



*“Almost as droolworthy as my Sonnets  
from the Portuguese Water Dog.”*

—ELIZABETH BASSET BROWNING

*“My copy is already dog-eared.”*

—SIR WALTER COLLIE

*“I devoured it in a single sitting.”*

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELTYE

*“You’ll savor Shakespaw’s iambic puptameter.”*

—EZRA HOUND

*“The perfect gift for poetry hounds.”*

—EDNA ST. VINCENT SHARPEI,  
PRESIDENT, DEAD DOG POETS SOCIETY



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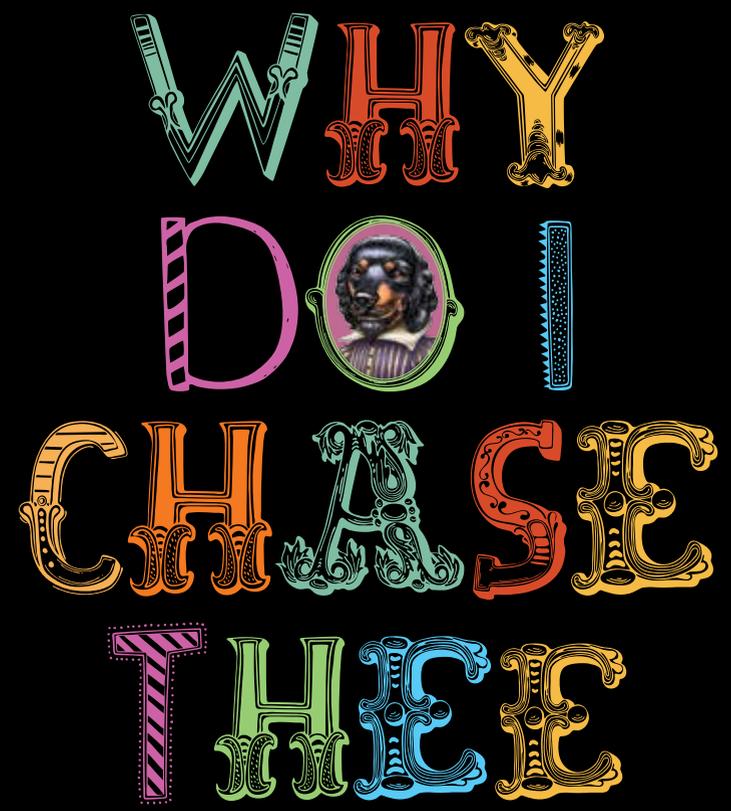
CLASSIC  
POETRY  
FOR  
DOGS

WHY  
DO  
CHASERS  
THESE



GIBBS  
SMITH

# CLASSIC POETRY FOR DOGS



from **ELIZABETH BASSET BROWNING**  
AND OTHER CANINE MASTERS

JESSICA SWAIM ★ ILLUSTRATED BY CHET PHILLIPS



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## **EMILY DOGINSON**

Emily Doginson, a skittish saluki mix, loved to spy on passersby from the front window of her family's luxurious digs in Scramherst, Massachusetts. When visitors rang the doorbell, shy Emily retreated to her crate, refusing to emerge except for choice bits of chopped liver. Paper-trained from an early age, she wrote copious letters to the world, most of which were returned for insufficient postage. Ultimately, she selected her own society, then shut the doggie door.



## I HEARD A DUCK QUACK

I heard a duck quack in the park;

I held my sit and stay.

A squirrel made whoopee with his nuts;

I turned my gaze away.

A flock of starlings flashed their wings;

They rose into the air,

Unreachable—then at my feet

There interloped a hare.

With moist, incautious, quaking jowls,

I watched that rabbit hop;

And then its whiskers twitched, and then

I could not stop to stop.

## SKUNK IS THE THING *with* STINK BOMBS

Skunk is the thing with stink bombs

That leads a merry chase,

Then turns around and flicks its tail

And squirts me in the face.

Bath is the thing with soapsuds

And water cold as ice.

I wonder as I'm shivering,

Why was I hoodwinked twice?