

SAD POEM
October 4, 2010

By Michael Erlewine (Michael@Erlewine.net)

KOTA

Old dog,
On your last legs,
Almost unable,
To stand.
So very sorry,
To see you like this.

It hurts.

And each day,
Thinner,
Not even eating,
Hardly anything.

You still look up,
When the door opens,
Hoping for,
That walk in the woods,
You love so much.

Today,
We took your collar off.

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Om Ami Dewa Hri

