REMAINS

Before the dog died, the vet took away
eight of his teeth. I’d have kept
each one, had I known
how soon the rest of him would go.

I’d have made a box for them
of his empty ribcage: God’s
hand unhinged, stroking a head.
I’d have kept them

on my dresser, where instead
he looks straight
at me: black and white
of a stilled lens. He doesn’t like
being dead. It’s hard work

being the strong cloud
that stays the same.
Hard for him, not making a sound
as ashes gust from my hands.