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## Running Circles

N. Andrew Spackman

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# Running Circles



N. Andrew Spackman

It's a sodden, autumn morning  
and those idiot dogs  
are running circles again.

They bound through the muck  
on stubby legs,  
down and up and down  
like teeter-tottering sausages.  
Their tongues flop to the rhythm,  
and their panting  
forms frozen puffs  
that dissipate  
under barren trees  
and a dim, white sky.

Centuries of pedestrians  
idle past my view.  
They wear thick clothes  
the color of dirt.  
They beat a hard-packed path  
with their noses  
dragging on the ground.

Every morning,  
I sit at the window.  
I eat these porridge oats.  
I watch those  
idiots run circles.