

PATH FINDERS

We make a pair out on the trail.
I use my eyes, he trusts his nose.
I go by sight, he tracks by smell.
I speak by voice, he talks by tail.
When doubtful, I go where he goes.
Together we do very well.

At finding paths we seldom fail
relying on the routes he shows.
Though he can't speak, he sure can tell.
Were we to seek the Holy Grail
I'd put my faith in his keen nose
and trust that we'd do very well.

by Lee Netzler