

most days i wonder if my dog can see *ghosts*  
when he growls, i comfort him  
stroke his ears and whisper *no, joey, no*  
*there is nothing outside and nothing can hurt you*  
but maybe it's me who needs comfort  
maybe it's me who needs warning  
maybe there is *something* out there  
on my porch  
in the kitchen  
behind the lampshade  
beneath my desk  
he looks so offended when i attempt to soothe  
side eyeing me as his roars fade into rumbles  
but eventually he's quiet i get back to work  
but as joey falls asleep  
forgetting whatever threat he's imagined  
i glance out the window  
checking the *glow* of the streetlight  
looking for *faces* in the darkness  
just to be sure  
that i'm still alone