Little Dude

By C.E. Warner 10-9-21

A nine inches tall precocious ball of fur.

His tilted head all ears and cloudy eyes.

Big, curled tail, round body, legs a blur.

Fluffy white, all energy for his size.

Front gate is his guarded domain alone.

When allowed, carefully watches world pass.

He sounds the alarm; this yard is his own.

Sister assists, the neighbors to harass.

Favorite pastime "watching" sports with me.

Resting his eyes; on his back, or my lap.

No worries wonder, just happy to be.

Sits up, claps for a scratch before his nap.

We pass the days, my constant companion.

The world's cares I can briefly abandon.