

Good Lord Maximus

by Lauren Seal

I bellow as he spits
kibble from the warm,
pink tunnel of
his mouth

“Good Lord Maximus!”

I snap when he growls –
low, loud, menacing –
at the bearded mailman
brazen enough to deliver bills.

“Good Lord Maximus!”

I giggle when I let him
back inside, black fur
littered with pine needles,
dandelion fluff.

“Good Lord Maximus!”

I squeak in the morning,
sleep-drunk, shocked by
his cool nose pressing
into my butt for a sniff.

“Good Lord Maximus!”

I groan when he
whines – no, *yowls* –
at me to get off
the couch and play.

“Good Lord Maximus!”

Yes, he must think,
*I am an exceptionally
good lord*
as he continues to
glut,
guard,
gift
greet,
and govern
me – his favourite
foolish subject.

