

Living Alone with Small Dogs

Betsy's boyfriend dumped her this morning
and when she comes to the door
I am in my underpants, unable to console her.
I give her my mother's office number,

agree to everything she says about men.
She doesn't know how to use her phone
so I guide her hand over the touch screen,
show her where to tap her shaking finger.

She wants to call him up so she can shout.
Tonight my mother will sleep beside her,
their lives a sitcom for one of my poems,
Living Alone with Small Dogs. When I heard

Bill canceled the engagement I was miles away
trying on a suit for the wedding.
I returned home to find mom eating cherries
and crying by the door.

What is it I wish I could give my mother,
her friend now equally alone? What can I say
as Betsy knocks for the fourth time
and holds up her keys, crying, asking me

if I can help her open her front door?