



Rosie

The shiny black nose nudges me
and the beloved ball,
sticky, nicely slimed,
appears at the top of my notebook.

The ball rolls slowly down
the paper raised on my knees,
distributing dampness as it goes,
re-arranging words as liquid loosens them.

Two brown eyes as large as love itself
stare with the skill of a professional hypnotist
as the wet nose rests
over my words.

Rosie, the collie dog,
with her white toothed smile
and seal black whiskers, who believes firmly
in the importance of play,
waves her tail in triumph
as I put down the white paper in surrender.

Jenny Methven