



Aug, 22, 2017

My dog takes me places.

Places I'd forgotten I wanted to see.

Like my backyard at 4 a.m., picking up poop. But, if she hadn't taken me there, I'd have missed the shooting stars streaking away from the dawn.

I'd have missed moths and lightning bugs if she hadn't told me to put my laptop down, if she hadn't taken me out. On the couch I'd have missed the warm summer rain and sunshine

flickering in the forest when the fingers of the wind rattle through.

The world is clanky and demanding. My dog Oona is a force who won't be pushed. But when she's ready, the places we do go. Long ago places that are new again because she is new. She sees with the laser eyes of a sighthound and the heart of a young child.

Somehow I've turned old. Oona will be one of my last wolfhounds. I want to bond with her, to understand her nimble, wild mind. I shift gears, slow down, sync with her rhythms. And Oona takes me to a place called Now. Time with her is slow time, dust motes and winding blades of grass, ants crossing the vast plain of our patio. Our focus is like a dandelion seed in the thick summer air, floating, pirouetting, swooping. And the wheel of life spins 'round from wonder to wonder.

Time spent in Oonalandia. Magic time.