

MY FRIEND

My furry friend.

Eyes broadcasting love in a piercing way.

A special whimper to let me know I was missed. A greeting that quickly switches to fetch.

Gone just hours, my friend is sure it's been months, tail directly connected to a beating heart.

It's bonding time, how many throws my friend will decide.

Intense eyes never leaving the toy in play.

Timely response required, or receive a high-pitched scolding

until things are airborne once again.

My friend brings a joy that only we understand, penetrating my soul with an innocence.

Appearing out of nowhere with sound of a snack bag opening,

The stare down begins, believing their eyes can produce a favorable outcome.

My friend is slowing.

11 - it's hard to believe. Plays like 3, eats like 6 and sleeps like 15.

All too familiar as I begin to reflect on past friends.

They slowed, took more naps, preparing me for an undeniable grief.

No need to ponder tomorrow, they know nothing of death, they live for you.

For today I will play and dismiss those thoughts. Can't imagine a new set of stares filling that void...

Memories of old friends, tucked away, etched on the heart.

Why such a gift, such joy and comfort. So forgiving, so loving, who allows such a gift?

Our time together always too short, can I bear another loss.

It is said it's God's way of preparing the heart for the loss of loved ones.

For today my friend, I will comfort, play and dismiss those thoughts.

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