

LAMENT OF A LADY WHO HAS GONE TO THE DOGS

Beryl Allen

There was a time, there really was, when I was young and tender;
When “show dog” meant a Disney star, and “bitch” was not a gender.

I went to bed at half past ten; I went to church on Sunday;
On Saturday I baked the beans, and did the wash on Monday.

But then I got a certain pup; an erstwhile friend said “Show!”
And so I did and so I do, Oh! What I didn’t know!

I used to dress with flair and style; that was the life – don’t knock it!
But now each dress from bed to ball must have a good bait pocket.

I used to have a certain air; I wallowed in perfume,
I used to smell of Nuit D’Amour, but now it’s Mr. Groom.

My furniture was haute décor; my pets a tank of guppies.
Now I’ve furniture unstuffed and well-adjusted puppies.

Once I spoke in pristine prose, in dulcet tones and frail,
But now I’m using language that would turn a sailor pale.

I was taught to be well-groomed no matter where I went.
Now all the grooming that I do is in the Handlers’ tent.

I used to long for furs and jewels, and a figure classed as super.
Now the thing I yearn for most is a nice new Pooper-Scooper.

I adored a man who murmured verse through intimate little dinners.
Now the words I thrill to hear are just three: “Best of Winners”.

I rise at dawn and pack the van, the road ahead’s a long one.
The one I routed on the map’s invariably the wrong one.

I really love this doggy life; I wouldn’t care to change it.
But when I get that Best in Show, I plan to rearrange it.

And when my time on earth is done, I’ll go without much nudging;
Just give me three weeks’ closing date and let me know who’s judging.