

Titus and Me

Titus a dog, me a man,
We were a couple,
Sure we were.
We talked together,
He and I,
He from the carpet,
Me from the chair.
He would look at me,
And I at him,
He would look away,
And so did I.
He'd breathe a sigh,
So did I, in a way I did.
He knew my mind,
No doubt of that.
And I, past that flat black head
Felt his thoughts, deep and grave,
On world politics, Iraq,
Human rights – what only human?
Well, that sort of thing.
But what interested us, really
Was what we ate together,
The smell of rain, the flight of clouds,
Squirrels up on the tree, the bird looking down,
Then a good cuddle, dog and man.
Life was good
While it lasted.