

ONE LONG LESSON

“Oh, how well trained he is,” she said,
as she approached us in the store,
and then bent down to pat his head
while he sat still inviting more.
“How thoroughly polite,” she said,
while tousling his upright ear,
“No doubt because he’s so well bred.”

“That isn’t quite what we have here.”
My comment passed right over her,
as she, near swooning at his guile,
completely taken, as it were,
by his pretended good-dog style.

She tangle-rumple-scratched his fur,
and obviously didn’t hear,
so I repeated my refrain:
“The fact is that what we have here
is from the hours we took to train.”
My mantra finally reached her ears.
“How long, she asked, for one so sweet,
before his training was complete?”

“I answer that with some regret:
I pray his end of training nears
because we’ve trained for seven years,
and we’re not close to finished yet.”

by Lee Netzler