

two Dog poems, by Mary Oliver, included in her book, *Dog Songs*

**“The Storm (Bear)”**

Now through the white orchard my little dog  
romps, breaking the new snow  
with wild feet.

Running here running there, excited,  
hardly able to stop, he leaps, he spins  
until the white snow is written upon  
in large, exuberant letters,  
a long sentence, expressing  
the pleasures of the body in this world.

Oh, I could not have said it better  
myself.



**“Little Dog’s Rhapsody in the Night”**

He puts his cheek against mine  
and makes small, expressive sounds.  
And when I’m awake, or awake enough

he turns upside down, his four paws  
in the air  
and his eyes dark and fervent.

“Tell me you love me,” he says.

“Tell me again.”

Could there be a sweeter arrangement? Over and over  
he gets to ask.  
I get to tell.

