

MR. GULLIBLE

It's no excuse for me to whine,  
but I can say without a doubt  
that I've been conned by every line  
dog owners ever handed out.

I'm such a trusting simpleton  
they even fooled me with a pup.  
They tricked me, then had muddy fun  
by telling me, "It won't jump up."

My brain believed it when they said  
their female had a gentle mouth  
until the bite that proved instead  
my truth-test compass errs due south.

"The male's house-broken," they told me.  
For falsifying, shame on you.  
He snuggled up against my knee  
and calmly piddled on my shoe.

To guard my future from disgrace  
and put deceivers in their place  
my two new rules for saving face  
are "Keep Arm's Length," and "Carry Mace."

*by* Lee Netzler