

I'M YOUR COCKER SPANIEL

VIRGINIA SOILEAU

Don't pity me;
my mournful eyes
and happy smile
are my disguise.
Wagging my tail
with tortured delight;
bruised pain I keep hidden
behind lonely fright.
Betrayed and beaten,
yet cute I remain;
blissfully happy
to hide all my pain.
The might of your anger
and sting of your hand
bring soft tears to my eyes
because I don't understand.
But worse is the fear
of being alone...
the loss of those moments
of rare kindness you've shown—
I'll keep forever these nights,
at the foot of your bed,
and if I do a good deed
there's a pat on my head.
My lover, my master,
to you I submit,
as I cower in corners
from the lashes I'll get.

A slap to my face,
and a boot to my ribs—
punish this dog
for all of her sins!
Will I know that I'm worthless
if I simply don't hear
your hatred and yells
as I whimper in fear.
The pain you unleash
on this spirit you've claimed,
sits silently muzzled...
head lowered...ashamed.
"Bad dog! Now sit—
disloyal little bitch!
You know not to bark...
you deserve to be hit!"
Each bruise a remembrance
that Master was there;
if I didn't do bad,
he might even care.
But don't pity me,
my mournful eyes;
just let me love him
and believe my own lies.
I'll remain loyal
for a moment without sobs;
but I guess it's my fault
for being a bad dog.