

POCKET CHANGE

How does he know I keep a treat
in that small pocket of my coat?
He has, in human terms, I note,
what would be called a tooth that's sweet.

Unfailingly he steers his nose
to point to me, my pocket place,
and while I try to keep straight face
he melts me as he holds his pose.

In my crusade to keep him trim,
I'll change the pocket where treats go.
I'll try, but I already know
my change of pocket won't fool him.

by Lee Netzler