**Fleabag**

As I write, my fleabag dog
Sits next to me

The tiny wee mutt
Licks and chews away at his coat
With the determination that befits and athlete

I know he does not have fleas
But try telling him that

The mutt has more chemicals on his back
than an agent orange sunset

I inspect his coat like Sherlock on a mission

Yet

None of those terrifying black
Narcissistic midgets are to be found

Yet the mutt chews
Licks and snorts
With gay abandon

Disturbing my mind
As I try to write a half decent poem.