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## Blue Suit, Red Dog

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## Blue Suit, Red Dog

The blue suit, a new suit  
watches me from behind the desk,  
scribbling notes, looking up to stare.  
I'm ready for a question to break silence.  
It won't ask.  
I look down. I see only fur.  
Somehow, I'm not me.  
I have the experience, the diploma,  
but no longer qualified, I imagine.  
I cough. Words elude me.  
It judges my appearance, my breeding, perhaps.  
I seem to be losing it.  
I snarl with white teeth. It looks displeased.  
I shouldn't have. My fur flames red as brick.  
Any tricks? I must know tricks.  
Lick scratch drool bark pant.  
It opens the door, motioning with a sleeve.  
I obey instinctively. Tongue out, show teeth,  
smile.

*Jack Beck*