

K9 Lend Fair Warning

I'm an otherworldly canine
Who likes to howl, hitch and track
I appear as a sign
And I'm utterly pitch black

I like to grumble and mumble
But once I am up
I can really tumble along
Like a weed in the dust

I kick up some clouds
As I run really fast
Lunging across the ground
With purpose and sass

Raising Hades and raising sand
It must be that way
Old Beelzebub man
He has souls to claim

If you should see me
Please repent and pray
This unordinary species of canidae
Lets you slip away

My feet will find
Who is unkind
And my nose will detect
Who makes mischief

When I have pursued
Until I am surfeit
Only then will I quit
My bones all chewed up

And return to the junction
Where the earth meets the underworld
Awaiting the next chase
In deep rest for the race
In my lair's warm embrace

I must traverse all kinds of terrain
For the wicked one who rules and reigns
Where the River Styx flows
Because we dogs with eyes like hot coals
Must out and reap souls

The ferryman has souls to cross
The river is wide
And I have souls to retrieve
That guarantee is bona fide
This warning to believe



Iza Grijs studied French Literature in college and has written poetry over the years, but has not published a book. That makes her a new writer. She has been interested in the paranormal since childhood. A lover of animals, she keeps two dogs and six cats. Her day job is in sales of art and antiques and she tends to make and keep collections.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

The Pangolin Review, Issue 15 (17 March, 2020)