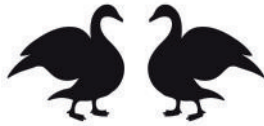


KAI HOFFMAN-KRULL

## A WOMAN, A DOG



He pulls her through the snow-filled  
dawn, legs churning,  
hungry for movement.  
She trots to keep up, hair glistening  
with the frozen light.

He finds something on the side  
of the road, stops, and lets his nose  
discover. Then he looks up, his eyes  
like two fish shining in the sun,  
and she kneels down, finds a crease  
in his fur, and shares with him  
what she can.