

## Trendy Poetry

Dog toilet or not, that is the question!

The dog's hair is short. Very soft. So pleasant to pet.

Whether you lick it or not, I'm her mother, not its stepmother, she has my girlfriend's for that. No, its adoptive mother.

Pooping first, then she is happy, and in the evening it needs to relieve herself again, so I have to take it out.

There's no such thing as a mother-in-law for a dog, since it fucks everything that moves, or gets fucked depending on dog's sex, or it destroys everything depending on its breed, and I know what I'm talking about, mine has wrecked I don't know how many other fearless creatures, and as for "sit, stand, lie down," you're talking about it, if there's any slack in the leash then you're doing the plover in fast forward! (In fast forward!)

I'm quite athletic and I enjoy running. To hell with systole and diastole, and long live the social bond with my dog. It's truly adorable, ha-ha! It wags the tail, rolls in the dust, waits for a hand to land on her chest, shoulders and flanks.

Not to mention the rainy days, because then it comes to shake itself off, off of nothing but still full of gratitude, and enters the apartment, gallops on the carpet and goes to sprawl on the sofa cushions, notwithstanding its little blanket all dedicated to her. (To her and only her.) Otherwise she bares the teeth, growls.

What is the purpose of a dog, if not to provide affection? To get up in the morning for the little poop and in the evening to take it out for the evening one.

A dog bag, in itself, costs a fortune. Achoo! Sometimes she sneezes, has a runny nose, and her eyes are swollen from a cold. Cool! My dog has got a bone, and also the flu!

Confined to my two-room apartment, the dog waits for me five days out of seven, and then wants to go out. Go out, wander. Use its muscles and its nose. Her nose, my pace, her forty or so kilos and a bit, its pulling power!

So every evening we go to the wastelands or what remains of them, also sometimes to construction sites, especially around a decommissioned garrison fort, a small nearby wood.

Bone marrow is for revitalizing it. Tell me about it, about revitalizing her! "Help, my dog is a tractor, a piece of farm equipment," help! "My dog is a tractor, a piece of farm equipment!" "Help!" And son on.

She's not a male Argentinian Mastiff, but believe me, she's got it all!

And she'll be six years old soon... Let's listen to its barking! (It's "it", and sometimes "she", when she's feeling nice.) Even the walls of my two-room apartment are plugging their ears. And their wallpaper-like skin becomes covered in very dark wrinkles as soon as she starts to snore. Oh, let me tell you about this adorable dog: she's just too cute, adorable and so... so endearing!

But rewind a little bit. (Without a retractable leash, which she would break in one go.) So this is the great tragedy of the dog waste bag: it costs! And there's also the pee, a piss everywhere and no sand anywhere. So this is the great tragedy of the dog waste bag. The lawn in front of the council flat is all yellow, and even after mowing it, the thatch is burned.

So again, here's the big problem with dog waste: how to clean up the pee, not to mention the so-called "territorial markings"! Yuck! How about a repellent? (I'm joking.) Dogs communicate at every lamppost, every street corner, so my Penelope never stops sniffing.

Although my dog is the opposite color to black, she seems to be fond of that one. A black dirt is always covering her magnificent white coat.

And it smells, oh how it smells. Especially on rainy days!

But my dog is a daring thing, and I love it—especially at the evening—with the tip of my fingers.