

# *A Poem for Your Pocket*

## **BOWS**

just outside the archway of the children's section  
a flock of five girls  
ages six to eleven  
    halt  
like they've arrived at the deity  
they all believe in

bending down on one knee or two  
with the synchronized collection of o-o-hs and a-a-hs  
their ten eyes fixed on the two of his  
pouring their immaculate love  
onto Gus, the black lab pup  
who laps it up  
    let us all bow wow

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