

Post Independent

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A little meditation with mutts

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Meditation isn't just for the human race anymore.

The altered state of consciousness has apparently gone to the dogs.

Fitting, since anyone who has ever met my crazy freakin' dogs - Jake and Elwood - normally question their state of mind, and mine.

So what if I my broken tailbone feels like the nub of a vestigial tail long enough to wag?

And, is it so wrong that I once took my dogs to have their photo taken with Santa who was really a female underneath that white beard and red cap?

Ho, ho, ho.

I received the book "How to Meditate With Your Dog" to review in hopes of coaxing my dogs to chill out and (this is a long shot) listen.

I'm no dog whisperer - or toddler whisperer, for that matter.

I've babysat for my share of 2- and 3-year-olds I'm positive were the spawn of the devil.

Damien has some real competition out there.

On too many occasions to count on my fingers, toes and tail, I've seen my dogs bolt out the door faster than a guy after his girlfriend says she loves him first. These two wild redheads run with reckless abandon, oblivious to desperate pleas to stop, heal, sit or roll over.

I'll try anything when they're headed straight for a cat or the yard of my former neighbor, the poster child for grouchy old men.

In the book, the author offers steps on meditation with his Maltese named Maui, who typically sits on his lap while they practice the art. Jake and Elwood are certainly no lap dogs, although Elwood is the first to invade anyone's personal space to lick face.

Thankfully there are doggie breath strips on the

market, but I'm not going anywhere near my dog's mouth. I've seen Jake and Elwood pick up some pretty revolting things off the ground - and I'm not talking about discarded copies of Hustler or Barely Legal.

There are several ways people can meditate dog Woofie going.

The author said while meditating, he closes his eyes and focuses on his dog's breath, synchronizing it with his.

I tried synchronizing my breathing with Elwood's and found out he likes to breathe with his mouth open, instead of through his nose. One whiff of his foul mouth and my eyes began to water, I felt a little light-headed and that's all I remember.

Eight hours later, I woke up looking like Courtney Love after a Hole show - mascara smeared, face covered in dried saliva and a mouth as dry as the punchlines on SportsCenter.

I was meditating, sort of.

The book also suggests what to do when a dog doesn't want to meditate. Shocking, because I would think all dogs love the idea of sitting still and clearing their minds of all that stress of being a dog.

If a dog is fighting that meditation feeling, the owner is supposed to gently hold down his haunches. Sounds like an easy way to get my face bitten off, but I gave it a try.

This is pretty much how that scenario went:

"No, Jake, Mommy says you're going to sit right here and go to your special place," I said.

[Jake offered a blank stare, then plopped down at the foot of my bed.]

"C'mon Jakie, breathe ... in with the good, out with the bad," I instructed.

[Another blank stare.]

"Well if you're not going to meditate, I will," I said, as I crossed my legs Indian-style and touched my index fingers to my thumbs and didn't worry about him. The book said sometimes dogs

I think I'll stick to letting Jake and Elwood stick their heads out my back car windows for meditation.

Anyone with a tail knows that's the best way to make a dog happy.