

Gigi

As the wind blows and the chimes make music
I watch her stumble and turn.
And turn and turn
In the yard.

She is mostly deaf, I think.
Mostly blind, I think.
But her nose is strong as ever,
and her appetite never satisfied.

She may not be able to control when she pees,
but she is polite enough to do it on tile and wood only.

She does not rest, not without help
from a bright pink pill.
She walks and walks.
We thought she already got the lay of the land upon arrival,
But she still bumps into things
Sometimes we think it's on purpose.

I watch her turn in circle after circle,
potentially trying to find her way back to the porch.
It makes my head hurt watching her.
She knows where the porch is
At least that's what we tell ourselves.

She's not all the way there,
we know.
We just hope she retains her appetite and that her nose will continue to steer her true.
Until the day comes
when she will cross the rainbow bridge.