With legs propped on wooden panels
across a black marker message left:
Stay with me forever . . .

In the middle of the plaza,
a film crew is arranged,
camera and boom,

to capture a homeless
man with dreadlocks
posing with his Dalmatian

against a white backdrop
steadied by two men
holding 10-foot poles.

As the subject takes orders:
pick up the dog,
let him climb on your back,

straighten up,

with a thank you from the director,
the subject parts through the morning
crowd of coffee drinkers, smokers,
American Indian artisans
selling their jewelery and goods,
from where a single tetra darts,

carrying a cardboard-wrapped painting,
whose title is capped in bold letters.
The woman squints.