

## Dog

The dog trots freely in the street  
and sees reality  
and the things he sees  
are bigger than himself  
and the things he sees  
are his reality  
Drunks in doorways  
Moons on trees  
The dog trots freely thru the street  
and the things he sees  
are smaller than himself  
Fish on newsprint  
Ants in holes  
Chickens in Chinatown windows  
their heads a block away  
The dog trots freely in the street  
and the things he smells  
smell something like himself  
The dog trots freely in the street  
past puddles and babies  
cats and cigars  
poolrooms and policemen  
He doesn't hate cops  
He merely has no use for them  
and he goes past them  
and past the dead cows hung up whole  
in front of the San Francisco Meat Market  
He would rather eat a tender cow  
than a tough policeman  
though either might do  
And he goes past the Romeo Ravioli Factory  
and past Coit's Tower  
and past Congressman Doyle of the Unamerican Committee  
He's afraid of Coit's Tower  
but he's not afraid of Congressman Doyle  
although what he hears is very discouraging  
very depressing  
very absurd  
to a sad young dog like himself  
to a serious dog like himself  
But he has his own free world to live in  
His own fleas to eat  
He will not be muzzled  
Congressman Doyle is just another  
fire hydrant  
to him

The dog trots freely in the street  
and has his own dog's life to live  
and to think about  
and to reflect upon  
touching and tasting and testing everything  
investigating everything  
without benefit of perjury  
a real realist  
with a real tale to tell  
and a real tail to tell it with  
a real live  
    barking  
        democratic dog  
engaged in real  
        free enterprise  
with something to say  
        about ontology  
something to say  
        about reality  
                and how to see it  
                        and how to hear it  
with his head cocked sideways  
                at streetcorners  
as if he is just about to have  
        his picture taken  
                for Victor Records  
        listening for  
                His Master's Voice  
and looking  
        like a living questionmark  
                into the  
                great gramophone  
                of puzzling existence  
with its wondrous hollow horn  
        which always seems  
        just about to spout forth  
                some Victorious answer  
                        to everything

*Louis Ferlinghetti*