HAPPINESS

Each day the dog forgets more of himself.
One sore tread past the cracked one before,
he doesn’t mind his store-brand food,
stained bed, same smeared thought drifting over
the crest of his brain like a hand he has licked.
Tufted grey toys in a box:
dead is death. Best, he likes tepid evenings,
now gimping a little alongside the park,
where children will not remember him.