

# Talking to Grief

*by Denise Levertov*

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

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

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, your collar and tag.  
You need the right to warn off intruders,  
to consider my house your own  
and me your person  
and yourself  
my own dog.