

Dingo Breed

by blue *Sunday, Feb 2 2014, 10:30am*

international / poetry / post

running working constantly,
my heart ready
to explode in my chest
a well-trained (Oz) cattle dog,
dingo breed,
the dog obeys its master
the dingo out-smarts
hoofed beasts and feral dangers
-- every time

a prized animal
the working Oz cattle dog;
a drover could manage
alone on horseback
with only one good dog
and drive a herd
hundreds of miles
to market

a common enough event
in days gone by
in an unforgiving outback

i come to you
in the evening,
panting
my heart pounding
in my chest,
my thirst is that
of a thousand beasts
but i wait for your
command
with tongue
lolling from the side
of my mouth

another
day is done;
you stroke my throat
and give me
water from your open hand,
a skinned feral rabbit

my reward
for another good day

it's my third year
giving my all
cockeys say that a good
working dog dies
in its fourth year
from the arduous
work,
though house dogs
may live for fifteen
or more years

but a house dog does not
sleep well
nor does it have the respect
accorded by a knowing master
and bushman who
respects a good dog's
ability

i killed a taipan (today)
without a second thought
i let it focus
on my eye and head
as it telegraphed a strike
i snapped its throat
between my teeth
and clamped down until
asphyxiated,
it dropped limp

it was spooking
the herd leader --
a scattered
herd takes days
to bring together

i learned from my mentor
long dead now
a champion dog

tonight
i remain alert in sleep
ever vigilant and aware
of the herd
i curl up on the end
of my master's bedroll
a chill wind
hisses through the spinifex

wild dingos are lurking
they try to spook the herd
and cut out a calf or nursing cow;
the wild dingo
is the only animal
that intimidates a mixed
dingo breed cattle dog

they sense me
as i sense them

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-986.html>