

Miller Williams

LISTEN | 014

I threw a snowball across the backyard.  
My dog ran after it to bring it back.  
It broke as it fell, scattering snow over snow.  
She stood confused, seeing and smelling nothing.  
She searched in widening circles until I called her.

She looked at me and said as clearly in silence  
as if she had spoken,  
I know it's here, I'll find it,  
went back to the center and started the circles again.

I called her two more times before she came  
slowly, stopping once to look back.

That was this morning. I'm sure that she's forgotten.  
I've had some trouble putting it out of my mind.

Collins, Billy, ed. Poetry 180: A Turning Back to Poetry.  
New York: Random House, 2003. Print.