

# 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.