

John Ram

By JD DeHart

When first domesticated, John was given
A power tie and a mug with antlers
He was informed about corporate life
Now he paces in the offices
Snorting and bucking, attempting to climb
The heights are sheer
This is what his hooves are made for
They talk about him at the water cooler.

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Canine

By JD DeHart

At first, it was a mess
of leg-lifting and scratching,
teeth marks in the door.

Soon we taught him how
to be. How to interact.
How to enunciate.

We became the pack,
we became the source, the
need, hard to believe

Now he's a local politician,
has an SUV, and sips Starbucks
out of his dish.

Lawn Chair Lyric

By JD DeHart

It has rained all day
again and the neighbors
are getting restless
Last year, they aimed
fireworks at the other
houses
They arrive in caravans,
nomads in their own homes,
coming in and going out
at strange hours
Their headlights flash
across my wall when I
cannot find sleep
Now, there is fresh cut grass
being washed down the road
and they are nowhere to see.

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John Ram's Retirement Party

By JD DeHart

This poem is for the recently departed Mr. John Ram, a dedicated co-worker who was found one day grazing in a field, and who now exists in the halls of this great company's memory, a horned figure once stuffed into a business suit, now mounted upon the wide victory wall.

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JD DeHart bio: JD DeHart is a writer and teacher. He has recently been nominated for Best of the Net, and his chapbook, *The Truth About Snails*, is available from RedDashboard.