

Confessions of a Bad Dog

I confess
I am a bad dog...

I do not obey the rules
and no matter how much love
or how many comforts you give me
I will not do tricks
or beg
or amuse you.

Sometimes you will think
I am beginning to learn,
I will retrieve my leash
and ask you to go for a walk

I will bark at strangers
and bury some bones
I will be a good dog
and you will think I am happy.

But this can't last long...

One day you will find me
rolling in your rose garden
or sleeping on your best sheets
or licking your tuna spinach lasagna
off my lips.

I confess,
I will put a sad face
my most apologetic eyes
will focus into space
and its truly not
to simply calm your disapproval
I really do wish to hear,
Good dog!

But I must confess,
all this wagging and pleasing
so much retrieving and releasing
and so many strict little lines
within which you encase rules
Encase me!

And perhaps
Your spectacles are old
because since we met
I have hoped
you would see
I am not a dog...
Meow!

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