

**Envoi**

*for W. S. Merwin*

Because the dog was dying, when her owner  
brought her to say goodbye

right away he stood up  
from his desk and started

toward the truck parked at the roadside windows open  
to the air

but already she had made her way towards him  
as far as she was able

down from the truck to the  
stone

steps of the farmhouse where she  
sat

holding up her paw curled  
in that way she had

as if cradling a phone  
against her body, folding

a receiver awkwardly  
into herself

as people  
used to do

waiting

for the words

the knowing  
touch

behind the ears  
to begin

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