

.Constul.

Wo ga ai shii. *I am the Dog. I am puppetmaster. When I walk you think the stars move. When I run you dream of a tear in your own winter coat. I show my teeth and you rip a page from the calendar. I lift my leg and you gather without understanding around a hole dug in obligation to a voice no one has ever heard. And I let loose my howl, you push, thoughts elsewhere, through a subway turnstile.*

I fuck in dust beneath florescent lights. I feel you watch me through your TV. I feel your cunts swell and open, drip, your cocks stiffen and press against their bindings, against the effort of not looking while you look. I can hear your hearts pound against their shells, I can hear your breath, each one of you, begin to chase itself.

We fuck in garbage and broken stones and bricks, your forearms jammed between my teeth, your naked human bodies erasing your minds against my fur, you men, pricks stuffed deep into my ass, you women, legs wrapped around my tail, backs against the sharp stones, my saliva pouring off your elbows, your asses hanging over the ground, cunts devouring me, my rough fur scouring your bellies.

Broken I break you further. Combed hair tangled in the long black nails of my feet. Wristwatch faces shattered, telling nothing.

I am the Dog. Wo ga ai shii. I am the Dog. I am the light which smashes what it falls upon. I am the door that never closes. I am the brief distant gaze. I am the book forever afire. I am the ratio. I am the etymology. I am your Joy, when you have none. In the rubble with your ears full of old food and you let loose your howl. I am your hunger for speed, for electricity, for knowing. I am all you call Love. The fire of Sinai and the ash of Oswiecim, the blackened spoons of Brooklyn, the torn necks of the Adriatic, the bruised bodies of children like insects suspended in the earth-wide web woven round the globe. Woven in the web of the Dog.

Wo ga. Bring the candle to the page. Wo ga. Bark this out. Wo ga ai shii.. Wo ga ai shii. Wo ga.

[1994]