

Tin Nguyen, P-24706
Words Uncaged
(Poem)

“Good Boy”

Restraints tightened
 to inflict more pain
Steel crisscrossed,
 digging into his face
Physical pain,
 but not true pain
 True pain hidden deep
“What you gonna do, boy?”
“Go back to my cell, sir.”
“Good boy.”

A thousand daggers
 slam into his heart
Pride gone, naked,
 broken and battered
To regain dignity...
 the last word, last laugh

With all his strength
The blow withheld;
 he walked away
 Defeated?
The battle, yes...
“I am not a dog. I’ll get mine.”

Time...and then
Loyal silver wet,
 velvet fur
Splashing in the bath
Playing...
 there is nothing but this memory
A moment saved is a moment earned

Captured bliss,
 a picture frame
Without judgment,
 just love and adoration
Careless,
 darting,
 frolicking,
Between his legs a sanctuary

So...

“Yes sir, this good boy
will return to his kennel.”
For a loving cheerful dog
he’d rather be
Than a
hateful
spiteful
human.

War won.