

She's a bitch

I am doubt lashed raw to a looping track,  
With six, sleeker bitches always at my back.  
Black dog lurks on the edge of my sight,  
He tracks me in sand by day and by night.  
Black dog paces, corners tight at my side,  
I flinch from the jostle, falter, lose stride.  
Focus constrained, two feet and sand in churn,  
Try, pant, chase, 'til speed, breath are burned.  
Collar, brand, define me, I am as I was bred,  
Aloof to the mating pack, shy of being led.  
To risk all again, my prospect must be wise,  
Gambling should equate the promise of the prize.  
Concede, says instinct, withdraw the stake,  
Be amateur watcher to pro bitches on the make.  
Skulk, limp home to comfort of a lonely trap,  
Curl own paws around me, place head in lap.  
Tether hope to the winning post, lest I should stray,  
Be my marker, my bearing as I re-enter the fray.  
I have form and previous of the play of this track,  
I run, heart in mouth, in the slipstream at your back.  
Doubt, jealousy, for now, held checked by reason,  
I bump and outrun others, flirting their season.  
This territory I scent, all that I have I flutter,  
Head down denial of the perils of the gutter.  
My snarl buys time, holds black dog at bay,  
All winnings and my guard, at your feet, I lay.