

**IF YOU MEET THE
BUDDHA ON THE ROAD**

Today saw a
three-legged dog,
tongue hanging out
long like the
line of a
bungee jumper. Hopping
on his front
leg like a
pogo stick, smiling
with shining teeth
sharp as soldiers'
blades, slobbering gleefully
in the summer
heat, kicking high—
up and down,
and up, and
down. I think,
if he can
stand this sticky,
humid air, maybe
I can too.