

Zeus

Dog shaped like a bullet, trotting low on the hunt stops to take a huge unnoticed dump a couple of houses down. His owner whistles barefoot from her stoop, her chattering laugh loud in midday gossip with her neighbor as her cigarette ashes fall near her anklet onto the sidewalk. She stands there, her house blocked by a giant tree on a one-way side street in South Philly.

ZEUS. ZEUS!

He looks out the back corner of his bulging round eye on his way back to her, body low to the ground as his nails clack in rhythm, sharpened by this afternoon run.