

Herman Düne **"Black Dog"**

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She was waiting for someone or something
Sitting on the bench
In between the 4 towels that I love
And where I go and walk my dog
She had herself a big black dog
Barking at me, willing to bite me
"Black dog, I'll never harm you
BD what a joy to see you!"

She was wearing a warm coat with a hood
But still, I could see her lips
It was one of those suburban December evenings

One hand in the pocket
The other held a cigarette
I could breath by watching her
Having this so delightful smoke
At the hour when it becomes darker
Black dog

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