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## *The Dog Medusa*

Tony Tost

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## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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### Additional Keywords

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# THE DOG MEDUSA

Tony Tost

A stray dog was coughing up concrete behind a vender's tidy kiosk. I picked up a small piece of the dog's sick and tossed it down a one way street, calling out *Fetch! Fetch!*

Three men chased it, turning miniature in the sun.

I looked at the dog, now licking its concrete vomit. He turned to stone. From an open window above me I heard a boy cry *Medusa! Medusa! Come back home!*

A crowd gathered around the stray dog-turned-statue. It began to bleed. Blood dribbled from its abdomen, turning the sidewalk a duller grey when it hit. The empty soda cans and newspapers scattered across the sidewalk turned to stone, and the crowd began to run with their stone legs, until their bodies froze.

I flew away as the city lights darkened behind me.

That evening the sunset was grey, and the moon split in half when it fell on the sea.

