

“COME,” I SAID

You’d think he’d come when I call “Come,”
but he dismisses my commands,
does what he pleases most the time,
while disregarding my demands.

I’ve told him “Come” a million times.
He’s heard them all; there’s nothing new.
By now he should not have one doubt
about what he’s supposed to do.

My mission is to teach him “Come,”
so I call out the word each day,
though I suspect that when I speak
he knows beforehand what I’ll say.

He’s learned the words he wants to know,
like “cookie,” “walkies,” “eat” and “treat.”
When I say any one of those,
he never asks me to repeat.

I’ve taught him “Sit” and “Down” and “Stay”
which stand as proof he’s not so dumb.
I think of all the work we’ve done
and wonder why he doesn’t come.

by Lee Netzler