

A VIGIL

They wait for masters and for mistresses
as patiently as when they went away.
They wait with eager eyes and wagging tails
for their companions to come home and play.

The dogs of nine eleven zero one
were orphaned on a sudden cruel day
and now they wait as Greyfriars' Bobby did,
as terrier-determined they will stay.

They wait with eager eyes and wagging tails
believing their long vigil will succeed.
It will. One day they'll see their friends again
and will be reunited with Godspeed.

Debris fields mark a place of loyalty.
The rubble pile forms a hopeful ridge,
an arch connecting present to the past.
It spans the faith of dogs: A rainbow bridge.

by Lee Netzler