

# The Next Weird Sister Builds a Dog Run

*Laura Hamblin*

With fortune's damned  
quarreling smile,  
the neighbors complain  
  
as they do with each move.  
She snarls and follows bloody  
instructions, measuring off  
  
a corner of cruelty,  
figuring, in metrical codes,  
the division of her loves,  
  
her errors. Her dogs  
pace the length of chain  
link, jump with  
  
vaulting ambition,  
snap at the crossed  
purpose of penning.  
  
Dog nights she stands  
on the edge of enclosure  
and listens  
  
to nasal whines,  
while disciples of  
lies call her to

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this sacrilege.

Here laws cease to  
operate. With the opposite

of faith she submits  
to this new religion.

Still, through locked gates

she pets dull fur,  
whispers pet names,  
serves each mouth red milk.

Neighbors console themselves  
in steel and wire dreams. As if a run  
will hold dogged thoughts.

She knows better and moves  
out a straw mat, if not  
for to sleep, then

to lie with obsession,  
comforting some poor dog  
a hundred choices ago.

What name shall we give it  
— this pain, this pain —  
so public and private?