

Fido's View of Irony

MARTHA CHRISTINA

I found the shoe under the bed
when She Who Throws Things
threw my ball. "Fetch,"
she said and I did.

She called me by the name
that goes with food and petting.
"Good Dog," she said and laughed.
Her laugh sounded like barking,
so I barked and barked
and barked back, as though
we spoke the same language.
Then she called me the other name.
"Bad Dog," she said, and hit me
with the shoe.