

A Thurber Dog Thinks These Things Through
By Christine Hayes

All is calm. All is cool. I don't sniff boxes as a rule – could be mold, could be must.
Could be hollandaise on rust. Could be lively, could be dead. My nose's flowses-
hoses to my head!

What I really like is socks! Smelly socks that smell like lox. Not locks that on a locker
go – lox that go with cream cheese, bro. Gimme lox that's pink, pink, pink! Gimme
socks that stink, stink, stink! I think they're lurking in this box! Take the locks right
off this box! I mean the locks that maybe rust! Not ones that go with bagel's crust.

Bust the locks and give me socks! Give me socks or give me cheese. Ones that stink
up any breeze. One whose scent you cannot lose.

Whatcha' choose when you choose your socks and shoes? Socks detoxed and shoes
renewed. Any dog would say, "Pooh-pooh." "Woof woof" is for a cockapoo.

All is calm. All is cool. A Thurber dog thinks these things through.