

The Puppy

The puppy is staring out of my birthday card,
Begging to be played with, using his sweet eyes.
He wants to run, throw a ball, a stick.
So I put on my coat, ready to take him out,
And he leaps up for joy, as I attach the leash
And open the door. It is snowing outside,
He goes bounding up ahead, and I have to pull him back,
As I shut the door behind me.
As I walk, he tries to pull ahead
But I pull on the leash again,
He comes to heel, and we walk sedately side by side,
To the park, where I will throw a stick
And he will run to fetch it, his favourite game.