



Home Comes the Rover

By Elayne Harrington

A poem written by Temper-Mental MissElayneous (Elayne Harrington) for Irish President Michael D. Higgins, in response to his poem 'The Poisoning'.

Truest underdog, you know no class,
Master bids flatterer heel, timid versus brash.
Metronome tail measuring pleasure and woe
Of what canines' thoughts prevail, I endeavour to know.
Faithful Fido, grace my potential fist
That may rise righteous – your tame revolution's to reminisce.
Meadow-minded, suckling, worriless-pawed one,
Never to critique my scribblings frivolous or maudlin.
Loyal to one voice, acquired taste to my beckon,
Porous enough, old wild Rover, to absorb a new lesson?
Teach to those worthy of teachings to trust,
Solidarity's scent; we guess from the wind's gust.
To bury our bones and find our ways home,
Let sleeping dogs lie, though still inclined to roam.
Pant and aspire, retrieve fortune's findings,
Obey not for fidelity but for longevity's tidings.
More knowledge in one's snout, nuzzle weight fast from sullen,
Not man and master, but comrades—
Ferdia and Cúchulainn.

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