

Kozmo Jones, Angelina and the Meeting of the Dogs

By Craig Perler

On one of those hot and lazy summer days,
when steam sizzled up from the road in a haze,
Mommy and Daddy, with skin pink as a peach,
took a vacation to go relax on the beach.

Leaving their dogs with plenty of water,
“See you later,” said the parents (and their young, baby, daughter).
And so, the dogs glanced at each other, both knowing
that today, to the Meeting of the Dogs they’d be going!

Now for those unaware of this monthly affair,
it’s a gathering of the neighborhood dogs, where they share
the happenings and progress and findings and creations
of the work they’ve accomplished within their vocations.

The ultimate goal being to impress and assess,
and vote with a ‘Yes!’ on the project that would be most likely to address
a problem presenting the world with distress,
with the hope of finding a solution – yet I digress...

I was saying that today the dogs would be attending,
and so they collected some food, their papers and other things,
and left out through the back door’s doggy slot
taking a path in the forest to the meeting’s usual spot.

Trekking through the woods, Kozmo and Angel, the two retrievers,
discussed how to make the other dogs believers
in the work the two goldens had accomplished the past weeks:
they had developed some completely new flying techniques.

And so, as the two gold-covered dogs walked and talked
they barely noticed at all that they were being stalked.
Despite their keen sense of hearing and an even better sense of smell,
the two dogs were pursued and were clueless as well.

Yet the dogs walked on, and the forest grew thicker
such that light barely could reach the ground – not a flicker.
Then a twig snapped, something howled, and something else hooted,
and Angel got scared and was nearly uprooted!

Next Kozmo and Angel saw something approaching:
a very dark shadow, and quickly encroaching!
But nevertheless, Kozmo stood strong,
and they saw the shadow had come from their squirrel friend all along.

And after some small talk, the three did not wait
to soldier right on and arrive at the gate
of the meeting's location where a huge congregation
of dogs had amassed.
And at last...
we arrive at the Meeting of the Dogs!

Now never has there ever been a squirrel allowed,
to this dog-only meeting amongst this dog-only crowd.
So please remain quiet, don't draw too much attention,
and try not to stir up commotion at the convention.

Milling around making a variety of sounds,
there were beagles and collies and a single greyhound;
there were setters and schnauzers and an ugly, young, pug,
and a couple of bull dogs with big, slobbery mugs.

And emerging from behind a pack of dalmatians,
came an old mutt, who perhaps needs an explanation.
You see, this mutt had lived many generations,
was wise beyond his years, and received much adulation.
Every faction of canine, and each doggy breed,
claimed this mutt their leader – on this all dogs agreed.

The old and wise mutt ascended a stone,
and peered down from the top, where he stood all alone.

The pack was calmed down, hushed, and in awe,
and the mutt slowly opened his old and wise jaw,
and let out a giant and deafening Burp,
and smiled and grinned and slobbered and slurped.

And so the meeting began in its usual flow,
and each dog in its turn proceeded to show
some fascinating inventions and interesting machines
like new, faster cars and improved vaccines.

After a poodle presented her thingamajig,
Kozmo and Angel showed their new flying rig.
They explained all the physics and mechanics for review,
and concluded with a demo where they actually flew!

And in much the same manner, the meeting ensued,
(though they did break for dinner, when a big bulldog barbecued).
And then after eating, they sat back down to discuss
which invention to promote – what got an A+?

They argued and growled back and forth for awhile,
until the old and wise mutt stood up with a smile.
He had a solution which might make them all pleased,
a way to make all of the dogs be appeased.

By taking a piece from several designs,
he outlined a plan, and then drew down some lines
in the dirt and all the dogs crowded around
and looked at the drawing carved into the ground.

Then all the dogs cheered and rang up applause:
the invention was perfect, there were no visible flaws.

Yet, nevertheless, the uninvited guest,
our squirrel friend now began to protest:
the idea was imperfect, it was in fact dumb as a stone –
the old and wise mutt had simply sketched out a bone!
A common, plain, dog bone!

Now it's a bit hard to describe the next scene,
as the dogs were quite angry as well as quite mean.
Here was this squirrel, an uninvited one at that,
arguing against the most brilliant idea yet.

But Kozmo and Angel came to the squirrel's defense
(though the squirrel's no dog, they still were all friends).
Give the squirrel a chance to speak up and explain!
Let the squirrel defend its ridiculous claim!

So the squirrel squeaked out a plan of its own,
a bit more involved than the plain doggy bone.
And for the few minutes it spoke, all the dogs were enthralled,
with the squirrel's invention, so many other problems would be solved!

And then next to the bone that the old mutt had drawn,
the squirrel drew a few more bones on the lawn –
bones of varying sizes, and in rather odd shapes.
Bones that could be eaten by dogs, by squirrels and by apes!
Produce bones for all, and not just for dogs.
After all, every animal gets hungry, even small frogs.

And so, quite happily, the Meeting of the Dogs ended,
and the dogs returned home, while the old mutt extended
to the squirrel an invitation to the next doggy junction
which would henceforth be known as simply ‘The Animals’ Function.’