

Scruffie

By C.E. Warner 10-14-21

Scruffie is my wife's dog, a rescue.

She's a white westie rescued from LA streets.

Unkempt hair always has vagabond look.

Even groomers' best efforts it defeats.

Cruelty early her confidence took.

Paws clinging and eyes pleading broke wife's heart.

Home she came, shivering, fearful, hiding.

Love, patience, space, time brought her a new start.

New happiness providing warm tiding.

I am protector from dark clouds of past,

but mom is primary gleam in her eye.

Bedtime comes with head rub and sleep at last.

Under covers with brother, world deny.

History shows new life comes with old scars.

But old scars fall to love's heavenly stars.