

The German Shepherd stops by my bed,
And slowly crouches.
She has done this before, when I was
An uninvited guest, isolated.
Her kindness then returns to haunt me,
Unannounced, unwanted.

Thrice she returns to me:
First as incident
Second as coincidence
Third as farce.
She returns relentless, eternal,
First in body, then as ghost
Now a guest, then a host
Gracing me with silent deeds.

Incident:
I was at the slave fair of loners,
And from there I was gathered,
And given a room, for there was none at the inn,
And in the other rooms were the other magi,
And we had all come to repent,
And we had all said we'd forgotten,
But none of us mentioned the star.

Coincidence:
Musicians and attorneys congregate
At coasts, anticipating their ships will
Come in. I do not know them, but
Once I embarked such a ship,
And, just like Kafka's nephew,
Those who came to greet me were
Those I wished to meet.

Farce:
I believed that since I spun
My jealousy into love, like
Rumpelstiltskin weaved
Fodder into desire, I would be
Given a name. But I was instead
Repaid with words of disappointment.

I made my bed,
So now I must lay in it:
This is the rule of seeming
Consequential fairness, which barks to
Deny its selective application.

The German Shepherd slowly crouches.