
Pro Rege

Volume 36
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue* 2007

Article 21

December 2007

Mixed Blood

Mike Vanden Bosch
Dordt College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Vanden Bosch, Mike (2007) "Mixed Blood," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 36: No. 2, 33.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol36/iss2/21

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Dordt Digital Collections. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Dordt Digital Collections. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.

Mixed Blood

Mike Vanden Bosch

A bitch gives birth to you in a ditch, Sport, but you
become our watchdog against evil. Born from a
lineage of strays—collies, shepherds, and mixes—
you grow mis-matched jaws—a wolf top jaw and

a terrier lower jaw. Though you can't mince mice,
your jaws can crunch a rat's squeal. You growl at ghosts
we don't hear and at scents we can't sniff. Nightly
you take our foes as your foes, assail fallen angels

on low flights and wag welcomes to friends before
we put out a hand. We trust you like a mother so
we don't leash your love. But one moonless night
the smell of sheep in the wind whets your lust

for blood. Next morning you hobble at your hutch,
back leg busted by a bullet. Dad sees only evil:
"He's been at Pete's lambs—shoot him again," but
no-one can shoot lust in the face when eyes

beg save me. Instead ricocheted grace in human
hearts helps you hobble with us on our westward
trek, barking evil itches backward to the ditch,
bleeding paw dangling like sin on a thread of skin.