

How does a dog possess
That ever-knowing quality of assurance?
Noticing when you are sad
Without you having made utterance,
Nor professing a care.
They are sent from above,
Bringing us love,
When we perceive
A lack thereof.

Rifling through the wheat,
Though not for anything to eat,
My pooch is looking for a stick,
That I threw and that she missed.

My doggy wants to run and play,
Frolicking is her favorite way,
Of showing how much she loves life,
Devoid of created ideas of human strife.