

The Puppy
By Sharon Boyd

You were born into my hands on that hot summer night,
My hope for the future, great topline, good bite.
Research of the bloodline gave me cause to expect
That you would be perfect and a champion correct.

You grew from a gangly puppy, you earped on the rug,
You peed on the floor then asked for a hug.
You made me to love you like no words could describe.
You made me so mad that sometimes I cried.

But you grew and you grew and you made me so proud.
The applause from the groups and the excited crowd.
You gave me your all; we were quite a team.
You showed like a Rockstar; you had such a gleam.

You retired to the couch and we still were best friends.
You knew when I needed a quiet day's end.
Your loving eyes told me you would always be there.
I knew all along I would always care.

Too soon your gait became labored, your eyes not as bright.
You went to bed early most every night.
The years have been good, but the years soon run out.
My puppy is an old man there seems little doubt.

Today as your head lay soft in my lap,
The vet came to visit. He's a friend that old chap.
He told me to take a deep breath and I did.
As I watched the life leave you my heart skipped a bit.

And now you are gone, and the house is so quiet.
Except for your son who is causing a riot.
You will always be my big brown buddy.
If love could have saved you, you'd still be my puppy.