

# Talking to Grief

by Denise Levertov

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Ah, Grief, I should not treat you  
like a homeless dog  
5 who comes to the back door  
for a crust, for a meatless bone.  
I should trust you.

I should coax you  
10 into the house and give you  
your own corner,  
a worn mat to lie on,  
your own water dish.

15 You think I don't know you've been living  
under my porch.

You long for your real place to be readied  
before winter comes. You need  
your name,

20 your collar and tag. You need  
the right to warn off intruders,  
to consider

my house your own  
and me your person

25 and yourself  
my own dog.