

Mirage

Ann Struthers

Old sheep dog, I'm surprised to see you
in the Temple of Ba'al in this desert oasis,
too hot in your curly grey-black fur, white vest,
hair over your round brown eyes,
resting in the shade on the steps
of the high altar where many abominations
and tortures were practiced,
panting because you're my old dog,
and dead two years.

I think you are cleansing and purifying
this horrible place with your goodness and innocence.

With you, two Brits, elderly frail sticks.

They speak to me in soft angel voices,
leaning against the stones so I cannot see their backs
where their wings are folded.