

## REFRIGERATOR DOG

In secrecy I eased the icebox door,  
stood quietly in swirls of icy fog.  
A moment later he came homing in,  
our terrier, Refrigerator Dog.

His senses are especially acute  
whenever there's a chance of finding food.  
His appetite determines his resolve  
and he is always in a hungry mood.

One creak of cellophane or plastic wrap,  
or clink of cookie jar he always hears.  
He can detect the smallest kitchen sounds  
with his radar Refrigerator Ears.

His vision is superb. His ice cream cone  
and doughnut sightings offer no surprise.  
He sees them easily from miles away  
with his food-scan Refrigerator Eyes.

He tracks the wafting scent of edibles  
which ever way the faint aroma blows.  
For him it's just a sniffing exercise  
when using his Refrigerator Nose.

No "treat" or "cookie" words are spoken out.  
If we should need to say those words, we spell.  
But even though we talk in secret codes  
we think Refrigerator Dog can tell.

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