

CHOKE CHAINED BARKS

Yanking my chain
like I'm some sort of yo-yo.
So much for squirrel-chasing,
hole-digging daydreams.
I've been jolted back to the reality of
being just another status symbol,
like the Michelins I piss on,
Jose and Juan planting on all fours,
and the Polo socks.
You'd think they'd have got a purebred poodle.
I'm okay with it though,
I've got a dog's life:
They're walking, plastic in hand
waiting for the 5 cent prize.
A few steps ahead I'm shitting.

Lisa Lynott