

## Man's Best Friend.

My beautiful dog.  
Through grassy field his speed exhilarates.  
Simple, refreshing with purpose he leaps.  
At one with wind and sun.  
Then gulps from muddy puddles  
and sinks in flowing streams.  
His proud nose plays detective, savouring smells  
recorded with a nostril flicker  
And celebrated with tossing his tail.  
I love to watch as he spins through the elements  
Imagine his joy - so free!  
Yet  
I am his master,  
where I go, he follows.  
Tracks my steps and explores  
but always returns by my side.  
My authority.

His breathing body peaceful and I'm aware  
This existence dependant on me.  
Next move is my command.  
Maybe he'll try with a piercing stare or nudging paw,  
But always he knows  
I am where his next meal comes from.

But my own source of life is far from simple.  
Where do I look for meaning?  
Security? Which way to go,  
To whom find answers?

Maybe one day,  
He will take *me* on a walk,  
His long mysterious stare will reveal an explanation  
Of all that is unknown. His loud persistent bark  
Will guide to the path of completeness  
To discover the true master that rules.