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The SUMMER PUPPY



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Born at the very start of the summer,
so small she could rest easy in the
cupped hands of a child.

Her first world, soft straw, warm milk,
the fur circle of her mother.

Her first lullaby,
soft summer rain on the barn roof.

In a short time her eyes were open
to the twilight world of the barn.

She played with her brothers and sister,
rolling and bowling and biting.

In the late evening light she crouched low in the
straw to watch the hush wing barn owl swoop,
heard the mouse and the weasel.



Soon she was an armful
of warm puppy,
chosen from the tumble,
curious, fur like soft silk.

In the garden of her new home
she found her name as she
carried the red rose petals,
sweet on her tongue.

Rosie.

On the first night
Rosie missed the warm pile of brothers and sister,
the twilight of the moonlit barn
and the path of the owl.
She curled up tight to the child.

Soon, fast asleep, together they dreamed.

