

Against Disorder

by David Ackley

It is true that the college dogs
spread vermin, reeked, shat on
the soccer field where it waited,
smoking, fetid, dire as only shit can be,
for the white shoes of visiting teams splendid
in their new uniforms, their preppy haircuts
-- secret weapon, along with our girls,

barefoot,

overallled, bobbing after the ball.

And that the dogs themselves
sometimes bunted the ball
out of bounds when a score threatened

against us,

that they'd been known to show teeth to the
opposition,
to piss on their tires;
that they did it doggy style before
the library porch on parents' day,
dogged the steps of the president in packs
and howled outside his door at night so he

heard

bears and wolves and students howling like

dogs.

Still, why have rules on them as if they were
lesser? Exemplars among us,
so fine without laws.

