

# *Nikkie and Jesus*

ARTHUR WINFIELD KNIGHT

My wife says we ought to feed the dog  
before we go to dinner, but I know  
she'll just lie there with her sad eyes,  
worrying: Will we ever come back?  
I tell Kit, "There's as much chance  
of Nikkie eating while we're gone  
as there is of Jesus showing up  
at Taco Loco and having a beer with us."  
But we look around the bar anyway  
when we get there. You never know.  
There's the barmaid with large breasts  
and a sweaty looking guy in an undershirt,  
but Jesus isn't anywhere in sight.  
The dog must be starved.