

## Collied Carpets

Our carpets all were clean, as were our lives,  
before those scores of slummy collies came  
to stain the once pristine. No mat survives  
unscathed by scat or scum, we're not the same

young pups of thirty years ago. Too many  
old wags pulled from pounds have made their marks,  
dried urine laced with tears for those whose penny  
dropped too soon. The sounds of silenced barks

still echo through our rooms, the warp and woof  
of rugs and dogs. Their place is empty now,  
no shaggy dogs to groom who raised the roof  
in joyous play. Their grace is gone. And how

will home and heart now bear such scars again,  
we muse, as we prepare the new dog's den.