

That's Where You Are

To all the dogs no longer with us

A place of open meadows
for frisking, frolicking, and finding
a big ole patch of sun
promising the best kind of nap —
that's where you are.

A place of woodsy trails
and inviting terrain, waiting
for you to explore. New smells
left and right, a squirrel along
every path you trek —
that's where you are.

A place of backyards
giving you tail-wagging reasons
to dig hole after hole,
determined to bury
every gizmo and gadget —
that's where you are.

A place with a fresh batch of biscuits
always cooking in the oven,
a pantry full of peanut butter,
and a fridge full of cheese —
that's where you are.

A place of endless
head scratches, belly rubs,
and sofas to jump onto,
where the basket of squeaky toys
never dares to run out —
that's where you are.

A place up there
in the sky of freedom,
or perhaps anywhere
your four paws lead you —
that's where you are.