

Dog Days in Puerto Vallarta

In shaggy, ranging fellowship
They come at seven in the morning
Already panting steam
At the steaming clay stones:
Thin pickings.

Church, market, bakery richly
Exhale in humid hollows.

By nine, every old trail clean,
New promises pried,
They gather beside the sweating sea
With taxi-mashed or outright
Missing paws.

A fisherwoman who stops
To laugh at them,
Old banditos, sea-soaked, sand-costumed,
Earnestly fishing out their days,
Soon scurries on like the austere crab.

Long after sundown
You can see them still tumbling
In the tide, butter fangs
Closing on the empty wave.