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That Saved A Wretch Like Me

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss4/6
I lie face up in bed, stare
at wooden ceiling beams—wait
for sleep.

Dangle my arm towards the floor,
reach for my yellow Lab Grace.

Wanting furry warmth to soothe me, lull me.
Wonder, what would it be like
to sleep the sleep of Grace?
Solid, sound, content.

Moonlight seeps through the bedroom window,
Falls luminous onto Grace.

Amazed, I watch her feet take off as the
evening air stirs. She stretches,
seeks adventure, dreams of
my voice saying her favorite words:
Car Ride.

In the darkness
her paws move methodically toward
dandelion fields. She snorts happily,
flops earthbound,
makes puppy angels
in the fresh mowed grass.