

THE GREENWAY

O come, let's walk along the stream.
The path down there is almost flat,
the growth beside it pleasing green
where grasses weave a welcome mat.

I'll see your collar isn't snug,
make sure your leash has lots of slack,
so you can wander till I tug
to tell it's time for turning back.

The wind, like water, flows downhill.
We'll face it like a scenting hound
and sniff and snuff and snort our fill,
decoding smells from higher ground.

O come, let's take a greenway stroll
where you and I can slip away
to share the best part of the day
joined step for step and soul to soul.

by Lee Netzler