

Sometimes when walking the dog,
You pass by people going for a jog;
Sometimes people look like their dog,
Other times it's better to turn to steeple and God.

Here in the park I here I sit here to write,
Under the heavens in hot humid light;
I think of the peacefulness and just let it be,
That I hope in return it will come back to me.

They say that a dog is man's best friend,
Better than money in the book you might want to lend;
But is as I write is better to think,
Of a cool drink of water to my pen and it's ink.

It might be a fair thing a dog on a lead,
Poor people whose possessions are something to read;
But the best thing in life is something that is free,
Like friend or companion or someplace it be.

Then at each night when your dog goes to sleep,
Out in this kennel with something to eat;
He's been all night on the mat by the fire,
And has to go out as the people their desire.

Be each when pedigree or entering a show,
As the puppy turns into the dog he did grow;
They still remain a part of our lives,
For dogs like people have hearts there to strive.

Signed,

God's rewards