

OLD SLOW DOGS

Loose leash connecting us
we walk the streets of town,
no hurry and no fuss,
no worry and no frown.

Our pace is leisurely.
We pause, as all can see,
to mark most shrubbery
and every other tree.

We share a dual role
and each plays out his part
to reach our common goal:
To finish what we start.

Some wish we'd move along,
but hurrying is wrong
and we just set our speed
according to our need.

They cannot hurry me,
and cannot hurry him,
so we walk casually
according to our whim.

When comments come our way
we dismiss what they say
as only idle talk,
and just enjoy our walk.

by Lee Netzler