

Imperfectly My Pup

In the sweet spring air,
We love a long walk.
I fancy he listens
As I blabber and talk.

I playfully sigh
Once we come in the door —
Someone's muddy paws
Have painted the floor.

In the hot summer air,
We drive to the beach.
He pulls off my flip flop,
And runs out of reach.

As dusk settles in,
He nips at a firefly;
While never successful,
He loves to just try.

In the brisk fall air,
I need time to breathe,
But he begs, “one more time,
Throw my ball to retrieve!”

When I bring out the pumpkin,
He wants his fair share.
I say, “down boy, down!”
But he acts unaware.

In the cold winter air,
Snow lands on his face . . .
Just a second of calm —
Then a squirrel to go chase!

Only back inside does he now shake off,
Melting snow and frost cascading.
I groan but deep down I know:
What makes his personality his own
Are his quirks and irks,
Misdeeds and misleads,
Imperfection but true affection,
That I would, of course, never consider trading.