

Heather Skye Irvine

Molossus

Molossus met her mate in the mouth of an ending—
briar-brindled bitch had been shepherd too long.
Too worn for love; the flock took all her tending,
with Molossian masters away at gloaming's drum
(none stayed but the hound after the Romans won).
Try, now, to love. Pass on as more than brave
marble, though they hellenised heaven.
Seabirds and carrion-feeders keep her failings like graves.
She knows love. She knows love is not enough to save.