

## City Dog

The day I die I hope this old yellow dog  
will slip from my fist like string through a bead  
  
and jog west, tongue out, dim eyes leaping  
to the distant green and granite face  
  
of the mountain that presided over my youth.  
This final errand: to shed over seven states,  
  
through days of unslackening hardwoods  
and humid miles of corn, the great weight  
  
of living within the blackened brick walls  
of this restless city, and to grow unworn again,  
  
to return as the last bright spark of my prodigal heart  
to the bowing lupine and flickering aspen forest  
  
where my broad father, and his before him,  
gave his bones back to the everlasting earth.

—David J. Passey

*This poem won first place in the 2010 BYU Studies poetry contest.*