

Tarm

Walking along, your dog at my side
thinking of you.

The sun is warm
the breeze is winding my hair
and I wish you were here
to share this day with me.

Tarm is but a dog,
yet in him I see you.

His carefree manner,
his teasing way of making me laugh,
that outward fun-loving
which gives way to a deep wisdom,
his eyes that twinkle with mischief.

He is stronger, faster than me
just as you are.

But when i fall behind
he stops and waits -
looking back as if to say
"Hurry, we've gotta be home for dinner!"

And if I close my eyes
I see a crew-cut boy
with suntanned legs
and a dirty face calling
"Hurry, we've gotta be home for dinner!"