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Thoughts of a Pent-Up Puppy

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"THOUGHTS OF A PENT-UP PUPPY"

A wagging tail,
Says welcome home.
Come play with me,
I've been alone.

I like to run
And fetch for you.
I'm sorry that
I chewed your shoe.

I will be good,
Won't even bite.
Just stay with me
And play tonight.

I miss you when
You close the door.
It makes me sad
And I get bored.

My boredom makes
Me spiteful and
I do some things
You reprimand.

I mean no harm
By what I do,
I only want
To be with you.

"THE LIFE OF MRS. G"

Sitting, staring into space
Evolving, everything in place
And snow falling crisp and light
Randomly endless, on this cold night
Call of desire loud in the dark
Honey is sweet in the games of light
Ice dripping, melting and wet
No change foreseen as of yet.
Great ambitions ever fading

Such is the present like see
Echoes of wishes grow in the
Actively reach to make a new
Replaced by summer's blister
Call of desire, drugs that aid
Hearing no answer from Heaven
Infant to elder and finding more
Naked the trees and dead the
Gone the chances; the snow fall

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