

Satellite Watchdog

Poetry — Alissa Xiao

abandoned dog
culled from the cold of мамочка's stomach
in Moscow streets,
with vodka-muddy paws and a
rum-stained tongue rough from asphalt
easy to find and unlikely to be missed
unnamed dog,
hunter of flesh and bone
 (a desperate form of violence)
you bear the sins of all street dogs
of dreaming for more.

in the cloying winters
your neck cranes to the sky in a howl
to a moon who has never listened
you prowl like the silver lining of a knife
 *Soviet scientists chose to use Moscow strays
 since they assumed that such animals
 (beasts hunters violators beggars)
 had already learned to endure conditions of extreme
 cold and hunger.*

they gave you a name in exchange for the stars.