

Marianne Stahlberg

Dog and sofa



**Here lives a dog:
traces of paws on the floor.
Clothes disappear from
the washing and
sandwiches from the table.**

**Lovely, crazy dog!
It wants to go out for a walk
in rain, snow and storms.**

**On the sofa lies the dog
and happily wags its tail.**



ISBN 978-952-7334-21-8 (Paper)

ISBN 978-952-7334-22-5 (PDF)

Fur

In my coffee cup floats a dog hair
and I find hair in the dough.
Some dog hairs are thin
and fly about in the room.

There is hair in my phone, too.
If I should find dog hair inside a
boiled egg, I would not be surprised.

The shorter a dog's fur is,
the harder the hairs are to clean.
Short hair is like steel wire.

When I vacuum the house,
the hairs jump into the air
and land again after fifteen minutes.

Long dog hairs make balls,
but they bring in all kinds
of dirt and rubbish.
Dogs with thick fur do not sweat,

Chapter from Marianne Stahlberg: *Dog and sofa*

© Bokpil 2020

but they pant, tongue hanging out.
Dogs with short fur need
to put on a coat during cold days.
They lift their paws on ice and snow,
because they feel cold under the feet.

We humans have no fur,
so we have to wear clothes
most of the time.

Grandmother taught me
how to knit socks.
I have a bag full of dog hair.
My relative spins yarns.
“You can mix dog hair with sheep wool”,
Grandmother used to say.
“The socks will be soft and warm.”

Grandmother always knitted caps,
sweaters and mittens for Christmas.
She was skilled and
everybody at school envied me.
My sweaters were very
beautiful every winter.

Chapter from Marianne Stahlberg: *Dog and sofa*

© Bokpil 2020

In my childhood we had real
candles in the Christmas tree.
The candles were carefully watched.

Our dog used to fell the tree
at least once every Christmas.
The fire brigade was often busy
during Christmas and New Year,
but it never needed to visit us.

Now I have electric candles in
the tree. The dog finds the cable.

“Do not pull it! Come here!
Leave the gifts and the balls alone.
Let go of Santa Claus.
Good dog.
No, gingerbread is not for dogs.”

I wonder to myself: how long
will the Christmas tree survive this year?