

## And There Are Dogs

We meet, a quartet,  
at the same time and spot  
a ritual we observe  
because to let it go  
means to let us go.

We warm up on nothings at first  
nothings with a small tease of more.  
On our most dramatic days we sing  
*molto vivace*, perhaps slipping into *fortissimo*.  
Other days we whisper our secrets *pianissimo*.  
We move in and out of cadenzas,  
monologues of sorts that can soon  
become a cacophony of voices.  
We sip wine, crunch popcorn or salad,  
fill our bodies as well as our senses.  
We meet, a quartet  
because to let it go  
means to let us go.

We meet, a duo  
You sing melody.  
I sing harmony.  
People who walk by  
smile at our animation  
our changes in pitch  
our increasing or decreasing tempo.  
Some stop to talk, for many know us.  
They insert themselves into our opera  
distracting briefly from the storyline.  
And there are dogs  
who provide *buffa* moments  
pulling us out of our *seria* angst.  
Sipping our coffee *al fresco*,  
we meet, a duo  
You sing harmony.  
I sing melody.