

0.034 Ode to the dog: by Bonnie--Shlomo Moshe and Kaila's  
great grand daughter. July 10, 2019

### That Dog

That dog on the porch so terrified Shrachele  
he could not leave the farmhouse kitchen.

And he stayed.

That dog with red unruly hair like Kayla's,  
The young girl, barely a woman,  
but bound to be my great grandmother.

She loved that dog,

hid behind a tree with that dog

as the buggy bearing Shrachele and his son Shlomo crept close.

As the curtain opened on a familiar play.

She knew the script.

If they left her house before sweet wine was offered,  
she would not have to marry that deer nervous boy.

But if they stayed

there would be a toast, wine, schnapps, herring, a wedding, children, grandchildren.

That dog stayed on the porch.

Shrachele stayed in the kitchen for the toast.

That dog.

