**Ode To My Black Lab**

Poor Excuse For Dog Flesh.

Dumber Than A Rock.

Whines. Barks. Slobbers.

Don't Know When To Stop.

Expert At The Food Bowl.

Loves At Night To Howl.

Full Of Fleas. Ticks.

Makes Me Sneeze. Itch.

Try To Pet The Bitch.

When She Is Eating.

Snaps. Bites Your Hand.

Draws Blood. Snarls. Growls.

Not A Lick Of Breeding Sense.

Jumps The Fence.

Jams The Gate.

Hooks Up With A Pit Bull.

Rottweiler. Alley Curs.

Couples With Her Brother

Litter Mate.

Swells.

Belly Full.

Of Mongrels.

Smells.

Sway Backed. Bad Teeth.

Bow Legged. Matted Fur.

Always Bugs Me.

Wanting To Chase Sticks.

Bump Nuzzles. Licks.

Need To Get Her Fixed.

Left Her In My Old Truck.

Pissed. Shit.

Chewed It Up.

Always Takes Middle Bed.

Stinks It  Like A Skunk.

With Old Bones. Sour Food.

Way Worse.

Than Bad Breath Funk.

Putting Up With Her.

Way Beyond. Hard. Hard.

Digs Tree Roots. Flowers.

Holes In The Garden.

Yard. Sleeps Through.

The Day Light Hours.

All Night Long Paces.

From Set To Dawn.

Moans. Grumbles On.

Prances To Be Watered. Fed.

Hair Storm Sheds.

Does Just What She Wants.

Won't Guard The House.

Retrieve. Point. Or Hunt.

Kinda Wish Her Dead.

But Still.

She Gets Inside My Head.

Guess I Will.

Keep Her Round Instead.

Was Looking For A Pup.

Wanted. Tried.

To Get A Chessie.

But This Freak.

Was All They Had.

Pawned Her Off On Me.

Way Worse.

Than Rough. Pathetic. Sad.

Now I Can't Get Rid

Of This Worthless Mangy

Stupid Wreck.

What The Heck.

Stuck With My Black Lab.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 11/5/15.*

*Rabbit Creek At Three AM.*

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