Underdog and Overlord

The Underdog is born to serve the purpose of the Overlord, who serves in turn the general good by giving work to Underdog—

a dogma that each dog must learn, according to the Sacred Word recorded by the Overlord, who with his sword and pen assured his lordship in the human herd. Until the light of reason shone and Underdog went underground to post a new word of his own.

Proclaiming each dog has his day, he found that web log and broadside can’t underdog-by-underdog reshape the world to suit his need—

not when like broadswords broadcasts sweep across the airwaves in their sleep. Aspiring now to greater heights, the Underdog worked overtime and took a college course by night—until he heard his teacher say that in this dog-eat-dog world, he himself was Underdog, and, conversely,

that Underdog was Overlord, who ruled the whole world with his sword, who crushed the weak, who starved the poor, whose captains loosed the dogs of war,
and who for all of dogdom’s good
must have his top-dog powers curbed.
Astounded at what he had heard,
the hangdog heart of Underdog
captured in his throat till he espied
beneath his tenured teacher’s beard
the flashing teeth and shining eyes
of Overlord in a new guise.