

WALKING PACE

The leash snaps taut as he struts out.
My arm absorbs his energy,
a brake-force that dispels all doubt
he needs to match his pace with me.

“Slow down, slow down, slow down,” I chide
to pointed ears not pointed here.
Insisting we walk side by side
to spare me bringing up the rear.

With some reluctance he obeys
and slackens pace. I breathe a sigh.
Although he hasn’t changed his ways
at least he’s starting to comply.

On future walks it’s up to me
to make it clear that what we need
is two to be in harmony
and moving at companion speed.

by Lee Netzler