transient. A few people threw money, missing my cup completely. Great morning - I had coffee to go with my bagel.