

Training Riley

—David S. Pointer

All shift long,
I hide the eight
plastic dope bags
dashing into base
housing, as Riley
the drug dog sniffs
& sneezes finding
everything. Finally,
Riley has only found
7 bags of boogie weed—
the dog handler says
the property is over
saturated with drug
scent, and he calls
a staff sergeant in
charge of check out
at the evidence bin:
*“Bring me my dope
or you stash box
bandits are gonna fry!”*
We rest Riley until he
tugs and takes us back
through the lingering
fumes of misadventure
until he alerts on the
last bag of lost dope
saving our careers,
but not our ears—