

Meeting Sophia

by [Francine Marie Tolf](#) in the [January 25, 2012](#) issue

jolts me into sun diamonds and crunching snow
as we turn round and around, myself attempting
to unravel her leash from my knees as she
follows me eagerly with wet nose
and lapping tongue. Sophia!
who sensed, on this winter path, my longing
and leapt toward it, a sleek muscle of joy
that nearly knocked me down,
all kisses and cornsilk-soft ears and a name
that means Wisdom, a name
that is not wasted on this animal
whose owner, an elderly man wearing woolen ear flaps,
is crying, *Sophia, have some manners, Sophia,*
in a charmingly accented voice that Sophia
wisely ignores, continuing to kiss
and kiss this strange woman who smelled like
sadness a moment ago, this woman
who is now laughing.