

# PINK DOGS

Sam Riviere

AFV Press



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DOGS



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forgetting all studio rules  
the overloaded structure you've been made aware of  
for next-to-impossible reasons  
like looking out beyond the windows of a  
greenhouse  
for the first time seeing  
another tourist  
equally lost  
a pink dog  
in the evening

there were earthly things beyond the frame  
whose lines glow faintly at night  
contact on a train for instance  
a tunnel of figures in sequence  
where you don't imagine a witness  
but set off regardless  
down the darkened corridor  
—newly darkened



down there  
in the almost sun  
where the beer coloured river moves surprisingly fast  
a couple not quite young  
lean into a kiss  
her mouth working like it's regurgitating food  
him receiving it stunned  
as a hummingbird

she could have been hallucinating for months  
the star on the bedroom ceiling  
terrible roses that choked the sofa  
the foghorn in the kitchen  
—a dream was coming to lead her away  
its palm clamped over the peephole

a woman bends onto a sofa  
facing away  
a man empties a bottle of champagne  
over her skirt  
men in football gear are queuing up  
to kneel behind her  
late sun bathes the scene  
in a yellow glow

at first she couldn't understand why she was so  
irritated

was it the screech of a young dog that came  
regularly

staring at the street from the window of a waga-  
mamas

where a prawn tail from a sushi box

was trodden into the pavement

or the supposedly spontaneous cry

that repeated every chorus

two sets of small black flowers  
that make you think of widows  
or a bulldog rolling in buttercups  
—one cannot tend a window garden  
with sarcasm

the theme from sex and the city  
audible from a distance  
and the thought that someone out there  
must be dying their hair  
between now and the ending  
thirty-seven hours of home box office entertainment

five days on the south coast reading about satanism  
and smoking at the beach  
watching the surfers in your skate shoes  
italian teens with deep voices  
the prime minister's head apparitioning constantly  
like that haunted bag from american beauty  
finally you remember the elevated view of an  
    unknown city  
someone posted on facebook last winter  
captioned  
there is a conspiracy against the horny boy

you could always aspire to boredom  
if talking makes it worse  
just another opportunity to be forgiven  
“long live your thoughts”



when the new life opened all around you  
as if a golf course  
had become a maze  
of doves and skaters  
you couldn't read for weeks  
is this a postscript  
or your new address  
contents page or kill list  
solstice night  
or a song called "separate lives"

this moonlessness

a woman in the window  
drawing clouds on the window  
eventually covering the window completely  
you've visited this page many times  
waiting for the email that will change your life

as passers-by get progressively uglier  
one says to her bf  
it's like a fairytale I'm not lying to you  
in an accent you can't place  
and you're staring like a poisoned lion  
you're going to see your friend the toilet  
you're taking pictures of a weird moth

the angel of separation

is a goth estate agent

a man with nunchucks is shirtless in the square

calmly destroying your year

near where

it says pink dogs

eventually there will only be conversations about  
the conversation you're having

it's good to talk to you like this

no encyclopedias of apocalypticism

or golden knife arches

no introductions

just a choice of punishments

and a piece of apple stuck in your throat from earlier

don't mention it

your carriage awaits

inside the garlic woods

with another tourist

who'll follow you everywhere

equally lost

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