Death of the Undertaker

when the undertaker dies who will replace the undertaker -- someone who needs the business perhaps

-- William C. Dell

Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Dog Doc

Dog Doc was a mastiff of a man, Big, gruff, rough, rough, tough And scary and gentle as a mom. He could get in a station wagon With a wounded police dog or Sick snarling doberman and Calm it with the tone of his talk And the extension of his hands In the fashion of statued saints. He never wore the thick leather Armor of city veterinarians, Not Dog Doc, he was a healer. His hands were scarred with Stigmata, though. He would Stare at the scars and shake His great mastiff head. "It's them little sneaky ones That fool you," he would say, "Layin' all quiet and twitchin' Away one minute and snappin' And snarlin' the next." Dog Doc Had many beagles of his own, Was known to know the forests. Had beautiful daughters. Dog Doc put puppies to sleep. "It has to be, Sonny," he would say, And because he said it You knew it was true. "It has to be, Sonny," He would always say. But he never said Why.