

# Mad Dogs – May 2015

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May 2015

I kind of enjoy

The silence of the night,

While still-warm coffee cups

Mark up the days.

Like the fit of old shoes,

I'm used to you--

Just animals walking,

Two by two.

Primal instincts

Notwithstanding,

The distinct feel

Of your hand in mine

Is fading--

*But perhaps*

*It's not too late.*

The weight of

Romance lessens,

Teaching us

A sleight of hand,

But mad dogs make sure

We reach for stars

*(Scared of what*

*Tomorrow brings,*

*We'll hide our sorrow).*

Crying, grasping--

*Everybody goes through*

*Their own pain.*

Here we are,

Again,

And so it goes,  
The pose of people,  
Playing games.  
All we ever get  
Are famous lines,  
And divine lies  
Brought a surprise--  
But counterattacks  
Of council tax  
Brought us down to earth.

*I don't know  
How you feel,  
Though, that doesn't mean  
This isn't real.*

Yellow petals  
On pavements  
Stave off the guilt,  
While strong winds blow  
On fields of mud.

The harder

It is to go,

The harder we'll try

To show our colours.

Dogged by

A feeling of dread,

The distant sound

Of sheep and cows

Is more profound

*(A little longer now).*

Searching for the answers,

Jumping over streams

Of mud and stones--

So far from home.

We're locked in our own kingdoms,

Though I'll let you in

Some time.

The tattered clink of rhyme;

Recurring themes of life

Capture fragments

Of surreal existence,

Making sense of

Indifference.

Cold, lonely stars--

Fireballs and clouds of dust--

Abandoned us.

Old tales of mighty gods,

Fodder for the

Debating chair.

The vacant stare

Of heathens breathing,

*(But not living),*

Scared of our misgivings--

A brilliant Wonderland of

Horrifying tales,

A living corpse.

Hormones are quicksand,

A dirty sleight of hand,

And we're afraid of hurting,

Averting our own crises

As we fight our basic urges,  
Diverging and distracted,  
Emerging from a taxi,  
Just a short way from home.

Creation and destruction,  
Hanging on to lifebelts,  
Melting into rivers  
Of old bone and cold meat.  
The feet that trod this towpath  
Were rather faster than our pace;  
A race to beat our morals,  
While feral beasts of innocence  
Slaver at our backs.  
Distracted by the cracks of logic,  
We'll fumble and decide  
To ride the wave,  
Until it dies--  
Then, either cry,  
Or laugh with triumph,  
It hardly matters which.

Itching to caress,

Undress and make a secret

Pact or two,

The act is merely whimsy,

(Lasting for eternity).

Preserving youth in glass--

Proof,

We once were vast.

**Credit:** Photo by [Aldebaran S](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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