

AUTUMN TRIBUTE TO A BIRD DOG

The leaves of autumn brighten and then fall.
I watch the colors change and can recall
the many times she sprinted out the door
impatient that we didn't hurry more.

She knew it was the perfect time of year
and seasons are unreasonably short.
She knew our time was now, our place was here,
and what she did would dictate our report.

By winter all the leaves have fallen down
and lost their brilliant colors, turning brown.
Remembering their glory is the test
that makes the days of autumn seem the best.

My memories replay what used to be.
I look across the rusting fields and see
no rising wing disturb the quiet sky.
Yet in my mind, the colored birds still fly.

by Lee Netzler