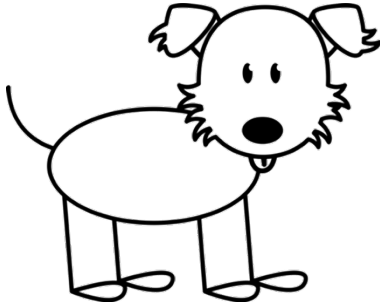


My Dog by Vernon Scannell



My dog belongs to no known breed,
A bit of this and that,
His head looks like a small haystack,
He's lazy, smelly, fat.

If I say, 'Sit!' he walks away,
When I throw stick or ball
He flops down in the grass as if
He had no legs at all.

Then looks at me with eyes that say,
'You threw the thing, not me,
You want it back? Then get it back,
Fair's fair, you must agree.'

He is a thief. Last week but one
He stole the Sunday roast
And showed no guilt at all as we
Sat down to beans on toast.

The only time I saw him run –
And he went like a flash –
Was when a mugger in the park
Tried to steal my cash.

My loyal brave companion flew
Like a missile to the gate
And didn't stop till safely home,
He left me to my fate.

And would I swap him for a dog
Obedient, clean and good,
An honest, faithful, lively chap?
Oh boy, I would, I would!

(Read Me Out Loud p310)

Poetry Questions

What do you like about the poem? Is there anything that you dislike about it?

Does the poem remind you of anything that you have ever read? Does it remind you of any person you know? Does it remind you of anything that has happened to you?

What patterns can you find in the poem? Are any of the words or phrases linked with other words or phrases? How?

What puzzles does the poem leave? What questions does it make you want to ask?