

PASSED BY

We sit politely to the side
without a sound as he growls by.
Since he might bite us if he tried,
we make no motion or reply.

He pulls and strains against the lead
as he goes menacingly past.
We eye each step with silent heed
until we're out of reach at last,
then breathe a sigh and heel away,
relieved we haven't been attacked.

We wonder how they got that way.
What was it dog or master lacked?
We couldn't tell if man or breed
was at the jerk end of the lead.

by Lee Netzler