

THE WEED PICKER

It's true I have the antidote
to clear him of debris
by pawing through his brindle coat
to pry the prickers free.

And I'm the one he knows succeeds
in making magic cures
by pulling out the thorns and seeds
and irritating burrs.

I comb out knots; he counts on me
to clear his snarls and snags,
and when I make him tangle-free
he thanks me with his wags.

And afterward, when I have proved
the stubble and the chaff
and other matting's been removed,
clean-coated, we'll both laugh.

By Lee Netzler