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## During Lecture a Dog Gets Her Head Stuck in a Cheetos Container

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**DURING LECTURE  
A DOG GETS HER HEAD STUCK  
IN A CHEETOS CONTAINER**

R. Scott Yarbrough

During lecture, I can see out the window;  
The students can't. Today a dog has found  
a plastic, see-through, Sam's-sized canister  
of Cheeto balls with two meshed inseparably,  
sugared with the last of a Coke and a sticky  
Jolly Rancher, apple I would guess.

Between Antigone defying Creon, the dog just  
managed to get her head stuffed like a pimento  
into the clear, Sam's-sized plastic olive. After  
lapping up the Cheetos she  
found her head stuck. For minutes she spun around; Antigone  
said she had heard Creon's decree. Then she galloped;  
Ismene reminded Creon that Haemon was betrothed  
to Antigone. Then in desperation, she wagged her head  
like growling a towel; Antigone tells the Chorus  
she'd rather not have to die to be a martyr. She finally lay  
in defeat, head in plastic globe, beginning to fog over  
from her wet breath, the heat turning her soul fluid.

Antigone hanged herself; Haemon spat on his father and killed  
himself rather half-to-the-hilt and Creon's wife, Eurydice,  
quite fed up with it all, leaned on a knife at the alter.

I dismissed class; Blaine stood and immediately felt the  
authority to noun and name the mutt's predicament  
saying she looked Sandy Cheeks on Sponge Bob.

I watched as the students swam outside  
and soaped Sandy's neck and set her free. Then they  
were off to conquer land problems: Sponge Bobs  
and Patricks off to the Crusty Crab to  
solve the dark problems of the sea where cartoons talk  
and girl squirrels can live in harmony and can pester  
my Squigward muse to understand such brilliant foolishness.

**IF POEMS**

**WERE CHILDREN**

Philip Fullman

If poems were children  
I'd lose custody of mine  
Be hauled off to jail  
My picture in the paper  
Mug shot on TV  
Horrible things said about me  
That's him  
He's the one  
He ignores them  
Poor things  
All of it true  
How I dote on the youngest  
How smart and witty she is  
I just love the way she strings her  
words together and paints the most  
wonderful pictures  
Not like my oldest  
The way they ramble  
and lack meaning  
jumping around from thought  
to thought  
I'm ashamed of them  
They aren't mine  
No  
This one  
this one is my smartest  
funniest  
My best yet  
Of this one am I most proud  
Until I write something new