

## The love of a dog poem

Poems about dogs capture the essence of companionship and loyalty seen in these beloved pets. They have an emotional depth that resonates with dog owners and lovers alike. The universal appeal of these poems lies in their ability to express love, joy, and sometimes even sorrow, relating deeply to our experiences with our furry friends. Whether you're looking for inspiration, solace, or nostalgic memories, these poems capture the essence of our bonds with dogs. List of Poems 1. A Friend Indeed In every wag, a thousand tales, Through joyful barks and gentle trails. With fur to warm the coldest heart, A loyal friend who'll never part. When skies are gray and spirits fall, Your pup is there, the best of all. Through cuddles close and playful leaps, The bond is strong, its magic keeps. This poem illustrates the unbreakable bond between dogs and their owners, emphasizing how dogs provide comfort and joy during tough times. It reflects the steadfast companionship that dogs offer without hesitation. 2. The Softest Paws Upon my lap, the softest paws, In moments shared, I find my cause. Through silent looks, we speak our love, A bond that's blessed from high above. With every sigh, You fill my days, you lift me high. In every bark, a tale unfolds, A gentle heart that never grows old. This poem captures the gentle affection between a dog and its owner, revealing the deep emotional trust that builds over time. It highlights how these soft, loving moments become precious memories. 3. A Canine's Heart With gleaming eyes, and spirit bright, A dog appears, a wondrous sight. Through fields of green, we race and play, The world feels right in every way. In every drop of summer rain, You share my joys, you ease my pain. Together bound, we dance through life, A friendship true, devoid of strife. This poem reflects the pure, innocent joy that dogs can make any ordinary day feel special and significant. 4. The Watchful Guardian By every door, you stand so tall, A silent guard, you watch it all. With floppy ears and soulful eyes, You sense my fear, you hear my cries. Through darker nights and long, cold days, You guide my path in wondrous ways. Your paws beside me, strong and true. This poem highlights the protective nature of dogs, showcasing their instinctual behavior to guard and care for their owners. It celebrates the safety and reassurance that come from this relationship. 5. Paws and Love You tiptoe softly on the ground, In every corner, joy is found. With wagging tails and playful leaps, In dreams of you, my heart still keeps. When life feels heavy, hard to bear, A gentle nuzzle shows you care. In every woof, a love so pure, With you beside me, I am sure. This poem conveys the steadfast love dogs show through simple gestures. The imagery evokes warmth, suggesting that dogs have an uncanny ability to lift spirits with their presence alone. 6. A Tail of Joy A wagging tail, a joyful cheer, In every bark, the love is clear. With frolics wild in sunlit days, You brighten up my cloudy ways. In fields of flowers, we run free, No bond like ours, just you and me. Through every laugh and teary eye, Your love, my pup, will never die. This poem beautifully illustrates the joy dogs bring during playful moments. It's a reminder that the bond between humans and dogs enriches life with laughter and genuine happiness. 7. My Four-Legged Shadow Wherever I go, you follow near, In every quiet, every cheer. With gentle paws that tread so soft, You lift my soul and spirits aloft. The world can change, but you remain, My silent strength through joy and pain. A loyal heart, forever true, In every breath, I cherish you. This poem celebrates the unwavering presence of dogs in our lives. It reflects how dogs often provide courage and motivation just by being by our side. 8. Whispers of the Evening In twilight's hush, we stroll along, With every step, we weave a song. The moonlit path, the stars above, Reflect the beauty of our love. With every step, we weave a song. The moonlit path, the stars above, Reflect the beauty of our love. With every step, we weave a song. I find grace. This poem captures the peaceful moments shared between a dog and its owner under the evening sky. It emphasizes companionship and the sense of tranquility that can be found in quiet times together. 9. A Dog's Promise I promise you, through thick and thin, To share in joy and pain within. Through every storm and sunny day, With love and loyalty, come what may. In every wag and playful bark, I'll be your light, your guiding spark. Our bond is strong, forever true, For in my heart, I'm home with you. This poem focuses on the promise of belonging and security. 10. The Love We Share In every moment spent with you, I find the love that feels so true. Your eyes reflect the joy you bring, In every bark, my heart you sing. As seasons change and time goes by, Our bond will never fade or die. With every memory that we make, A timeless love that won't forsake. This final poem encapsulates the profound affection shared between a dog and its owner. It emphasizes that every moment together creates lasting memories that resonate for a lifetime. Related Themes & Reflections The selected poems about dogs often revolve around themes of companionship, loyalty, joy, and unconditional love. significant role that dogs play in our lives. The portrayal of dogs as guardians and companions speaks to a universal experience cherished by many. By explorations but also with the rich cultural significance of the human-animal bond present in various forms of art and expression. Conclusion In summary, these heartwarming poems about dogs beautifully capture the essence of the unwavering bond we share with our beloved pets. These poems reflect love, loyalty, and joy, reminding us of the significance pets hold in our lives. For more insights on dog breeds and care, you may visit the American Kennel Club, which offers a wealth of resources for dog lovers. Offering a sense of security, unconditional love and cherished companionship, there's a reason dogs are known as man's best friend. Poets have long been entranced by the power of the dog and the importance of these furry companions in our everyday lives, writing of the beautiful bond between humans and their canine companions. How Falling in Love is like Owning a DogFirst of all, it's a big responsibility, especially in a city like New York. So think long and hard before deciding on love. On the other hand, love gives you a sense of security: when you're walking down the street late at nightand you have a leash on loveain't no one going to mess with you. Because crooks and muggers think love is unpredictable. Who knows what love could do in its own defense? On cold winter nights, love is warm. It lies between you and lives and breathesand makes funny noises. Love wakes you up all hours of the night with its needs. It needs to be fed so it will grow and stay healthy. Love doesn't like being left alone for long.But come home and love is always happy to see you.It may break a few things accidentally in its passion for life,but you can never be mad at love for long.Is love good all the time? No! No!Love can be bad. Bad, love, bad! Very bad love.Love makes messes.Love leaves you little surprises here and there.Love needs lots of cleaning up after. Sometimes you just want to get love fixed. Sometimes you want to roll up a piece of newspaperand swat love on the nose, not so much to cause pain, just to let love know Don't you ever do that again! Sometimes love just wants to go out for a nice long walk. Because love loves exercise. It will run you around the blockand leave you panting, breathless. Pull you in different directionsat once, or wind itself around and around you cannot move. But love makes you meet people who have nothing in common but lovestop and talk to each other on the street. Throw things away and love will bring them back, again, and again, and again.But most of all, love needs love, lots of it.And in return, love loves you and never stops.- Taylor MaliJust a DogFrom time to time, people tell me, "lighten up, it's just a dog," or "that's a lot of money for just a dog." They don't understand the distance travelled, the time spent, or the costs involved for "just a dog." Some of my proudest moments have come about with "just a dog." Many hours have passed and my only company was "just a dog," but I did not once feel slighted. Some of my saddest moments have been brought about by "just a dog," and in those days of darkness, the gentle touchof "just a dog" gave me comfort and reason to overcome the day. If you, too, think it's "just a dog," then you probably understandphrases like "just a friend," "just a promise," or "just a promise." "Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy. "Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy." 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Just a dog "brings into my life the very essence of trust into my life the very essence of trust. The very essence of trust into my l for me and folks like me, it's not "just a dog" brings out what's good in me and diverts my thoughtsaway from myself and the worries of the day. I hope that someday they can understand that its' not "just a dog" but the thing that gives me humanity and keeps me from being"just a man" or "just a woman." So the next time you hear the phrase "just a dog," just smile, because they "just don't understand." - Author unknown Do you have a question? An experience to share? Create a post on our forum! Because of the dog's joyfulness, our own is increased. It is no small gift. It is not the least reason why we should honor as well as love the dog of our own life, and the dogs not vet born. What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would this world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the dogs not vet born. What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would this world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the dogs not vet born. What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? What would the world be like without music or rivers or the green and tender grass? 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There is sorrow in store, Why do we always arrange for more? Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware Of giving your heart to a dog to tear. Buy a pup and your money will buy Love unflinching that cannot lie— Perfect passion and worship fed By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head. Nevertheless it is hardly fair To risk your heart for a dog to tear. When the fourteen vears which Nature permits Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits, And the vet's unspoken prescription runs To lethal chambers or loaded guns, Then you will find—it's your own affair— But ... you've given your heart to a dog to tear. When the body that lived at your single will, With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still). When the spirit that answered your every mood Is gone—wherever it goes—for good, You will discover how much you care, And will give your heart to a dog to tear. We've sorrow enough in the natural way, When it comes to burying Christian clay. Our loves are not given, but only lent, At compound interest of cent per cent. Though it is not always the case, I believe, That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve: For, when debts are payable, right or wrong, A short-time loan is as bad as a long- So why in-Heaven (before we are there) Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear? More... Go To Complete Poem I know I will be moving through grieving for my lost buddy Nova when I can read this poem without choking up. I am not yet close to that, I just tried, which is natural. This poem is the ... Read complete story Touched by the poem? Share your story! (1) Famous Friendship Poems My dog has died. I buried him in the garden next to a rusted old machine. Some day I'll join him right there, but now he's gone with his shaggy coat, his bad manners and his cold nose, and I, the materialist, who never believed in any promised heaven I'll never enter. Yes, I believe in a heaven I'll never enter. Yes, I beli Ai, I'll not speak of sadness here on earth, of having lost a companion who was never servile. His friendship for me, like that of a porcupine withholding its authority, was the friendship of a star, aloof, with no more intimacy than was called for, with no exaggerations: he never climbed all over my clothes filling me full of his hair or his mange, he never rubbed up against my knee like other dogs obsessed with sex. No, my dog used to gaze at me, paying me the attention I need, the attention required to make a vain person like me understand that, being a dog, he was wasting time, but, with those eyes so much purer than mine, he'd keep on gazing at me with a look that reserved for me alone all his sweet and shaggy life, always near me, never troubling me, and asking nothing. Ai, how many times have I envied his tail as we walked together on the shores of the sea in the lonely winter of Isla Negra where the wintering dog, sniffing away with his golden tail held high, face to face with the ocean's spray. Joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, as only dogs know how to be happy with only the autonomy of their shameless spirit. There are no good-byes for my dog who has died, and we don't now and never did lie to each other. So now he's gone and I buried him, and that's all there is to it. More... Go To Complete Poem No Stories yet, You can be the first! Touched by the poem? Share your story! (0) Famous Poem in Famous Children Poems I met a Man as I went walking: We got talking, Man and I. "Where are you going to, Man?" I said to the Man as he went by). "Down to the village, to get some bread. Will you come with me?" "No, not I." I met a horse as I went walking; We got talking, Horse and I. "Where are you going to, Horse, today?" (I said to the Horse as he went by). "Down to the village to get some hay. Will you come with me?" "No, not I." I met a Woman as I went walking; We got talking, Woman and I. "Where are you going to, Woman, so early?" (I said to the Woman as she went by). "Down to the village to get some Babbits as I went walking; We got talking, Rabbits and I. "Where are you going in your brown fur coats?" (I said to the Rabbits as they went by). "Down to the village to get some oats. Will you come with us?" "No, not I." I met a Puppy as I went walking; We got talking, Puppy and I. "Where are you going this nice fine day?" (I said to the Puppy as he went by). "Up to the hills to roll and play." "I'll come with you, Puppy," said I. More... Go To Complete Poem No Stories yet, You can be the first! Touched by the poem? Share your story! (0) Poem About A Loveable Guard Dog in Rhyming Poems A dog wandered into our garden one day, A friendly old mutt, didn't look like a stray. We never discovered whence he had come, But we brushed him and fed him and the kids called him Rum. A dog wandered into our garden one day, A friendly old mutt, didn't look like a stray. We never discovered whence he had come, But we brushed him and fed him and the kids called him and the cats and he'd bark at a toad, He barked at the cattle outside on the road, He barked at the horses - so where did he fail? You see, Rum liked people, and he just wagged his tail. He liked the yard labour, an amiable bunch. They fed our dog tidbits and scraps from their lunch. Rum wolfed it all down, but to our dismay He seemed to get fatter with each passing day. Then one night when Rum was laid at his ease, A burglar crept in just as quiet as you please. He saw no alarms, heard no siren howling. But Rum was awake and he'd seen him alright, Delighted with company this time of the night, He flew through the yard, his new friend to greet, And his weight bowled the burglar right off of his feet. The intruder got up and ran off with a wail And Rum right behind him still wagging his tail. He departed the yard he'd come in to burgle Like a champion athlete clearing a hurdle. But Rum couldn't jump gates, so sadly instead He picked up the thief's wallet and went back to bed. Next morning the evidence everyone viewed, When Rum brought it to us, (just a little bit chewed). Once given the wallet, the police didn't fail To capture the burglar and put him in jail. His confession like wildfire spread through the town, And Rum was our hero, he was basking in glory. There's been no attempts since to burgle our yard, For everyone knows now that Rum is on guard. More... Go To Complete Poem Featured Shared Story Oh my, Peter...in all the years that I have been reading about dogs, the poems, tales and stories always made me smile. Tonight though, reading your poem for the first time, something... Read complete story Touched by the poem? Share your story! (10) There's a special kind of love that exists between humans and dogs. Dogs have been our loyal friends and companions for centuries, offering unwavering support, boundless affection, and unconditional love. heartfelt and evocative poems that capture the essence of this unique relationship. In this article, we will explore a collection of beautiful and touching poems that capture the love, loyalty, and unwavering devotion of our beloved canine friends. chest and eyes full of light, My loyal companion brings me comfort tonight. Oh, the love of a dog, so simple and pure, Never wavering, forever secure. Through life's ups and downs, they stand by our side, A faithful confidant, in them we confide. Through life's journey, through thick and through thin, A dog's love never falters, it's etched deep within. They don't care about failures or moments we rue, Their unwavering love is steadfast and true.2. "The Purest of Hearts" by Samuel GrantIn the vastness of this troubled world we roam, A loyal companion finds their way to our home. With eyes of innocence and a wagging tail, They bring joy to our hearts, without fail. Dogs love unconditionally, without "A beacon of hope, strong a trace. When darkness descends and clouds fill the sky, They're there by our side, their love standing by. In our darkest hours, they bring a guiding light, A beacon of hope, strong and bright. "A Promise to My Best Friend" by Sophia ThompsonIn whispers and woofs, we share our secrets, A bond that's sealed by paws and deep regrets. Lead me through life, like you lead me today, A canine companion, showing me the way. For your love is a promise, forever unbroken, A silent vow, never to be misspoken. Through every heartbeat and breath that we take, Your love remains steadfast, never to break. Through fields of green and paths untold, We wander together, in this world so bold. No matter the distance or where my feet trod, I'll forever be grateful for the love of a dog.4. "Unconditional" by Jacob EvansWhen tears stain my cheeks, and the world feels unkind, A faithful friend beside me, solace I find.With a gentle nudge and a warm, tender gaze, Their love envelops me, like a comforting haze.Unconditional love, steadfast and true, A gift from a dog, a connection so pure. In their eyes, there's no judgment, no scorn, Just love overflowing, from dusk until morn. Through all life's battles, the wins and the losses, They stand as our allies, no matter the crosses.With furry paws, they heal our wounded hearts, A love unshakeable, a bond that never departs. These poems eloquently capture the essence of the profound love that dogs unconditionally offer their human companions. Dogs are unique creatures who have an innate ability to bring joy, happiness, and a sense of purpose into our lives. Their love knows no bounds, and their loyalty remains unwavering. Through their acts of devotion and unwavering dedication, dogs have become an integral part of our lives and have inspired countless poets to celebrate their extraordinary qualities. The poems shared above merely scratch the surface of the vast selection of heartfelt verses that showcase the unconditional love and unparalleled bond between humans and their furry friends. So, next time you look into the soulful eyes of your canine companion, take a moment to appreciate the depth of their love and the profound impact they have on your life. For in the world of dogs, love truly knows no conditions. Who doesn't love animals, especially dogs? Dogs are loyal animals, and human friendships with dogs are not uncommon. Loving dogs is a natural process and they are considered a member of the family. We have collected famous Unconditional Love Poems About Dogs . Let's enjoy them. My Dog By Daniel Turner Every time you look at me Brown eyes say, "I love you" When you're lying next to me Your snuggle says it too That soft brown skin's inviting smell I pull you to me tighter I hope you know, somehow can tell You make my days much brighter So playfully, you steal a kiss Like a child, I wipe my face What have I done to feel such bliss This gift of "amazing grace" Each day you show me in some way The meaning of true love For you my friend, each night I pray And thank The Lord above. Dog poems love unconditional \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* My Best Friend By Abby Jenkins Black and white Thick and furry Fast as the wind Always in a hurry Couple of spots Rub my ears Always comes when his name he hears Loves his ball; it's his favorite thing What's most fun for him? Everything! Great big tongue that licks my face Has a crate, his very own space Big brown eyes like moon pies He's my friend till the very end! Dog poems to owners \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* BUTTERCUP By Don Johnson hope life is like a buttercup cos this old fool does care if i was there I'd kiss you but you might object "how dare" perhaps I shouldn't call the tune and bring you to my sight attraction brings the moth too soon if I don't employ it right patience like a cattle dog who lays there in the shade connected not, just like the frog before a prince was made Francine made me do it. Happy dog poems \*\*\*\* The Power Of The Dog By Rudyard Kipling There is sorrow enough in the natural way From men and women to fill our day; And when we are certain of sorrow in store, Why do we always arrange for more? Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware Of giving your heart to a dog to tear. Buy a pup and your money will buy Love unflinching that cannot lie, Perfect passion and worship fed By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head. Nevertheless it is hardly fair To risk your heart for a dog to tear. When the fourteen years which Nature permits Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits, And the vet's unspoken prescription runs To lethal chambers or loaded guns, Then you will find-it's your own affair, But ... you've given your heart to a dog to tear. When the body that lived at your single will, With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!). When the spirit that answered your every mood Is gone-wherever it goes-for good, You will discover how much you care, And will give your heart to a dog to tear. We've sorrow enough in the natural way, When it comes to burying Christian clay. Our loves are not given, but only lent, At compound interest o cent per cent. Though it is not always the case, I believe, That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve: For, when debts are payable, right or wrong, A short-time loan is as bad as a long, So why in-Heaven (before we are there) Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear? \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* What I'd Love Now to See By Andrea Dietrich My small way of showing anger for this year's circus of an election process: I recall when George Bush had to duck a thrown shoe, or he may have got struck. What I'd love now to see is some dog take a pee on that dump of a Trump. What a schmuck! \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* Dogs Go To Heaven By Megan Osburn You're the best friend I could ever ask for, The one I can talk to. You listen to everything I have to say; I'm really going to miss you. We loved to play ball, Chasing it down the hill. You're the hairiest of them all, But you still get the chills. It's almost time to go. Don't worry about me. Just do it slow, And forget about all the fleas. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you, and that will never change. \*\*\*\* — \*\*\*\* My Saddest Day (A Dog Gone Tableau) By Andrea Dietrich I Had to leave him (though he yapped and whined) at the adoption drop off, (I still loved him so) with folks that I'd entrusted (he was my dear friend) with his safe keeping. (He'd turned old and blind) His mournful howl followed me (when we let him go.) as i exited the door (How can my heart mend?) \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* Sandpaper and Phantom Rainbows By Gabrielle Jordan When I saw him last, He wore grey bananas on his feet He had a pirate's hat between his teeth Long last the man from Oliver Kitten arrived on the shores of my head How was he to bring such a large basket of straws and ask me to bloom a white rose You have been back he said with a twirl of a red gem Yellow kittens for my pleasure, Only one black dog Keep roaring up the hill, don't stop Take the bottom off the wheel You won't need it soon You are on your way down The pink parade will catch your fall Dolphins everywhere Even under my old brown coat. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* When Farewell Must be Said By Lindsay Laurie I am gazing out across an empty land, there is not a thing that interests me. There is no happiness, in any tear I weep, for it's so hard to set your best friend free. Simply there's no choice in the time of life, for nothing born can claim eternity, so comes a time the head must rule the heat, but it's so hard to set your best friend free. a personal cost. I should be celebrating for the love we had; not mourning about what I have lost. \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* Sonnet Chiweenie Boo By Rob Carmack Your dad, a Dachshund once stuck in Chihuahua. The best of both in you, with that expectant Confusing carpets for the lawn enigma. I know....the raining....getting wet....you can't. As coldness chills the room, a sheet for you. The perfect tucking of in, but you moved! I ponder, just how crazy is my Boo? The sheet's thread count too low to be approved? Your dance in circles, spinning on the floor. Rewards and treasures known upon the racks. I know what God's book says, I've searched it whole. But still, I hope you have a little soul. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* After Christmas - In the Moment By Andrea Dietrich The time is after midnight, and I'm in the moment, thinking how another Christmas has come and gone. My spouse and I are tucked in bed, warm and cozy. Outside, white beauty coldly blankets our front lawn. Snickers, our new dog, sleeps peacefully between us. The cat creeps up beside me now. How I love her! How trusting are these creatures God gives us - how pure! Our cat lies down by Snickers. I hear her soothing purr. The visit with our daughter and her family was nice. With gifts, glad hearts and tummies full, we traveled home. More memories to cherish; the old year passes. In the moment - grateful - I finish with this poem. \*\*\*\*\_-\*\*\*\* Good Dogs go to Heaven By Fritz Purdum She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had a big heart and a loud bark She could look dumb but be so smart She was loyal and true She could chase away the blues and she always knew that I loved her too I miss her so Hard to let her go Good dogs go to Heaven she will be waiting for me at the Pearly Gates Peter will let us in She jumps with joy as I hug my friend asking with those big soft eyes trying to keep mine dry why are you so late it's hard for a dog to wait. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* Where I Want To Go By Daniel Turner I'd love to buy a boat and sail the seas Just loaf and let the string of life unwind Drop anchor anytime or place I please To visit every island I can find I'd sail from cape to cape, from gulf to strait Each bay and channel up and down each coast My dog would be companion and first mate Most likely, he'd be sleeping at his post But every night we'd find a still lagoon Perhaps we row ashore and build a fire On first appearance, I'd harpoon the moon And hold him hostage until we retired A life at sea, beneath large wind filled sails With peaceful friends, the dolphins, gulls and whales. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* A Leash-Led Life By Jeffrey Leiser Down through the thicket, Over and across the forest bend, A tail sways, as the wind lifts leaves of red and yellow. Aside a pond kissed with moss, we take a long walk on a clear day, crawdads and minnows astir. With hind quarters stiffly creaking forward, he pants and sniffs at vibrant life before stopping to rest and regain. At the edge of the lake, he laps the fresh water, his fur glistening, hot to the touch. Back home, he gets a warm bath, the fragrance of his fur calling to mind memories of previous days. And as he sleeps, that labrador of love on four legs, I am thankful for the leash-led life. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* WEDDING BELL BLUES By Julie Grenness The tradition of marriage Bourgeois blackmail and baggage, Is it all a bargain for men, Is this what white weddings meant? All the love that is lost, And what is the ultimate cost? A divorce court pizza, Magistrate smirks like Mona Lisa, Four corners, one for each, Dog gets the crust, if it can reach, Cats get the anchovies, Were white weddings all for phonies? When is the revolution? Blancmange brides for pollution, Bridesmaids-Little Bo Peeps on crack, Does society cut us some slack? We joined the bourgeoisie, All ends in tears and hypocrisy. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* Who doesn't love animals, especially dogs? Dogs are loyal animals, and human friendships with dogs are not uncommon. Loving dogs is a natural process and they are considered a member of the family. We have collected famous Unconditional Love Poems About Dogs . Let's enjoy them. My Dog By Daniel Turner Every time you look at me Brown eyes say, "I love you" When you're lying next to me Your snuggle says it too That soft brown skin's inviting smell I pull you to me tighter I hope you know, somehow can tell You make my days much brighter So playfully, you steal a kiss Like a child, I wipe my face What have I done to feel such bliss This gift of "amazing grace" Each day you show me in some way The meaning of true love For you my friend, each night I pray And thank The Lord above. Dog poems love unconditional \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* Mystal a kiss Like a child, I wipe my face What have I done to feel such bliss Best Friend By Abby Jenkins Black and white Thick and furry Fast as the wind Always in a hurry Couple of spots Rub my ears Always comes when his name he hears Loves his ball; it's his favorite thing What's most fun for him? Everything! Great big tongue that licks my face Has a crate, his very own space Big brown eyes like moon pies He's my friend till the very end! Dog poems to owners \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* BUTTERCUP By Don Johnson hope life is like a buttercup cos this old fool does care if i was there I'd kiss you but you might object "how dare" perhaps I shouldn't call the tune and bring you to my sight attraction brings the moth too soon if I don't employ it right patience like a cattle dog who lays there in the shade connected not, just like the frog before a prince was made Francine made me do it. Happy dog poems \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* The Power Of The Dog By Rudyard Kipling There is sorrow enough in the natural way From men and women to fill our day; And when we are certain of sorrow in store, Why do we always arrange for more? Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware Of giving your heart to a dog to tear. Buy a pup and your money will buy Love unflinching that cannot lie, Perfect passion and worship fed By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head. Nevertheless it is hardly fair To risk your heart for a dog to tear. When the fourteen years which Nature permits Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits, And the vet's unspoken prescription runs To lethal chambers or loaded guns, Then you will find-it's your own affair, But ... you've given your heart to a dog to tear. When the body that lived at your single will, With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!). When the spirit that answered your every mood Is gonewherever it goes-for good, You will discover how much you care, And will give your heart to a dog to tear. We've sorrow enough in the natural way, When it comes to burying Christian clay. Our loves are not given, but only lent, At compound interest of cent per cent. Though it is not always the case, I believe, That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve: For, when debts are payable, right or wrong, A short-time loan is as bad as a long, So why in-Heaven (before we are there) Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear? \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* What I'd Love Now to See By Andrea Dietrich My small way of showing anger for this year's circus of an election process: I recall when George Bush had to duck a thrown shoe, or he may have got struck. What I'd love now to see is some dog take a pee on that dump of a Trump. What a schmuck! \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* Dogs Go To Heaven By Megan Osburn You're the best friend I could ever ask for, The one I can talk to. You listen to everything I have to say; I'm really going to miss you. You're growing old And can't walk as fast, But don't you worry, I won't forget about our past. I love the comfort you offer, Except when you chewed up my shoe. But it's okay, we all make mistakes. I'm really going to miss you. We loved to play ball, Chasing it down the hill. You're the hairiest of them all, But you still get the chills. It's almost time to go. Don't worry about me. Just do it slow, And forget about all the fleas. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you, and that will never change. \*\*\*\* — \*\*\*\* My Saddest Day (A Dog Gone Tableau) By Andrea Dietrich I Had to leave him (though he yapped and whined) at the adoption drop off, (I still loved him so) with folks that I'd entrusted (he was my dear friend) with his safe keeping. (He'd turned old and blind) His mournful howl followed me (when we let him go.) as i exited the door (How can my heart mend?) \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* Sandpaper and Phantom Rainbows By Gabrielle Jordan When I saw him last, He wore grey bananas on his feet He had a pirate's hat between his teeth Long last the man from Oliver Kitten arrived on the shores of my head How was he to bring such a large basket of straws and ask me to bloom a white rose You have been back he said with a twirl of a red gem Yellow kittens for my pleasure, Only one black dog Keep roaring up the hill, don't stop Take the bottom off the wheel You won't need it soon You are on your way down The pink parade will catch your fall Dolphins everywhere Even under my old brown coat. \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* When Farewell Must be Said By Lindsay Laurie I am gazing out across an empty land, there is not a thing that interests me. There is no happiness, in any tear I weep, for it's so hard to set your best friend free. Simply there's no choice in the time of life, for nothing born can claim eternity, so comes a time the head must rule the head m \*\*\*\*—-\*\*\*\* Sonnet Chiweenie Boo By Rob Carmack Your dad, a Dachshund once stuck in Chihuahua. The best of both in you, with that expectant Confusing wet....you can't. As coldness chills the room, a sheet for you. The perfect tucking of in, but you moved! I ponder, just how crazy is my Boo? The sheet's thread count too low to be approved? Your dance in circles, spinning on the floor. Rewards and treasures known upon the snacks. I know what God's book says, I've searched it whole. But still, I hope you have a little soul. \*\*\*\*—\*\*\*\* After Christmas - In the Moment By Andrea Dietrich The time is after midnight, and I'm in the moment, thinking how another Christmas has come and gone. My spouse and I are tucked in bed, warm and cozy. Outside, white beauty coldly blankets our front lawn. Snickers, our new dog, sleeps peacefully between us. The cat creeps up beside me now. How love her! How trusting are these creatures God gives us - how pure! Our cat lies down by Snickers. I hear her soothing purr. The visit with our daughter and her family was nice. With gifts, glad hearts and tummies full, we traveled home. More memories to cherish; the old year passes. In the moment - grateful - I finish with this poem. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*-\*\*\*\* Good Dogs go to Heaven By Fritz Purdum She had four long legs and a curved tail with a smile that made you happy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had a big heart and a loud bark She could look dumb but be so smart She was loyal and true She could chase away the blues and she always knew that l loved her too I miss her so Hard to let her go Good dogs go to Heaven she will be waiting for me at the Pearly Gates Peter will let us in She jumps with joy as I hug my friend asking with those big soft eyes trying to keep mine dry why are you so late it's hard for a dog to wait. \*\*\*\*---\*\*\*\* Where I Want To Go By Daniel Turner I'd love to buy a boat and sail the seas Just loaf and let the string of life unwind Drop anchor anytime or place I please To visit every island I can find I'd sail from cape to cape, from gulf to strait Each bay and channel up and down each coast My dog would be companion and first mate Most likely, he'd be sleeping at his post But every night we'd find a still lagoon Perhaps we row ashore and build a fire On first appearance, I'd harpoon the moon And hold him hostage until we retired A life at sea, beneath large wind filled sails With peaceful friends, the dolphins, gulls and whales. \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* A Leash-Led Life By Jeffrey Leiser Down through the thicket, Over and across the forest bend, A tail sways, as the wind lifts leaves of red and yellow. Aside a pond kissed with moss, we take a long walk on a clear day, crawdads and minnows astir. With hind quarters stiffly creaking forward, he pants and sniffs at vibrant life before stopping to rest and regain. At the edge of the lake, he laps the fresh water, his fur glistening, hot to the touch. Back home, he gets a warm bath, the fragrance of his fur calling to mind memories of previous days. And as he sleeps, that labrador of love on four legs, I am thankful for the leash-led life. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* WEDDING BELL BLUES By Julie Grenness The tradition of marriage, Bourgeois blackmail and baggage, Is it all a bargain for men, Is this what white weddings meant' All the love that is lost, And what is the ultimate cost? A divorce court pizza, Magistrate smirks like Mona Lisa, Four corners, one for each, Cats get the anchovies, Were white weddings all for phonies? When is the revolution? Blancmange brides for pollution, Bridesmaids-Little Bo Peeps on crack, Does society cut use some slack? We joined the bourgeoisie, All ends in tears and hypocrisy. \*\*\*\* — \*\*\*\* Dogs have been man's best friend for thousands of years, offering companionship, loyalty, and unwavering love. The dog poems can evoke a range of emotions, from joy and laughter to grief and reflection. According to a study by the University of Liverpool, dogs have a positive impact on our mental health and well-being, reducing stress levels and increasing feelings of happiness. Join us as we search for a collection of poems about dog and quotes, celebrating the unique bond between humans and our loyal four-legged friends. Famous poems about dog stress levels and increasing feelings of happiness. by Megan Osburn You're the best friend I could ever ask for, The one I can talk to. You listen to everything I have to say; I'm really going to miss you. You're growing oldAnd can't walk as fast, But don't you worry, I won't forget about our past. I love the comfort you offer, Except poems reflect the loyalty, devotion, and unconditional love that dogs give. when you chewed up my shoe. But it's okay, we all make mistakes. I'm really going to miss you. We loved to play ball, Chasing it down the hill. You're the hairiest of them all, But you still get the chills. It's almost time to go. Don't worry about me. Just do it slow, And forget about all the fleas. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you, and that will never change. by Anonymous Yours a dog's life, do you moan?Courage, brother! cease to groan.Many men, as on they jog,Live much worse than any dog.Yours a dog's life? Then, my boy,It's a life crammed full of joy!—Merry breezes, meadows fair,Birds and brooks and sunny air.Dogs? why, dogs are never sad!See them capering like mad!See them frisk their jolly wayThrough the livelong laughing day!Dog's life? Then you'll never rust.Dog's life? Then you'll never rust.Dog's life? Then you'll say in jaunty glee, "Bones have been, and bones will be." Cheery, active, trusting, true,—There's a canine goal for you!Live a dog's life, if you can:You will be the better by Ethel M. Kelley I've got a dog. The other boysHave quantities of tools and toys, And heaps of things that I ain't seen (Ain't seen (Ain't seen (Ain't seen (Ain't seen)). They've oars and clubs and golfin' sticks; -- I know a feller that has six, And gee! you ought to see him drive! But I'veGot a dog. His name is Pete. The other children on our streetHave lots of things that I ain't got(I mean, have not). I know a boy that's got a gun —I don't see why they have such funPlaying with things that ain't alive; But I'veGot a dog! I've got a dog, and so, you see, The boys all want to play with me; They think he's such a cunnin' brute (I mean, so cute). That's why they leave their toys and games, And run to us, and shout our names, Whenever me and Pete arrive; For I'veGot a dog! by John E.Donovan You see us every morning, A common pair are we, Each on a leash's ending -My little dog and me. We amble village byways In bright or dismal weather; You may not think there's much in that, But we have fun together. No many-stranded cableCould bear the jokes that passBetween my little comradeAnd me — my! how we sass!But how we give assuranceThat we don't really mean it!(A dog-and-man companionshipIs balm to him who's seen it.)He greets his dog friends gayly,While I to neighbors speak;He sometimes finds a treasure — A bone that's lost its meat!He talks with dogs or children,While I swap views with .I had this thought the other day, While visiting with Pastor. "When dog and I have rambled on Beyond this mundane scope, And seen the Golden Gateway, (From the inside, we hope!) We won't pause on the highway Made smooth for feet more sainted, But wander down some quiet land, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. I have rambled on Beyond this mundane scope, And seen the Golden Gateway, (From the inside, we hope!) We won't pause on the highway Made smooth for feet more sainted. But wander down some quiet land, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there'll be a hydrant, And start to get acquainted. We hope there acquainted acquainted acquainted. We hope there acquainted acquainted acquainted. We hope there acquainted acquain friendly tree or two, Some drying leaves to shuffle, A field to wander through. We'll glory in our freedom, And need no leash of leather; It really will be Heaven, Lord, As long as we're together." by Edgar A. Guest A boy and his dog make a glorious pair: No better friendship is found anywhere, For they talk and they run and they play, And they have their deep secrets for many a day; And that boy has a comrade who thinks and who feels, Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels. He may go where he will and his dog will be there, May revel in mud and his dog will not care; Faithful he'll stay for the slightest commandAnd bark with delight at the touch of his hand; Oh, he owns a treasure which nobody steals, Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels. No other can lure him away from his side; He's proof against riches and station and pride; Fine dress does not charm him, and flattery's breath ls lost on the dog, for he's faithful to death; He sees the great soul which the body conceals—Oh, it's great to be young with a dog by Burges Johnson Dear dog that seems to stand and gravely broodUpon the broad veranda of our home, With soulful eyes that gaze into the gloam, --With speaking tail that registers thy mood, --Men say thou hast no ratiocination --Methinks there is a clever imitation. Men say again thy kindred have no souls, And sin is but an at your heels! attribute of men; Say, is it chance alone that bids thee, then, Choose only garden spots for digging holes? Why dost thou filch some fragment of the cooking all thy race, And brindled Eve, the mother of thy house, Who shared some purloined chicken with her spouse, Thus causing all thy tribe to fall from grace? If fleas dwelt in the garden of that Adam, Perhaps thy sinless parents never had 'em. This morn thou cam'st a-slinking through the door, Avoiding eyes and some dark corner sought, And though no accusation filled our thought, Thy tail, apologetic, thumped the floor. Who claims thou hast no conscience, argues vainly, For I have seen its symptoms very plainly. What leads thee to forsake thy board and bedOn days that are devoted to thy bath? For if it is not reason, yet it hathAppearance of desire to plan ahead! The sage who claims thy brain and soul be wizen. Would do quite well to swap thy head for his'n. by Louella C.Poole I saw him coming up the street, So spent and weary that his feetSeemed like two heavy weights of lead; Ah, he had known so hard a day, Small wonder that he looked that way, And slouched along with drooping head! Then, suddenly, with frantic shout, A little yellow dog rushed outA yard, to greet the tired man; He licked his hands, he kissed his face, Then dashed ahead in eager race, Then back again he gaily ran! The tired worker laughed aloud, Straightened his shoulders; through the crowdPressed on; his feet seemed to take wingsSo fast he walked as he went upThe street toward home the yellow pupAll joyous leaps and caperings. O little dog so fond and true, Much good in life you surely doWhen you can make a man so spentForget fatigue by Margaret E. Sangster I saw a little dog today, And oh, that dog was lost; He risked his anguished puppy lifeWith every street he crossed. He shrank away from outstretched hands, He winced at every hail — Against the city's bigness heLooked very small and — make him so gladHe acts like any madcap lad,And laughs aloud with merriment! frail.Distrust lay in his tortured eyes, His body shook with fright; (I wondered when he'd eaten last —And where he'd slept at night!) I whistled, and I followed through the crowded streets, I have been lost, And lonely and afraid! I followed through the crowded streets, I have been lost. followed — and I prayed.And then the God of little things,Who knows when sparrows fall,Put trust into the puppy's heartAnd made him heed my call. . . . by Amos Russel Wells A dainty dog had chanced to noteThe breakfast of a greedy goat,—Half-rotten grass, a shocking pile." Fie!" said the dog; "what wretched style!Good taste demands, you clownish beast, A dish to eat from, at the least. And as for food, that garbage foulWould even make a camel scowl, Would make a very buzzard groan, Would —" Here the goat laid bare a hone, Which when our dainty dog had spied, "Your pardon, friend!" the critic cried; "I'm quite near-sighted, neighbor mine. I see your meal is fair and fine. Invite me, pray by Sadie A. Gibbs You may be a dog, But to me you're more. You're the light in my fog. You put up with our war, "It's just a dog," Are the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when I can't win, Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when I can't win, Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when I can't win, Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through thin, You've stayed by my side. Even when hope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd whose wars have not begun. Through the words from someoneWho has never seen fogAnd who has never seen fogAnd whope has died, You're the words from someoneWho has never seen fogA angel I wished for, You're the best friend I've had. You're all I wanted and more, And I love you like mad, I can't thank you enough For the things that you do. When times are tough, I'm so glad I have you. These interesting poems about dogs offer a playful and entertaining perspective on the joys and challenges of dog ownership, making us laugh and by John B. Tabb "I cannot wash my dog," she said, "Nor touch him with a comb, For fear the Fleas upon him bredMay find no other home." by Rupert Brooke All in the town were still asleep, When the sun came up with a shout and a leap. In the lonely streets unseen by man, A little dog danced. And the day began. All his life he'd been good, as far as he could, And the poor little beast had done all that he should. But this morning he swore, by Odin and ThorAnd the Canine Valhalla—he'd stand it no more! So his prayer he got granted—to do just what he wanted, Prevented by none, for the space of one day. "Jam incipiebo, sedere facebo," In dog-Latin he quoth, "Euge! sophos! hurray!"He fought with the he-dogs, and winked at the she-dogs, A thing that had never been heard of before."For the stigma of gluttony, I care not a button!" heCried, and ate all he could get 'em. He shammed furious rabies, and bit all the babies, And followed the cats up the trees, and then ate 'em!"They thought 'twas the devil was holding a revel, And sent for the parson to drive him away; For the town never knew such a hullabalooAs that little dog raised—till the end of that day. When the blood-red sun had gone burning down, And the lights were lit in the little town, Outside, in by Don Johnson hope life is like a buttercupcos this old fool does careif i was there I'd kiss you butyou might object "how dare" perhaps I shouldn't call the tuneand bring you to my sightattraction brings the moth too soonif I don't employ it rightpatience like a cattle dogwho the gloom of the twilight grey, The little dog died when he'd had his day. lays there in the shadeconnected not, just like the frogbefore a prince was madeFrancine made me do it. by Emilie Poulsson When Midget was a puppy must be taught. Her mother oft had told herThe first thing to be knownWas how to gnaw and bite, and thus Enjoy a toothsome bone. So Midget practiced bitingOn everything around, But that was not approved at all, To her surprise, she found. The farmer spoke severely, Till Midget shook with fright; The children shouted "No, no, no! Bad Midget! Mustn't bite!" 'Twas just the same with barking; At first they all said "Hark!" Whenever Midget tried her voice; "Good puppy That's it! Bark!"But then, as soon as MidgetCould sound a sharp "Bow-wow!"Alas! the talk was changed to "Hush!Such noise we can't allow!"Now wasn't that a puzzle? It seemed a problem darkThat it was right and wrong to biteAnd right and wrong to biteAnd right and wrong to bark. A puppy's hardest lessonIs when to bark and bite; But Midget learned it, and becameA comfor by Anonymous Said the Puppy to the Elephant: "Let's form a partnership, And let us tour the country in a profitable trip. For you could lift a mighty weight, and I could push below. While all the crowd would hold their breath, and and delight. then they'd all say "Oh!" And then they all would wave their flags and clap their hands and laugh, Then you half. Our fortunes would he surely made, an overflowing cup. If you would only lift the weights, while I would push them up." by Anonymous There was a man who had a dog. And Bingo was his name-o.B-I-N-G-OB-I-N-G-O(clap)-I-N-G-O(clap)-I-N-G-O(clap)-I-N-G-O(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O(clap)-Iman who had a dog,And Bingo was his name-o.(clap)-( Bingo was his name-o. (clap)-( I don't really know—There came a rain on sea and shore, Its like was never seen beforeOr since. It fell unceasing down, Till all the world began to pour, An old, old man—his name was Noah—Built him an Ark, that he might saveHis family from a wat'ry grave; And in it also he designedTo shelter two of every kindOf beast. Well, dear, when it was done, And heavy clouds obscured the sun, The Noah folks to it quickly ran, And then the animals began To gravely march along in pairs; The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears, The tall giraffes, the beavers, monkeys, The rats, the big rhinoceroses, The dromedaries and the horses, The sheep, and mice and kangaroos, Hyenas, elephants, koodoos, And hundreds more—'twould take all day, My dear, so many names to say—And at the very, very endOf the procession, by his friendAnd master, faithful dog was seen; The livelong time he'd helping been, To drive the crowd of creatures in; And now, with loud, exultant bark, He gaily sprang abroad the Ark. Alas! so crowded was the spaceHe could not in it find a place; So, patiently, he turned about, Stood half way in, half way out, And those extremely heavy showers Descended through nine hundred hours. nose: And never could it lose again The dampness of that dreadful rain. And that is what, my Curls of Gold, Made all the doggies' noses cold. These inspirational poems about dog are a heartfelt tribute to the lovalty, bravery, and selflessness of companions, inspiring us to be better humans. by Robert William Service They dumped it on the lonely road, Then like a streak they sped; And as along the way I strodel thought that it was dead: And then I saw that yelping pupRise, race to catch them up. You know how silly wee dogs are. It thought that it was dead: And then I saw that yelping pupRise, race to catch them up. You know how silly wee dogs are. It thought they were in fun. Trying to overtake their carI saw it run and run: But as they faster, faster went, It stumbled, sore and spent. I found it prone upon the way; Of life was little token. As limply in the dust it layI thought its heart was broken: Then one dim eye it opened and It sought to like my hand. Of course I took it gently upAnd brought it to my wifeWho loves all dogs, and now that pupShares in our happy life: Yet how I curse the bastards who Its good luck never knew! by Lindsay Laurie I am gazing out across an empty land, there is not a thing that interests me. There is no happiness, in any tear I weep, for it's so hard to set your best friend free. Simply there's no choice in the time of life, for nothing born can claim eternity, so comes a time the head must rule thead must rule the head mus past, and not dwell on what is a personal cost. I should be celebrating for the love we had; not mourning about what I have lost. by Robert William Service What have we erred and scarred? How have we done, Oh Lord, that weAre evil starred? How have we erred and scarred? How have we erred? How have we err piteous lips:What have we done?How have we sinned to rouse your wrath, To earn your scorn?Stony and steep has been our pathSince we were born.Oh for a sign, a hope, a word, A heaven glance;Why is your hand against us, Lord?Give us a chance.What shall we do, Oh God, to gainYour mercy seat?Shall we live out our lives in painAnd dark defeat? Shall we in servitude bow lowUnto the end?How we would hope, could we but knowYou are our friend!We are the disinherited. The doomed, the lost. For breath with dust and ashes fed, We pay the cost. Dumb mouths! Yet though we bleed, with prayerWe kiss the sword; Aye, even dying we forbearTo curse Thee, Lord. by Bettina Van Vaerenbergh Have you ever wonderedWhy dogs don't live that long? It's because their souls are trueAnd their love is strong. Dogs give their heart awayTotally for free. They love us as we are, Unconditionally. We people are slow learners, So we need many years To figure out life's purpose, What we're doing here... How to be gentle and kind, And to be rich in love, And how to live a good life -Dogs know well enough. Our loyal canine friendsCan teach us lots of things, Like taking delight in nature; The simple joy it brings. Dogs enjoy the smell of grassAnd the warmth of the sun. They dig a restful midday napAs much as a good run. They're always very eagerTo welcome a brand new day; Always full of enthusiasmFor whatever comes their way. All they ask is our attention; Just a cuddle or a touch. To be happy and content, They really don't need much. Dogs greet their special humans very passionate and loud; They're not the least bit afraid to let their emotions out. No matter their age, They keep a keen sense of play. Dogs live mindful, in the now, Seizing each and every day.Dogs are always faithful; The love they give is true; That's why dogs don't have to liveAs long as humans do! by Lisel Mueller If an inaudible whistleblown between our lipscan send him home to us, then silence is perhaps the sound of spiders breathing and roots mining the earth; it may be asparagus heaving, headfirst, into the lightand the long brown soundof cracked cups, when it happens. We would like to ask the dogif there is a continuous whirbecause the child in the housekeeps growing, if the snakereally stretches full lengthwithout a click and the sunbreaks through clouds without a click and the sunbreak subscription of the sunbreak subscription of the subscripti us to hear. What is it like up thereabove the shut-off levelof our simple ears? For us there was no birth cry, the newborn bird is suddenly here, the egg broken, the nest alive, and we heard nothing when the world changed. by Oliver Goldsmith Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song; And if you find it wondrous short, It cannot hold you long. In Islington there was a manOf whom the world might say, That still a godly race he ran-Whene'er he went to pray. A kind and gentle heart he had, To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad-When he put on his clothes. And in that town a dog was found, As many dogs there be, Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, And curs of low degree. This dog and man at first were friends; But when a pique began, The dog, to gain some private ends, Went mad, and bit the man. Around from all the neighbouring streets The wond'ring neighbours ran. And swore the dog had lost its wits To bite so good a man. The wound it seemed both sore and sadTo every Christian eve; And while they swore the dog was mad, They swore the man would die. But soon a wonder came to lightThat showed the rogues they lied,—The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died! by Spike Milligan So they bought you a vonder came to lightThat showed the rogues they long run-But otherwise'A very good home'They fed you Pal and ChunBut not that lovely long run, Until, mad with energy and boredomYou escaped- and ran an snuggle says it tooThat soft brown skin's inviting smell pull you to me tighterI hope you know, somehow can tellYou make my days much brighterSo playfully, you steal a kissLike a child, I wipe my faceWhat have I done to feel such blissThis gift of "amazing grace" Each day you show me in some wayThe meaning of true loveFor you my friend, each night I prayAnd thank The Lord above. Short dog poems offer a quick and powerful glimpse into the bond between humans and dogs. These short poetries about dog are perfect for those who appreciate the beauty of simplicity. by Marty Hale Faithfullest of a faithful race, Plainly I read it in thy faceThou wishest me to mount the stairsAnd leave behind me all my cares.No; I shall never see againHer who now sails across the main;Nor wilt thou ever, as before,Rear two white feet against her door.Therefor do thou nor whine nor roam,But rest thee and curl round at home. by Abby Jenkins Black and whiteThick and furryFast as the windAlways in a hurryCouple of spotsRub my earsAlways comes when his name he hearsLoves his ball; it's his favorite thingWhat's most fun for him? Everything!Great big tongue that licks my faceHas a crate, his very own spaceBig brown eyes like moon piesHe's my friend till the very end! by R.K. Munkittrick Down in the silent hallwayScampers the dog about, And whines, and scratches, In order to get out. Once in the glittering starlight. He straightway doth begin. To set up a doleful howling. In order to get in. by Anonymous With eye upraised his master's look to scan, The joy, the solace, and the aid of man; The rich man's guardian and the poor man's friend, The only creature faithful to the end. by Larry Huggins All doggies go to heaven (or so I've been told). They run and play along the streets of gold. Why is heaven such a doggie-delight? Why, because there's not a single cat in sight! by Ogden Nash The truth I do not stretch or shove When I state that the dog is full of love. I've also found, by actual test, A wet dog is the lovingest. by Rob Lamberton Despised man, black dogOperating by night, barking madGoing to and fro, lying doggoSick as a dog, barking up the wrong treeLet sleeping dogs lie, or let slip the dogs of warIf you lie with a dog, even on dog daysFleas will be on you, bottom dogEvery dog has its day, but you can't teach an old dog by Heather The black Lab runs gracefully, Down the yard, looking for me. This black lab is a special friend, He is there for me until the end. But the thing that matters the most to me, This black Lab is my little Sammy. by Rob Lamberton Tired of working like a dogOr living a dog's life; dog itPull yourself out of the doghouseDog eat dog; let dog see a Man about a dog Long dog poems tell more about the relationship between humans and dogs. These long poetries about dog reflect on the profound impact that dogs have on our lives. by Marty Hale "He left no relatives," they said, "He didn't have a friendWho knew about his sorry plight —Was with him at the end!"... And so they raked the stove fires out, And closed the old shack door, For grouchy, crusty old Tom DareWould open it no more. Then each went to his own home-fires, Forgot the lonely shack, And not a soul was near to see An old form stumble backAnd crouch, sad-eyed, beside the door, His bony length stretched flat —He waited for his master's voice, His friendly little pat. Days had been lean for Old Tom Dare,Not food enough for two -But Old Tom whispered to his dog,"I'll share along with you,Since Jennie went away from usThere's been no one to care -No one but you to give a thoughtFor lonely old Tom Dare."And so the two of them had shared,If it be feast, or fast,That morning Rover had a bone -It was their very last,And there was nothing left passed, but no one stopsOf all that come and go,Old Rover lies beside the door,Half-hidden in the snow . . . I know that Old Tom had a friend, becauseToday I found Old Rover dead,The bone between his paws. by Elizabeth Barrett Browning Loving friend, the gift of one,Who, her own true faith, hath run,Through thy lower nature;Be my benediction saidWith my hand upon thy head, Gentle fellow-creature! Like a lady's ringlets brown, Flow thy silken ears adownEither side demurely, Of thy silken ears adownEither side demurely. Darkly brown thy body is, Till the sunshine, striking this, Alchemize its dulness, —When the sleek curls manifoldFlash all over into gold, With a burnished fulness. Underneath my stroking hand, Startled eyes of hazel blandKindling, growing larger, -Up thou leapest with a spring, Full of prank and curvetting, Leap! thy slender feet are bright, Canopied in fringes. Leap - those tasselled ears of thineFlicker strangely, fair and fine, Down their golden inchesYet, my pretty sportive friend, Little is 't to such an endThat I praise thy rareness! Other dogs may be thy peersHaply in these drooping ears, And this glossy fairness. But of thee it shall be said, This dog watched beside a bedDay and night unweary, -Watched within a curtained room, Where no sunbeam brake the gloomRound the sick and dreary.Roses, gathered for a vase,In that chamber died apace,Beam and breeze resigning —This dog only, waited on,Knowing that when light is gone,Love remains for shining.Other dogs in thymy dewTracked the hares and followed throughSunny moor or meadow —This dog only, crept and creptNext a languid cheek that slept, Sharing in the shadow. Other dogs of loyal cheerBounded at the whistle clear, Up the woodside hieing —This dog only, watched in reachOf a faintly uttered speech, Or a sigh came double, —Up he sprang in eager haste, Fawning, fondling, breathing fast, In a tender trouble. And this dog was satisfied, If a pale thin hand would glide, Down his dewlaps sloping, -Which he pushed his nose within, After, - platforming his chinOn the palm left open. This dog, if a friendly voiceCall him now to blyther choiceThan such chamber-keeping, Come out! 'praying from the door, -Presseth backward as before, Up against me leaping. Therefore to this dog will I, Tenderly not scornfully, Render praise and favour! With my hand upon his head, Is my benediction said Therefore, and for ever. And because he loves me so, Better than his kind will doOften, man or woman, Give I back more love again Than dogs often take of men, —Leaning from my Human. Blessings on thee, dog of mine, Pretty collars make thee fine, Sugared milk make fat thee! Pleasures wag on in thy tail -Hands of gentle motion failNevermore, to pat thee! Downy pillow take thy head, Silken coverlid bestead, Sunshine help thy sleeping! No fly 's buzzing wake thee up -No man break thy purple cup. Set for drinking deep in. Whiskered cats arointed flee -Sturdy stoppers keep from theeCologne distillations; Nuts lie in thy path for stones, And thy feast-day macaroonsTurn to daily rations! Mock I thee, in wishing weal? —Tears are in my eyes to feelThou art made so straightly, Blessing needs must straighten too, —Little canst thou joy or do, Thou who lovest greatly. Yet be blessed to the heightOf all good and all delightPervious to thy nature, —Only loved beyond that line, With a love that answers thine, Loving fellow-creature! by Rudyard Kipling There is sorrow in store, Why do we always arrange for more?Brothers and Sisters, I bid you bewareOf giving your heart to a dog to tear. Buy a pup and your money will buyLove unflinching that cannot lie — Perfect passion and worship fedBy a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head. Nevertheless it is hardly fairTo risk your heart for a dog to tear. When the fourteen years which Nature permitsAre closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits, And the vet's unspoken prescription runsTo lethal chambers or loaded guns, Then you will find — it's your own affair —But . . . you've given your heart to a dog to tear. When the spirit hat answered your every moodIs gone — wherever it goes — for good, You will discover how much you care, And will give your heart to a dog to tear. We've sorrow enough in the natural way, When it comes to burying Christian clay. Our loves are not given, but only lent, At compound interest of cent per cent. Though it is not always the case, I believe, That the longer we've kept'em, the more do we grieve; For, when debts are payable, right or wrong, A

short-time loan is as bad as a long —So why in — Heaven (before we are there)Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear? by Peter R Wolveridge A dog wandered into our garden one day, A friendly old mutt, didn't look like a stray. We never discovered whence he had come, But we brushed him and the kids called him Rum. Now as family members, even dogs must work hard, So we put Rum on duty next door in our yard, Bright eyed and watchful by night and by day, But not much of a guard dog, I'm sorry to say. He barked at the cats and he'd bark at a toad, He barked at the cattle outside on the road, He barked at the cattle outside on the road, He barked at the cats and he'd bark at a toad, He barked at the cattle outside on the road, He barked at the he just wagged his tail.He liked the yard labour, an amiable bunch.They fed our dog tidbits and scraps from their lunch.Rum wolfed it all down, but to our dismayHe seemed to get fatter with each passing day.Then one night when Rum was laid at his ease, A burglar crept in just as quiet as you please.He saw no alarms, heard no siren howling, No guard dog for sure, there'd be barking and growling. But Rum was awake and he'd seen him alright, Delighted with company this time of the night, Delighted with company this time of the night, He flew through the yard, his new friend to greet, And his weight bowled the burglar right off of his feet. The intruder got up and ran off with a wailAnd Rum right behind him still wagging his tail. He departed the yard he'd come in to burgleLike a champion athlete clearing a hurdle.But Rum couldn't jump gates, so sadly insteadHe picked up the thief's wallet and went back to bed.Next morning the evidence everyone viewed,When Rum brought it to us, (just a little bit chewed).Once given the wallet, the police didn't failTo capture the burglar and put him in jail. His confession like wildfire spread through the town, How a big vicious guard dog had knocked the thief down. We all howled with laughter when we heard the story, And Rum was our hero, he was basking in glory. There's been no attempts since to burgle our yard, For everyone knows now that Rum is on guard. by Cynthia C. Naspins We love our dog with all our hearts, But not so much her stinky farts. Her doggy breath is less than fresh, Yet we hug her nonetheless. From barking she will likely cop a blast. Meter readers, couriers, Serve to make her furious. Possums, lizards, neighbour's cat,Will not be shown the welcome mat. In the name of crime prevention, Airspace gets the same attention. We feel safe, it must be said, From birds that dare fly overhead. She wages war with the lawn mower, Outdoor sweeper and leaf blower. And switching on the vacuum cleanerWon't bring out her best demeanour. This causes some embarrassment, This doggy form of harassment, But she does provide protection, And for that we feel affection. Once introductions make the rounds, Her friendliness, it knows no bounds. Though not all guests are fully raptWith thirty kilos on their lap. Should you leave your nice warm chair, On your return you'll find her there. And when she's urged to please vacate, She'll turn into a limp, dead weight. To baths she has a strong aversion, Desperate to avoid immersion. Yet she'll display her dive techniqueIn any muddy pond or creek! We give her scratches, make her smile. Give an inch, she'll take a mile. Stop and she'll demand still more, Prodding you with paw and claw. "She's got character!" we all say.At times it's just a nicer wayOf saying she's our problem child,Kinda crazy, kinda wild.For all her faults we love her dearlyAnd in turn she loves us clearly.She's our funny, gorgeous girl.We wouldn't trade for all the world. by William Wordsworth A barking sound the Shepherd hears,A cry as of a dog or fox;He halts—and searches with his eyesAmong the scattered rocks:And now at distance can discernA stirring in a brake of fern;And instantly a dog is seen,Glancing through that covert green. The Dog is not of mountain breed;Its motions, too, are wild and shy;With something, as the Shepherd thinks,Unusual in its cry:Nor is there any one in sightAll round, in hollow or on height;Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear; What is the creature doing here? It was a cove, a huge recess, That keeps, till June, December's snow; A lofty precipice in front, A silent tarn below! Far in the bosom of Helvellyn, Remote from public road or dwelling, Pathway, or cultivated land; From trace of human foot or hand. There sometimes doth a leaping fishSend through the tarn a lonely cheer; The crags repeat the raven's croak, In symphony austere; Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—And mists that spread the flying shroud; And sunbeams; and the sounding blast, That, if it could, would hurry past; But that enormous barrier holds it fast. Not free from boding thoughts, a while The Shepherd stood; then makes his wayO'er rocks and stones, following the DogAs quickly as he may;Nor far had gone before he foundA human skeleton on the ground;The appalled Discoverer with a sighLooks round, to learn the history. From those abrupt and perilous rocksThe Man had fallen, that place of fear!At length upon the Shepherd's mindIt breaks, and all is clear: He instantly recalled the name, And who he was, and whence he came; Remembered, too, the very dayOn which the Traveller passed this wonder merits well. The Dog, which still was hovering nigh, Repeating the same timid cry, This Dog, had been through three months' spaceA dweller in that savage place.Yes, proof was plain that, since the dayWhen this ill-fated Traveller died,The Dog had watched about the spot,Or by his master's side:How nourished here through such long timeHe knows, who gave that love sublime;And gave that strength of feeling, greatAbove all human estimate! James McIntyre Johnston he is an engineer, He always looks if track is clear, For he hath a keen eagle eye, Danger afar he doth espy. And he hath too a warm true heart, Of others woes he sharas a part; One day he gazed far down the line, And a large dog he could define. So eager busy on the track, In mouth it seemed to lift a pack, But it oftentimes did failFor to raise it o er the rail.The engineer put on his steamAnd he loud made his whistle scream,So that the dog would take alarmAnd thus preserve his life from harm.This noble dog, it feared not danger,Fear to him it was a stranger,His mistress child he wished to save,And all the danger he would brave.His last great effort did prevail,He raised it safe beyond the rail, Into a snug and hollow spot, A place seein'd formed for a child's cot. This dog of noble mastiff breed, For his own safety took no heed, But at approaching train did bark, To make them to his troubles hark. The engineer did sad bewail, To see the dog still on the rail, A moment more the beast is slain, Cut in two by the cruel train. The engineer now shuts off steamFor to investigate the theme, That caused the dog to die at post, Finds to save child its life it lost. Faithful in the cause of duty, Saving life of little beauty, A little darling three year old, More precious than her weight in gold. On track she wandered for 4 to play, But soon she in quiet slumber lay, And all the efforts of old Towser, Were not able to arouse her. The mother now in agony wild, Rushed down to train to find her child, There she found it sweetly sleeping, While some for faithful dog were weeping. And a brave man was engineer, For he himself knew not of fear, But his heart was failed with pain, Because the noble dog was slain. by Anonymous She was my other eyes that could see above the clouds;my other ears that heard above the winds. She way she reason for being; by the way she reason for being; by the way she reason for being; by the way she showed her hurt when I left without taking her along(I think it made her sick with worry because she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she ignored it. When I was angry, she was not along to care for me). When I was angry, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she ignored it. When I was angry, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she ignored it. When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she was delighted to forgive. When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was joy unbounded. When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care for me). When I was a fool, she was not along to care person.With her, I was all powerful.She was loyalty itself.She had taught me the meaning of devotion.With her, I knew a secret comfort and a private peace.She had brought me understanding where before I was ignorant.Her head on my knee could heal my human hurts.Her kisses on my tears washed away my bad feelings.Her presence by my side was protection against my fears of dark and unknown things. She had promised to wait for me...wherever...in case I need her. And I expect I will — as I always have — she was just my dog. by Ogden Nash For years we've had a little dog. Last year we acquired a big dog; He wasn't big when we got him, He was littler than the dog we had.We thought our little dog would love him, Would help him to become a trig dog, But the new little dog got bigger, And the big dog loves the little dog got mad.Now the big dog only one; The little dog calls him Pig-dog, She grumbles broken cursesAs she dreams in the August sun. The big dog is a crobatic, The little dog; She leaps to grip his jugular, And passes underneath. The big dog is a crobatic, The little dog. The little dog is a brittle dog; She leaps to grip his jugular, And passes underneath. The big dog is a crobatic, The little dog. The little dog is a brittle dog is a brittle dog. The little dog is a brittle dog is a brittle dog. The little dog. The little dog. The little dog. The little dog is a brittle dog. The little dog is a brittle dog. The little dog. cement and mortar; The little dog is his own true love; But the big dog is to herLike a scarlet rag to a Longhorn, Or a suitcase to a porter; The day he sat on the household darling? He romps like an old mustache; No wonder she steals his corner, No wonder she calls him CochonAnd even Espèce de vache. Yet once I wanted a sandwich, Either caviar or cucumber, When the sun had not yet sank; As I tiptoed through the hallwayThe big dog lay in slumber, And the little dog slept by the big dog, And her head was on his flank. These poems about dog with rhyming words use the power of rhyme to add a musical quality to the verses, making them all the more enjoyable to read and recite. by Eugene Field The little toy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and stanch he stands; And the little toy add a musical quality to the verses, making them all the more enjoyable to read and recite. when the little toy dog was newAnd the soldier was passing fair, And that was the time when our Little Boy BlueKissed them and put them there.' Now, don't you go till I come,' he said, 'And don't you make any noise! 'So toddling off to his trundle-bedHe dreamed of the pretty toys. And as he was dreaming, an angel songAwakened our Little Boy Blue, ' Oh, the years are many, the years are long, But the little face. And they wonder, as waiting these long years through, In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them by Missy Davis I hear of a place that is made of gold, a place where we shall never grow old, but one answer I have not heard at all, will there be paw prints from my little dog? He promised us joy right from the start. I just wonder if she'll be a part. So as I sit here and dream of the day, I wonder if in heaven she will stay? When you're walking down with the saints of old,take a glimpse of that new road,and if there you shall see,maybe a paw print just for me. by Little Learning Corner My dog is a pooper. Good thing I brought a scooper. I don't want to step in poo, with my brand new shoe. Let's keep the grass green, and the scooper clean. by Amos Russel Wells "To dog his steps"—there's libel in the phrase, A slander on the faithful doggish ways. By it men mean to follow like a thief, To tremble at the crackling of a leaf, To crawl and sneak to spy and wait and gloat. And hide a dagger ready for a throat. No, no! To "dog his steps" is to pursueWith endless loyalty and purpose true; To leap with love and eagerness and joy, Be ready for the heartiest employ; To worship him as if he were a god, And follow every step that he has trod; To hang upon his whistle or his word; To skim along as happy as a bird; With shining eyes and with a heart of cheerTo he a comrade and a friend sincere; That never mind what stupid men may say—That is to "dog his steps" the doggish way by Zorian Alexis "Amazing!" was all I could sayBecause I finally got my puppy today. Chocolate brown with soulful eyes, Definitely the perfect giftHas given me such a joyful lift. I will forever cherish my little boyJust like I did my favorite stuffed toy.Keeping him oh so near to me,Loving him oh so tenderly,Making him a promise that I will never break:Nothing will harm him while I'm awake.Our bond has already begun to grow,Pure love that all pet owners know.Quietly he is sleeping in my arms,Rendering me helpless to all of his charms.Staring at my little bundle of joy,Thinking of the perfect name for my boy.Undecided, I've come up with a fewVarious possibilities what should I do.Winchester or perhaps Chester for short.Xander or maybe a bold name like Cort.You deserve the perfect name.Zorian means happy, and I hope you are the same. by Kathy J. Parenteau I took a walk in the city todayto try to pass the time away.Saw lots of people walking too. Stepped right in a pile of doggy doo. I thought for a moment just what could be doneto clean up the streets of doggie dung. Maybe I'll invent something really super, even finer than a pooper scooper. A port a potty for our four legged friendson every street corner where every road bends. Then I'll become famous for this awesome invention. At the monthly town meetings my name will be mentioned. They'll throw a big party and dance in the streets because never again will there be poop on our feet! by Daniel Turner I'd love to buy a boat and sail the seasJust loaf and let the string of life unwindDrop anchor anytime or place I pleaseTo visit every island I can findI'd sail from cape to cape, from gulf to straitEach bay and channel up and down each coastMy dog would be companion and first mateMost likely, he'd be sleeping at his postBut every night we'd find a still lagoonPerhaps we row ashore and build a fireOn first mateMost likely, he'd be sleeping at his postBut every night we'd find a still lagoonPerhaps we row ashore and build a fireOn first mateMost likely. filled sailsWith peaceful friends, the dolphins, gulls and whales. by Michael Rosen Down behind the dustbinI met a dog called Sue. 'What are you doing here?' I said. 'I've got nothing else to do.' Dog poems for children offer a fun and engaging way for young readers to learn about the joys and challenges of owning a dog. These poems are designed to capture the attention of children. you won't step in poop. There are dogs on the sidewalks, the side streets, and more; dogs at the bakeshop and grocery labels. There are dogs in the bookshops, and dogs in the daytime, and dogs in the daytime, and dogs in the bakeshop and grocery labels. There are dogs in the bookshops, and dogs in the bakeshop and grocery labels. There are dogs in the bookshops, and dogs in the bookshops. French bread, (not like my dog who eats dog food instead.) So if you go to Paris and like dogs an oodle, then have a good time, but watch out for the doodle! by Denise Rodgers Some like San Diegowhere the weather's always great prefer the seasonsthat we have near our great lakes. In winter, when I walk my dogit's freezing, but we go He sticks his head in snowbanks, and his facelifts up the snowwhen spring is here, the leaves sprout forthMy dog is such a painHe dashes out and tromps into the puddles in the rain. The summer's warm and humidand the sun shines hot and bright. I take my dog out, walking in the coolness of the night when autumn comes, we really like the brisk October breezeWe crunch the leaves togetheras they float down from the trees.Some, like San Diegosay it has the perfect weatherBut we prefer four seasonsthat's my dog and I together! by Alice J. Cleator When living seems but little worthAnd all things go awry,I close the door, we journey forth—My dog and I!For books and pen we leave behind,But little careth he,His one great joy in life is just To be with me.He notes by just one upward glanceMy mental attitude,As on we go past laughing streamAnd singing wood. The soft winds have a magic touchThat brings to care release, The trees are vocal with delight, The rivers sing of peace. How good it is to be alive! Nature, the healer strong, Has set each pulse with life athrillAnd joy and song.Discouragement! 'Twas but a name,And all things that annoy,Out in the lovely world of JuneLife seemeth only joy!And ere we reach the busy town,Like birds my troubles fly,We are two comrades glad of heart—My dog and I! by Allie My loving puppy, Monroe, is a snowball falling from the sky.Monroe, a living puffballrunning across the field.As I listen to my canine pupI hear a kettle ready on the stove. When I feel Monroe, like a comforter blanket at night, Monroe, like fresh snow straight from the ground, My puppy can be tasted even from far away, Monroe, fresh brown sugar straight from the store, Monroe, my lifelong dream come true! by Kenn Nesbitt My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. My dog likes to discoon TikTok for fun. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a run. He'd rather start dancing than go for a r done dancing, this doggy of minewill pick up his cell phoneand post it online. He puts up a videoonce every dayso people can watchas he wiggles away. He started on TikTokfor something to do, and now he's on YouTubeand Instagram too. He's trending on Twitterand Facebook as well. I guess that I should havebeen able to tell. You see when I rescued my a videoonce every dayso people can watch as the wiggles away. He started on TikTok for something to do, and now he's on YouTubeand Instagram too. He's trending on Twitterand Facebook as well. I guess that I should havebeen able to tell. You see when I rescued my a videoonce every dayso people can watch as the wiggles away. He started on TikTok for something to dog from the pound, the sign said, "Purebredsocial media hound." by Stevan Hanson My family got a new dogIts fur is short and whiteI absolutely love himBut something is not right. His ears are soft and longand flop along the side. His tail is quite shortBut also very wide. He's positively quietHe never makes a soundHe's got a real cute jumpWhen I put him on the ground. I'm sure when he grows upHe'll be massively strong. His favorite food's carrots He eats them all day long! by Anonymous Dogs are the best buddies, who like to hug and cuddle. They take care of you, when it is hard to climb.Dogs love eating biscuits and, anything prepared at home. They like to react and playon things that are musical. Dogs wait for youto reach home. They like to react and playon things that are musical. Dogs are always there for youthrough thick and thin. Is with a pool with lots of foam. Dogs are always there for youthrough thick and thin. Is with a pool with lots of foam. Dogs are always there for youthrough thick and thin. Is with a pool with lots of foam. Dogs are always there for youthrough thick and thin. Is with a pool with lots of foam. Dogs are most logaland trustworthy animal. They like to react and playon things that are musical. Dogs are always there for youthrough thick and thin. Is with a pool with lots of foam. Dogs are always the play and the play and the play are always the play and the play are always the play and the play are always the play ar by Ashley My dog Glory is oh, so niceShe has sugar and a little spice.Whenever I see herit brightens my day, The clouds in the sky go awayShe would never hurt anyone. She would never hurt anyone. She would never hurt anyone. She would never hurt anyone delight. If anything happened to her, I would cry, I probably would die. I love her so muchAnd there anything leftthat you want to begin. she loves me, If you saw us togetheryou would drop to your knees. That is the poem that cheers me up, It helps me when things are tough. She is the one I kiss good night We would never get in a fight by Danielle My puppy dog's color is gold, He does not like the smell of mold. He chases his tail and begins to wail, and then gets very cold. Happy dog poems celebrate the simple pleasures of life, capturing the joy and exuberance that dogs bring to our daily lives. These poems are filled with positivity and gratitude. by Emily Dickinson A little Dog that wags his tailAnd knows no other joyOf such a little Dog am IReminded by a BoyWho gambols all the living DayWithout an earthly causeBecause he is a little BoyI honestly suppose —The Cat that in the Corner dwellsHer martial Day forgotThe Mouse but a Tradition nowOf her desireless LotAnother class remind meWho neither please nor playBut not to make a "bit of noise" Beseech each little Boy — by Ann Davies My puppy is a handful, So full of energy. She jumps around to greet usAnd wags her tail with glee. She digs when in the garden, Getting muddy from her head to her toes. Whatever goes on in her mind, Heaven only knows. She bolts her food so quickly And barely chews at all. She saves her chewing for the rug, Our shoes and the kitchen wall! Everyone tells me she will improve, And I want to believe what they say, So I'm hoping our dear little puppyWill become docile one day.We want to create a harmonious home,So we'll try exercise, discipline and rest,And trust that she will calm down,For we can only do our best.Remember the saying, "Let sleeping dogs lie." Now I have my own puppy,I can understand why! by Bettina Van Vaerenbergh My doggie makes me happy,I love her so much!My little furry friend;So soft to the touch.She came into my life(Coincidence or not)When I was feeling low,As a gift sent from God.She's always good-humored,Always ready to play.Attentively she listensTo all I have to say.I know her body languageInside and out -When she wants a cuddle,Her brown eyes speak so loud.Together we're havingAll kinds of childish fun...We go for endless walks;We laugh and we run.Late at night she lovesTo curl up on my lap.She watches TV with me,Or takes a restful nap.We understand each other,My doggie and I.Without words she comforts me,Whenever I cry.It's only been three months,But it seems so much longer;And the bond between usIs still daily getting stronger. I used to be a cat person, But now I'm into her -I couldn't miss her for the world, My little ball of fur. I believe every good gifts sent from God up above; So thank You, dear God, For the doggie that I love! by Flying Lemming I'm a happy dog at the beachIf I had the power of speechI would tell you allTo throw my ballI'm a happy dog at the beachI'm a ha screechI chase and I barkLong into the darkI'm a happy dog at the beachI'm a happy dog at the beachAnd I don't want to start to preachBut if you ask meThe best thing to see a happy dog at the beachI'm a happy dog at the beachI brownBefore the Spring was done. His locks like all a ravel-rope's-end, With hempen strands in spray—Fallow, foam-fallow, hanks—fall'n off their ranks, Swung down at a disarray. Or like a juicy and jostling shockOf bluebells sheaved in MayOr wind-long fleeces on the flockA day off shearing day. Then over his turn#d temples—here—Was a rose, or failing that, Rough-Robin or five-lipped campion clearFor a beauty-bow to his hat, And the sunlight sidled, like dewdrops, like dandled diamonds Through the sieve of the straw of the plait.... by Arthur Wallace Peach What put the wiggle in a little dog's tail'd like to know! That gay little wiggle, that glad little waggle —How did it grow? It starts in his mind and it runs out behindTo the tip of his tail, and thenThat glad little waggle, that gay little wiggleBegins all over again. The day may be sunny or dark with rain, The wiggle is there just the same; It needs just a whistle to set it a-wiggleOr the sound of his favorite name. No doubt I shall never, in any way everFind out how that wiggle got there, But I'm very sure, while tails shall endure, That tail will wig-wag in the air! These Loss of a Dog poems express the pain and sadness that comes with the loss of a furry friend, while also celebrating the life and legacy they leave behind. They spread comfort to those who are grieving. by Raymond Stewart Today we had to let you go. It broke our hearts in two.We had to leave you at that place, Alone and feeling blue. The only thing that we could doWas drive back home and cry, For we just couldn't keep you, No matter how we tried. You'll never be forgotten, As long as we live. You gave us all the love had to leave you at that place, Alone and feeling blue. The only thing that we could doWas drive back home and cry, For we just couldn't keep you, No hearts we'll hear your bellTinkling from afar. by Anonymous A house feeling emptyNow that you're goneNo more barks filling up the roomOr watching you being cute as you yawnIt was a delight to have you in our livesAnd in our memories, you will live on by Pablo Neruda My dog has died. I buried him in the gardennext to a rusted old machine.Some day I'll join him right there,but now he's gone with his shaggy coat,his bad manners and his cold nose,and I, the materialist, who never believe in a heaven for all dogdomwhere my dog waits for my arrivalwaving his fan-like tail in friendship.Ai, I'll not speak of sadness here on earth, of having lost a companionwho was never servile. His friendship for me, like that of a porcupine withholding its authority, was the friendship for me, like that of a porcupine full of his hair or his mange, he never rubbed up against my kneelike other dogs obsessed with sex. No, my dog used to gaze at me, paying me the attention required to make a vain person like me understand that, being a dog, he was wasting time, but, with those eyes so much purer than mine, he'd keep on gazing at mewith a look that reserved for me aloneall his sweet and shaggy life, always near me, never troubling me, and asking nothing. Ai, how many times have I envied his tailas we walked together on the shores of the seain the lonely winter of Isla Negrawhere the wintering birds filled the skyand my hairy dog was jumping aboutfull of the voltage of the sea's movement: my wandering dog, sniffing awaywith his golden tail held high, face to face with the ocean's spray. Joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, as only dogs know how to be happy with only the autonomy of their shameless spirit. There are no good-byes for my dog who has died, and we don't now and never did lie to each other. So now he's gone and I buried him, and that's all there is to it. Anonymous From puppy dog eyesTo looking at me so wiseYou could sense whenever I was upsetAnd what I'll never forgetIs how you comforted me with your presenceYour little snout always reassuringIt would get me over whatever I was enduringWatching your tail wag awayWould get me through any bad dayI could always count on you being thereWhatever sadness I had, you would repairIt's amazing an animal has the abilityTo provide us with a state of tranquilityYou could always calm me downAnd not having you aroundWill be difficult to get used toYou were with me when you were smallAnd I watched with joy as you grewI loved you through it allAnd love you, I always will by John Updike She must have been kicked unseen or brushed by a car.Too young to know much, she was beginning to learnTo use the newspapers spread on the kitchen floorAnd to win, wetting there, the words, "Good dog! We thought her shy malaise was a shot reaction. The autopsy disclosed a rupture in her liver. As we teased her with play blood was filling her skinAnd her heart was learning to lie down forever. Monday morning, as the children were noisily fedAnd sent to school, she triedTo bite my hand and died. I stroked her warm furAnd my wife called in a voice imperious with tears. Though surrounded by love that would have upheld her, Nevertheless she sank and, stiffening, disappeared. Back home, we found that in the night her frame, Drawing near to dissolution, had endured the shameOf diarrhoea and had dragged across the floor To a newspaper carelessly left there. Good dog. by Noah M. Holland High up in the courts of heaven todaya little dog angel waits; with the other angels he will call for me."The other angels pass him by As they hurry toward the throne, And he watches them with a wistful eyeas he sits at the gates alone. "But I know if I just wait patiently that someday my master will call for me."And his master, down on earth below, as he sits in his easy chair, forgets sometimes, and whispers lowto the dog who is not there. And the little dog angel cocks his earsand dreams that his master's voice he hears. And when at last his master waitsoutside in the dark and cold for the hand of death to open the door, that leads to those courts of gold, he will hear a sound through the gathering dark, a little dog angel's bark. by Anonymous I will lend to you for awhile a puppy, God said, For you to love him while he lives and to mourn for him when he is gone. Maybe for 12 or 14 years, or maybe for 2 or 3But will you, till I call him backtake care of him for me?He'll bring his charms to gladden you and(should his stay be brief)you'll always have his memoriesas solace for your grief. I cannot promise that he will staysince all from Earth return, But there are lessons taught below I want this pup to learn. I've looked the whole world overin search of teachers true, And from the fold that crowd life's landI have chosen you.Now will you give him all your loveNor think the labor vain,nor hate me when I come to takemy pup back again? I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, They Will Be Done," For all the joys this pup will bringthe risk of grief you'll run.Will you shelter him with tenderness, Will you love him while you may? And for the happiness you'll knowforever grateful stay?But should I call him backmuch sooner than you've planned, please brave the bitter grief that comesand try to understand. If, by your love, you've managedmy wishes to achieve, In memory of him that you've loved, cherish every moment with your faithful bundle, and know he loved you too. Anonymous We didn't speak the same languageBut your ears would go upEvery time I said your nameAnd with your departureLife will never again be the sameIf I could bring you back I wouldAnd all the times I said I loved youI hope you understood The poems offer a nostalgic reflection on the special moments and memories we shared with our furry friends. These I miss my dog poems evoke the deep sense of love we feel for our dogs, even long after they have passed away. by John Jay Chapman Past happiness dissolves. It fades away, Ghost-like, in that dim attic of the mindTo which the dreams of childhood are consigned. Here, withered garlands hang in slow decay, And trophies glimmer in the dying rayOf stars that once with heavenly glory shined. But you, old friend, are you still left behindTo tell the nearness of life's yesterday? Ah, boon companion of my vanished boy, For you he lives; in every sylvan walkHe waits; and you expect him everywhere. How would you stir, what cries, what bounds of joy, If but his voice were heard in casual talk, If but his footstep sounded on the stair! by William Henry Venable He was only a dog, and a mongrel at that, And worthless and troublesome, lazy and fat, —Was Wag, who died yesterday night; Yet now that his barking forever is o'er, And his caudal appendage can waggle no more, His elegy I will indite. by Anonymous Forty years of varied weather(How the impish decades fly!)Since we lived our lives together, My dog and I.Forty years of thought and action. Failure, struggle, pain, success, Play and passion, friendship, faction, Curse me, and bless. Back through all the mess of living, —Time's commingled sun and fog, —Merry, faithful, fond, forgiving, I see my dog. He was one who knew no meanness,Nor the shadow of a lie;Lived we two in spirit-cleanness,My dog and I.He was one who, always sunny,Never knew an anxious thought;Counted glory, counted money,As less than nought.He was one who knew no otherPraise or blame than I might bring;I was father, I was brother,His judge and king!How we frolicked, single-hearted,Over meadows, through thr wood!How my frets and fears departed,And all was good!Not a word, yet that dear creature,By his bearing and his looks,Said in each expressive featureFar more than books.Forty years of varied going.Highway, byway, steady jog;Few men better worth the knowingThau that old dog.Few have been so loyal to me,Few have I so truly served, Few to hearts unfailing drew me, And never swerved. This memorial belated, Let it stand for men to see, Till in heaven, recreated, He bounds to me. by Justina M. Hoerner Remember all the bad. You stuck with me through everything, The best friend I have had. Through trving times you staved with me. You've sure improved my life.You cheered me up when I was down,Stuck with me through my strife.Think about the good stuff, too,Remember when we met?I knew that I could trust you,The best friend anyone could get.Why is it that good thingsNever seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. 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I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the met. I feel your presence,I seem to last?You try to think about the me hear your voice. Memories flood back to me, And I sit and rejoice Just know that I miss you. I never will forget the times I spent together With you, beloved pet. by Nancy Byrd Turner Only the human dead may lie In God's good acre wide and fair; Those of an humbler kind who die May not have shelter there: —Not Dan, who spent his lifetime in Such deep devotion, such warm trustToward man, -- 'twould seem there might have beenSome corner for Dan's dust; Not Chum, a little blind boy's guide, Not Mike, who raced on eager feetWhen school was out, to walk besideThe youngest on his street; No place for Jack who, neighbor-wise, Shared with a hungry cur his bone. Nor Pete, whose heart was in his eyesTo hear his master's tone; Nor Watch, who longed to range aroundWith brother dogs, but wanted mostTo keep good guard, — Watch, always foundFaithfully at his post; No place for Sam, too small to teachGreat lessons to, whose only artWas loving well one small lad, which He did, with all his heart; No room for Sandy down the road, Who never, through the whole long spanOf his good life transgressed the codeOf courteous gentleman. . . . Nor Max, who leapt a life to saveAnd lost his own, with peril near: Look somewherre else for Max's grave, The human dead lie here.\* \* \* Sleep well, you dead who never knewHumanity. The Love on highWho marks the faithful and the trueRemembers where by Larry E. Myers It wasn't the end of the world when she up and died, But I admit I had to talk a tear from sloshing over the side. The crow quit calling her names over his drifting shadow. Does anyone know where all the good dogs go? Brown eyes, big feet and a short tail, a biscuit's nightmare, she could follow any trail. A free roaming spirit, she feared no foe.Does anyone know where all the good dogs go?She scattered the squirrels and ran the rabbit.She shook the possum from his dreams and shooed the egret.Not a cat chase missed and she rolled the armadillo.Does anyone know where all the good dogs go?It must be a happy place, a place without a care.For a week or a month, I would like to visit her there.Dogs have no soul; some say it to be so. Then,does anyone know where all the good dogs go? by Robert Burns In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,Your heavy loss deplore;Now, half your din of tuneless soundWith Echo silent lies. by Anonymous Tribute to a Best Friend, Dog poems for kidsSaveImage: Image: ShutterstockSunlight streams through window pane onto a spot on the floor...then I remember, it's where you used to lie, but now you are no more. Our feet walk down a hall of carpet, and muted echoes sound...then I remember, it's where your paws would joyously abound. A voice is still. But I'll take that vacant spot of floor and empty muted hall, and lay them with the absent voice and unused dish along the wall. Report AdI'll wrap these treasured memories in a blanket of my love, and keep them for my best friend until we meet above. In conclusion, dog poems are a great way to express our love and appreciation. From funny poems to emotional ones, there is a poem for every dog lover. Whether you want to cherish the memory of a beloved pet or simply celebrate the joy that dogs bring to our lives, there is no shortage of dog poems to choose from. We hope that you have enjoyed reading this article and that it has inspired you to discover new dog poems to cherish. Don't hesitate to leave a comment and share your favorite poems for dogs are not uncommon. Loving dogs is a natural process and they are considered a member of the family. We have collected famous Unconditional Love Poems About Dogs . Let's enjoy them. My Dog By Daniel Turner Every time you look at me Brown eyes say, "I love you" When you're lying next to me Your snuggle says it too That soft brown skin's inviting smell I pull you to me tighter I hope you know, somehow can tell You make my days much brighter So playfully, you steal a kiss Like a child, I wipe my face What have I done to feel such bliss This gift of "amazing grace" Each day you show me in some way The meaning of true love For you my friend, each night I pray And thank The Lord above. Dog poems love unconditional \*\*\*\* -- \*\*\*\* My Best Friend By Abby Jenkins Black and white Thick and furry Fast as the wind Always in a hurry Couple of spots Rub my ears Always comes when his name he hears Loves his ball; it's his favorite thing What's most fun for him? Everything! Great big tongue that licks my face Has a crate, his very own space Big brown eyes like moon pies He's my friend till the very end! Dog poems to owners \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* BUTTERCUP By Don Johnson hope life is like a buttercup cos this old fool does care if i was there I'd kiss you but you might object "how dare" perhaps I shouldn't call the tune and bring you to my sight attraction brings the moth too soon if I don't employ it right patience like a cattle dog who lays there in the shade connected not, just like the frog before a prince was made Francine made me do it. Happy dog poems \*\*\*\* The Power Of The Dog By Rudyard Kipling There is sorrow enough in the natural way From men and women to fill our day; And when we are certain of sorrow in store, Why do we always arrange for more? Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware Of giving your heart to a dog to tear. When the fourteen years which Nature permits Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits, And the vet's unspoken prescription runs To lethal chambers or loaded guns, Then you will find-it's your own affair, But ... you've given your heart to a dog to tear. When the spirit that answered your every mood Is gone-wherever it goes-for good, You will discover how much you care, And will give your heart to a dog to tear. We've sorrow enough in the natural way, When it comes to burying Christian clay. Our loves are not given, but only lent, At compound interest of cent per cent. Though it is not always the case, I believe, That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve: For, when debts are payable, right or wrong, A short-time loan is as bad as a long, So why in-Heaven (before we are there) Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear? \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* What I'd Love Now to See By Andrea Dietrich My small way of showing anger for this year's circus of an election process: I recall when George Bush had to duck a thrown shoe, or he may have got struck. What I'd love now to see is some dog take a pee on that dump of a Trump. What a schmuck! \*\*\*\* \_\_-\*\*\*\* Dogs Go To Heaven By Megan Osburn You're the best friend I could ever ask for, The one I can talk to. You listen to everything I have to say; I'm really going to miss you. You're growing old And can't walk as fast, But don't you worry, I won't forget about our past. I love the comfort you offer, Except when you chewed up my shoe. But it's okay, we all make mistakes. I'm really going to miss you. We loved to play ball, Chasing it down the hill. You're the hairiest of them all, But you still get the chills. It's almost time to go. Don't worry about me. Just do it slow, And forget about all the fleas. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. I love you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you. 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I'm really going to miss you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you with all my heart, The best friend I'll ever have. I'm really going to miss you with at the adoption drop off, (I still loved him so) with folks that I'd entrusted (he was my dear friend) with his safe keeping. (He'd turned old and blind) His mournful howl followed me (when we let him go.) as i exited the door (How can my heart mend?) \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* Sandpaper and Phantom Rainbows By Gabrielle Jordan When I saw him last, He wore grey bananas on his feet He had a pirate's hat between his teeth Long last the man from Oliver Kitten arrived on the shores of my head How was he to bloom a white rose You have been back he said with a twirl of a red gem Yellow kittens for my pleasure, Only one black dog Keep roaring up the hill, don't stop Take the bottom off the wheel You won't need it soon You are on your way down The pink parade will catch your fall Dolphins everywhere Even under my old brown coat. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* When Farewell Must be Said By Lindsay Laurie I am gazing out across an empty land, there is not a thing that interests me. There is no happiness, in any tear I weep, for it's so hard to set your best friend free. Simply there's no choice in the time of life, for nothing born can claim eternity, so comes a time the head must rule the heart, but it's so hard to set your best friend free. Comfort is to reminisce about the past, and not dwell on what is a personal cost. I should be celebrating for the love we had; not mourning about what I have lost. \*\*\*\*--\*\*\*\* Sonnet Chiweenie Boo By Rob Carmack Your dad, a Dachshund once stuck in Chihuahua. The best of both in you, with that expectant Confusing carpets for the lawn enigma. I know....the raining....getting wet....you can't. As coldness chills the room, a sheet for you. The perfect tucking of in, but you moved! I ponder, just how crazy is my Boo? The sheet's thread count too low to be approved? Your dance in circles, spinning on the floor. In such a fury, choking on the snacks. I know what God's book says, I've searched it whole. But still, I hope you have a little soul. \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* After Christmas has come and gone. My spouse and I are tucked in bed, warm and cozy. Outside, white beauty coldly blankets our front lawn. Snickers, our new dog, sleeps peacefully between us. The cat creeps up beside me now. How I love her! How trusting are these creatures God gives us - how pure! Our cat lies down by Snickers. I hear her soothing purr. The visit with our daughter and her family was nice. With gifts, glad hearts and tummies full, we traveled home. More memories to cherish; the old year passes. In the moment - grateful - I finish with this poem. \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* Good Dogs go to Heaven By Fritz Purdum She had four long legs and a curved tail with a smile that made you happy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that made you happy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fun and sappy She had big ears and eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and ways that were fund as the eyes full of care and eyes full of care and eyes the blues and she always knew that I loved her too I miss her so Hard to let her go Good dogs go to Heaven she will be waiting for me at the Pearly Gates Peter will let us in She jumps with joy as I hug my friend asking with those big soft eyes trying to keep mine dry why are you so late it's hard for a dog to wait. \*\*\*\*-\_\*\*\*\* Where I Want To Go By Daniel Turner I'd love to buy a boat and sail the seas Just loaf and let the string of life unwind Drop anchor anytime or place I please To visit every island I can find I'd sail from cape to cape, from gulf to strait Each bay and channel up and down each coast My dog would be companion and first mate Most likely, he'd be sleeping at his post But every night we'd find a still lagoon Perhaps we row ashore and build a fire On first appearance, I'd harpoon the moon And hold him hostage until we retired A life at sea, beneath large wind filled sails With peaceful friends, the dolphins, gulls and whales. \*\*\*\* A Leash-Led Life By Jeffrey Leiser Down through the thicket, Over and across the forest bend, A tail sways, as the wind lifts leaves of red and yellow. Aside a pond kissed with moss, we take a long walk on a clear day, crawdads and minnows astir. With hind quarters stiffly creaking forward, he pants and sniffs at vibrant life before stopping to rest and regain. At the edge of the lake, he laps the fresh water, his fur glistening, hot to the touch. Back home, he gets a warm bath, the fragrance of his fur calling to mind memories of previous days. And as he sleeps, that labrador of love on four legs, I am thankful for the leash-led life. \*\*\*\* --\*\*\*\* WEDDING BELL BLUES By Julie Grenness The tradition of marriage, Bourgeois blackmail and baggage, Is it all a bargain for men, Is this what white weddings meant? All the love that is lost, And what is the ultimate cost? A divorce court pizza, Magistrate smirks like Mona Lisa, Four corners, one for each, Cats get the anchovies, Were white weddings all for phonies? When is the revolution? Blancmange brides for pollution, Bridesmaids-Little Bo Peeps on crack, Does society cut us some slack? We joined the bourgeoisie, All ends in tears and hypocrisy. \*\*\*\*\_-\*\*\*\*

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