# “First Dog On The Moon” by David Orme

‘Hi there,

First Dog on the Moon,

How do you feel?’

Like nothing on Earth.

‘Yes, but can you taste anything up there?’

Bones so cold and dry

They bite my tongue.

‘That’s great, First Dog on the Moon.

Now what can you smell?’

Fear of things biding in

Hard shadows.

‘OK, OK, so what can you see?’

Long dead forests,

Broken winds in empty streets,

Things,

Shadows.

‘So what are you going to do next,

First Dog on the Moon?’

Sit and bowl at the Earth.

<http://www.excelsior-edu.org/showroom/user/1366971474034000042/gallery/b_1439136764504148431.jpg>