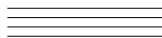


# T H E D O G S O F S O C H I



B E N J A M I N S . G R O S S B E R G

Shot with poisoned darts, tossed in trucks.  
Can you imagine that? The questing snout  
snapping back toward the stung flank, the flux  
of rising pavement, two-legged blur, a shout  
before you're hefted by front legs, thrown  
on a pile of your kind – the cold, sour tang  
of death encircling, theirs and your own –  
and then, perhaps, nothing. But one sprang  
free – the News said one – small, red, prick-eared –  
the dart dropped off, she shook, bolted the mound  
of bodies, leapt out, hit the street, heard  
them scrambling after and shot from the sound.  
Just one. You taste the air rushing on her tongue,  
the push of blood and breath, a running song.