

Go Fetch | or Becky plays with da pooch

by Steve Schatz

The dog bestows her favorite ball
placed gently at my feet
A spit encrusted gob of snot
Gleams bright with phlem and heat.

Goopy gifts caught in the muck
Grasped firm by jaw and jowl,
Her eyes plead – “oh, toss it one last time.
It’s really not so foul.”

With gentle licks she begs a toss
So barking, she may seek
I gag to smell its pong of rot
Knees, not resolve, grow weak.

No sweet pooch, you cannot sway
I’ll throw up, but not out
Health and pride repulse the slime
No matter how you pout.

Perhaps a quick wipe or the sun
Will dry your drool in time.
Glaciers may leave drier trails.
A lasting goo is thine.

The dog persists with pleading eyes to
share that orb of ooze
So dear a pet, so much in need. Can stony
heart refuse?
Perchance my skin can shed the muck
if boiling water’s used.

Ah luck, oh joy, a throwing tool
By some kind soul created
I scoop the ball to fling far hence
But dog and I frustrated

Stumbling like St. Vitus dance
I hurl with all my might
A pop, a stop, a sudden pain
My damaged arm grows tight

A youth steps forth in naïve ease
Slings ball so far afield
That pup in joy leaps to the chase
While to my wounds I yield

My shoulder wrenched
My muscles pulled
In agony I mend
While that sweet dog with drool drenched
ball
Looks for another friend.

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