

Ontario Review

Volume 67 Fall/Winter 2007–08

Article 16

October 2014

Another Short History, Dog Almighty

Peter Desy

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.usfca.edu/ontarioreview Part of the <u>Poetry Commons</u>

Recommended Citation

Desy, Peter (2014) "Another Short History, Dog Almighty," *Ontario Review*: Vol. 67, Article 16. Available at: http://repository.usfca.edu/ontarioreview/vol67/iss1/16

For more information, please contact southerr@usfca.edu.

Two Poems

PETER DESY

Another Short History

Founder Joseph Smith believed the Garden of Eden was twenty miles north of St. Louis. It disappeared as neatly as the gold tablets the Angel Moroni presented on a day. Such specificity, but so many rules following. Never simplicity, nothing verifiable. *All* rely on assent to the most fabulous of propositions. Adherents must order every item on the scripted menu. After a while beliefs become tradition, venerated by the fervid and the torpid.

When I turned atheist

my aunt said she *knew* there was a God just by looking at a blade of grass. That's a popular view, I said. However, I've taken the tour of the universe with Carl Sagan. My mother reached across the table and slapped my face. *I never thought a son of mine...* she began and ended. Mother, I said, look out back and see the summer slime upon the pond. And think of dwarfs with cataracts. I thought of Kierkegaard preening the feathers of his agnosticism just before his impossible flight.

Dog Almighty

He'd find a way through the long backyard fence, then roam the neighborhood and come home when the spirit moved, looking for dinner and a cold drink. I'd mend the fence, but he'd study it, sometimes for days, not doing anything but sitting and staring at it, contemplating it, always finding the flaw, some break I didn't know was there, speculating on human weaknesses. Too aloof to be called an escapee, he had a vain air about him that put me off and I'd think Augustine could be right about sin and the human condition and the corruption of nature itself. And at times I'd feel dense because, like all right-thinking people, I believed that dogs were sweet or vicious, but not coldly calculating, elevating reason to an art, figuring the odds, their stillness the outward sign of an inward life. And finding a way out and coming back again and again, always discovering the breach and walking through it like pure spirit leaving the body, despising the material world, sloughing it off like an old coat.