**My Two-legged Dog Has Taken Up Stargazing**

Ashley McCurry

I awake to see her bathed in the spotlight of the grinning moon, spine erect as a meerkat listening in the cautious quiet. I suspect she hosts midnight visitors—formerly-loved pets, deer, or wild foxes— who wonder why she chose this neurotic human to be her beloved. *All she does is cry. Don’t you want more than that?*

I join her, and our eyes travel billions of years through the night sky, away from this farmhouse bedroom with the peeling walls. Away from the wolves baying in the distance, each day inching closer, their pale eyes piercing through the darkness.