

GOOD TIMES

If you were two and I were twenty-two,
then once again through trial rings we'd trot
and strut our stuff the way we used to do,
if we were two and twenty-two; we're not.

If you were four and I were forty-four
no question that we'd both be on the go
out hiking trails the way we did before,
but four and forty-four were long ago.

If you were six and I were sixty-six,
yes, we'd be slower then, but never mind;
we'd still be pulling all of our old tricks.
But that was then; those days are far behind.

You're seven. I'm beyond three score and ten.
We'll never see those early years again,
but while we're living proof of dog and man
we'll take our walks as often as we can.

by Lee Netzler