

## Qualm (before a Storm)

There's only so many directions  
you can clamber

and no path's set in stone.  
Paths, let's make this clear, tend

to get muddy, tend  
to lose their way

as easily as a dog with no  
moral compass.

Here's a dog that looks at me for direction,  
shakes his collar

in the way that dogs have and  
I look at the dog,

which way to turn? The sky's getting loud,  
threatening, dark,

so we set out, two baffled animals,  
yes, affable

animals, but baffled all the same.

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