

THE PILL

With remedy in fingertips
I try to pry his puckered lips,
to open mouth and thus drop in
one tablet of the medicine.

“Persistence” in my middle name—
I vowed that two could play this game,
but now, what middle name is his:
“Old Stubborn” must be what it is.

Through all my strength his jaws were sprung
and carefully upon his tongue
I placed the pill, then sealed his lip.
He swallowed; I released my grip.

But when at last I thought I’d won
I found, in fact, I’d just begun,
outwitted by his mouthing skill
as grinning, he lipped out the pill.

Not fun!

That’s it!

Well done!

Oh spit!

by Lee Netzler