

Woof

By Robin Lipinski

Mankind is the dominant species,
King over all living things...
Or so it seems.

My dogs Tinker and Radar,
Have you seen them?
Fancy leather collar, cedar bed, soft blanket,
More civilian than me.

Licking their private parts with glee,
Eating objects on the snow deposited best left unseen,
Yet doctors tell us their mouths are most clean,
Unlike me.

Their fur covered bodies keep them warm while panting of tongue in the summer beats the heat,
While I stumble and fumble with my dirty Levi Jeans.
The wife and I stink of sweat when we labor and our teeth chatter as we freeze.

Are we master or envious?
The latter it seems.
Showering affection and treats to our pets,
Answering to their whimpers and cry,
Trying to make their lives better,
As for our own lives,
We cry.

Sitting here thinking,
While beneath me one of my dogs dream,
I wonder in my next life I can return as a Corgi, or Collie,
Maybe a German Shepard or Pug.
But that's for another time as now the other dog in the next room,
Orders me to get up and pet him,
Then to the kitchen to get him his evening feed.

The End