

*Dog Gestures to Go Out in a Blizzard*

So that's what you meant by privacy, a little separation from your normal holding cell,

a change of scenery? All week long I watch you work at building a fence between your moods,

and haven't said things like *segregate*, or *boundary*, because those words won't

help you with construction. Everyone takes notice of your nightly racket, the crude

hours you choose to sand the pickets and the gothic finials that have been selected.

We're all waiting to see which way you aim the crosspieces. Face them away and the boys

next door can get their footing and hop in at will. Otherwise you're making

a dangerous neighbour. Is this what you meant by availability, as well? There are so many types

of locks and latches waiting to be fastened, so many coats of off-white you didn't plan

to deal with. But you seem the kind to set the primer and let it dry; to watch the wood

peer back in streaks of resilience. There aren't enough slabs to cover the space you've plotted.

They're all going to talk about how you haven't the heart to follow through.