

Friend of Man

by Jerry Ratch

I don't read.

I don't do the dishes.

What am I?

If I were more domesticated, I'd poop in the street.

I'd lift my leg and pee on the bushes.

I would chase after every ass in the hood
and sniff them too.

I wouldn't fetch much.

What am I? What am I?

Oh, and I'd lick myself silly too.

That's what I would do.

