

## STRUTTIN' OUR STUFF

We look out past the open door,  
scanning up and down the street.  
We're here to walk our route once more  
and step out boldly with six feet.

Our front porch steps mark his domain  
extending far as fragrance goes.  
His kingdom's size is in his brain  
with boundaries defined by nose.

He takes the lead with me behind.  
We're sharp as any marching band  
as we mark cadence with one mind;  
close order drill that's truly grand.

He trots out briskly down the walk  
in full command for all to see.  
Our proud parade makes people talk  
about our perfect unity.

He likes the walk, and so do I,  
and once a day is just enough  
to demonstrate, as we pass by,  
how much we love to strut our stuff.

*by* Lee Netzler