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A Dog's Eye View of the Bicycle

Merriman Zajac

On the porch of a dirty mobile home
Reeking of lazy languish
A dirty, drowsy dog sleeps, with rust in his bones, and
soggy teeth
He dreams grand dreams:

He remembers the days of his ancestors
The good old days
When the honorable wild dogs chased prehistoric chickens
Massive, feathered fowl
Fled the brilliant snapping teeth
Teeth that were sharpened and straightened by the hard life
By natural selection
Chasing four-hundred pound chickens is a risky occupation
Those dogs who were perhaps weaker, whose teeth were
inferior
Surely fell in some heroic battle
But the life is one full of excitement, glamour, and the
sense of grandeur

They were the days when the dog was king
Such wonderful days
Days to be yearned for

A quiet whirring noise stirs the dog from his sleepy
contemplations
A bicycle is approaching
Its rider, innocent and oblivious
Just like the chickens of old
The rider is enjoying the fresh air, the beautiful countryside
His only defense is potential speed
Which is the very thing that provides the challenge
The worthless dog needs no further persuasion
To re-awaken those ancient days of adventure
As he pursues the terrified bicyclist,
He imagines himself running with the best of his ancestors
He can feel the camaraderie of the hunt
And taste the glorious flesh
Of prehistoric chicken