

LITTLE DOG

By Linda Hazen Lewin

The Little Dog sees what the big dogs don't:
The green caterpillar that nibbles the rose,
The shuffled-up leaves where the courting birds pose,
The sinuous trail where the garter snake goes,
And the tracks that lead under the woodpile.

The Little Dog hears what the big dogs miss:
The gurgle and creak of the pond ice in Spring,
The scritch of a robin's bill, preening its wing,
The bells of the far-away church when they ring,
And the whispery squeak in the woodpile.

The Little Dog smells what the big dogs ignore:
The nose-tickle starch of the Mistress' new dress,
The earthy ferment of the old cider press,
The hair-raising head-spinning thrill of no less
Than the musk-luscious scent in the woodpile.

The Little Dog knows what the big dogs don't:
That tea time is always precisely at four,
That Master's old boots sit crease-top't by the door,
That the sun makes a warm spot just *there* on the floor,
And that Something
 Lives Under
 The Woodpile.....