

## My Dog Think Gets Me Out of a Pickle

Daily Walk through Sensation Street  
With Vinegar Dreams and Warded Skin  
Crossed paths with Barreled Bum  
Who teetered from Rank to Rubble.

And bumped, we froze, Old Gherkin and fiend,  
I to eye of King Canned Goods.  
Tonguetip Thoughts of dragon/damsels  
Were surely not a cucumber's "Hi."  
So biting down, I blurted forth  
First Words to No Home Boy.  
"Christ was a socialist, don't you agree?"  
Mute Moment sauntered by our stinking soiree  
Then Derry Licked stepped back and shock-punched me.

Far away, I sensed a noise of romping, flopping,  
Just this side of Hallowed Hearing,  
And Cur, that's me, shook off a shaking  
Shot sent north from Southpaw.  
Immediately, with Canine Companion uncomfortably intact,  
I yipped and scratched at Hobo's Hand  
And panted an apology.  
Then Straightened Tie and Swollen Eye  
Walked on and turned the corner.

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