

from Juked #7, Spring 2010

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THE FIRST OF MANY DECISIONS

I wait with the dog by the bridge.

Crossing makes him nervous.

I have a poem
where I build a bridge myself. It ends,

“Now

bring me water.”

The dog stops. There’s another dog in the tall grass hunting.

The others in my poem
are hidden from me.

I’d like some place

to finish, but he barks
when anyone comes near.