

Friendship

Written by Dave Cartwright

Saturday, 05 January 2008 17:33 - Last Updated Tuesday, 15 January 2008 17:27

(Sam's Song)

**They say there are more pets,
per head of population,
in Herefordshire, than the rest
of the nation.**

If that is true, then let me assume
that you have a dog, or a cat
in your room;
or a bird in a cage, or a fish behind glass,
or a horse in the barn, or a snake in the grass.
(that last one's a joke, but it saves me the time
that is needed to conjure a suitable rhyme...).

So. How do you talk? How do you converse
with something that can't understand? Or, much worse
is basically stupid, unable to speak,
is wholly dependant, (or if not, unique!).

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You teach it to sit, to lie down, to beg,

to jump over fences, to stand on one leg

and imitate voices (always amusing).

Whatever the pleasure, it's there for the choosing.

But don't get me wrong: I'm a victim as well.

(An owner, that is, not a pet!) You can tell;

at night, in your bed, you may hear me talking

to me in the street. It's this dog that I'm walking.

He listens in silence, to each point of view,

as I sort out my world (it needs sorting, too!).

A tug on the lead, now and then (canine frolics);

but no contradictions, no vitriolics.

Just me and my dog, in deep conversation,

weighing up odds, like the rest of the nation.