

## Sentence

Back of our house  
a lovable stray pooch,  
young and off-white  
with random black  
Mendelian punctuation,  
darts about and sniffs grassy clumps  
until, eyeing a soggy tennis ball  
wedged under the neighbor's fence,  
she plucks it up in her teeth  
and prances puppylike for attention  
as if mankind needs to please play ball  
(has she romped with children  
before being dumped out of  
their father's midnight-slinking car?),  
seeming ignorant or heedless  
that ball is not played  
where she is going to go--  
by way of famishing jaunts  
through shrubby neighborhoods,  
altercations with kept cats  
and with collared mutts,  
a trusting ride  
in the dogcatcher's van,  
and a meager feast or two  
before the period  
at the end  
of her  
sentence.