

Rufus

Alex loves Rufus, a Welsh springer spaniel
I'm frightened of dogs and in need of a manual
I've often drawn Rufus to understand better
but I don't share the bond that those two have together
You might think I'm silly and I'm being pedantic
But sharing bed sheets with Rufus is far from romantic
Bubbles, bubbles, doggy troubles
Rufus all soaking. I am not having a laugh
It's my jumper Alex uses to dry him after his bath
He knows me too well when he's licking his lips
I'm under his spell when I give him my chips

Be jealousy free, come out of the fog
Don't play second fiddle when it comes to a dog
You can joke with your partner, 'It's the doggy or me!'
But when they stumble to answer, it's a marriage of three

Two weeks ago, I enter a fancy-dress shop
in my black Adidas trainers and green hoodie top
I say to the assistant 'I'm looking for a dog-suit that will fully camouflage me'
'Why certainly sir, what size?' she replies. I answer 'Oh size extra-large me'
She shows me the full range of their man size dog-suit selection
'Only Welsh springer spaniel' I say in my quest for perfection
'Here is a picture. I need an exact copy
Big brown puppy dog eyes please and ears furry and floppy'
'You are in luck' says the assistant, one in stock just for you
'Only two hundred pounds, credit card or Paypal will do
No tumble drying allowed. Hand wash at 30 degrees
If the tail fails to wag properly, give this button a squeeze '
What if the zip on the back breaks, me getting hotter and hotter, I'd be deep fat fried from inside my
dog suit like brie or ricotta?
Stripped to my pants, I slip inside and zip up
But not before too long, I'm getting hot from being inside this pup
Not much ventilation inside this rather snug fit
Just a hole where his nose goes and where his eyes are a slit
Lesson One: Dog position, walk around on all fours
Lesson Two: Play with tennis ball not with hands but with paws
Having completed this training, I make my way to the park
I feel a great sense of achievement when I gave my first bark
'Oh, Mummy can I stroke him' this child persistently begs
If he tries, I'll poke him and try poo up his legs
I steal the boy's ice cream, he starts shouting 'OI, YOU!'
I find a hole in my dog suit and pee all over his shoe
Back home, out my costume, my dog-self back in its box
I hide it deep in my drawer underneath all my socks
Later Alex comes home. Asks me what kind of day I have had
I reply like I do always, 'Oh the usual, not bad'

Sure, role play in dog suits is a whole kind of weird

Me dressing up as Rufus – Rufus with beard!
But I would never say to Alex, 'It's Rufus or Lee'
At the end of the day, I'm happy. Me, Alex and Rufus
and a nice cup of tea