

fur black like laughing at fear.

securing the fence line,  
Now, I watch another fearless pet  
could uncollapse my heart.

the endearing, unconditional love  
Only the memories of her canine antics,  
disguised as a summer breeze.

And so death sauntered in the gate  
She yowls, *Not now. Danger's near.*  
whisper *good girl* into alert ears.

I begin to brush her gallant fur,  
and suspect spaniels.  
the presence of roustabout cats

in ruffs and woofs,  
She will surely report back  
fur white like bearing witness to risk.

compacting the path around the fence line,  
I can still picture her, there,

**LAUGHING AT FEAR**

\* *Welsh legend has it that Corgis are  
gifts from fairies and elves.*

Mary C. Mueller © 2010

Will return you to the fairies' heart of mirth.  
But I, a human cruelly tied to earth  
are enchanted mirrors of devotion's keen desire.

Your smile. Those eyes framed in princely Kohl  
Your ears attuned to sprites' chatter inspire  
Your leash. Such countenance demands my soul.

Guff command. Like a blind shepherd I grip  
The heels of indolent sheep, heeds the queen's  
I know your nature runs to the herds, nips

The shoes in which I will not walk again.  
Forget the past – no harm the shredded gloves,  
To lure a kiss, sweet treats of rice and lamb.

That offers gifts, faint morsels, tricks of love  
No, I do not blush nor retract the hand

**SONNET TO A CORGI**

Deborah R. Barchi © 2009

pricking the quilt  
with his carpet tack claws,  
shredding the convoluted cords  
that bind me to my dreams.

Through slotted eyes  
he watches  
Breathing in lockstep  
my cat and I drowse

in the sun-spilled room.  
Breathing in lockstep  
my cat and I drowse

**SLEEPING WITH THE CAT**

Kara Provost © 2010

for our bones.  
I feel such affection  
woman, man,  
hedghog, coral, flower,

of the same stuff:  
After all, we are made  
newly from the oven.  
like that bread

or a stone, but warm  
as a dense loaf of farm bread  
heavy in my hands  
with stiff short-quilled fur,

little hedghog  
I want to hold you,  
like that bread  
or a stone, but warm

**BONDS**



This book is a tribute to  
all pets  
with the hope that  
they may be rescued, nurtured,  
and enjoy their  
**creature comforts.**



**The Origami Poem Project**

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*Please Recycle To A Friend*

**CRUMB COUNT**

The old bird dog stands her ground  
before the cupboard,  
toenails gripping, stick legs splayed out  
over scratched linoleum.

She lowers her muzzle,  
the color of lumpy Oreos in milk,  
to nuzzle for droppings  
from Mother Hubbard's treats.

Though never gentle with cookies,  
she'd always been tidy.

Now she leaves half behind.  
She's an old girl

I can't count her years exactly,  
but I can count the crumbs.



Mary Ann Mayer © 2010

**PUPPY RESCUED**

She fits in a tennis shoe, size 9,  
and needs pillows to reach the couch.  
She's too quiet for a puppy  
and eats so much we think she'll explode.

Bought as a gift  
for a wife who just gave birth.  
Puppy in the basement, crated in the corner.  
Baby in the cradle, mother tired all the time.

No wonder the puppy was returned  
and preferred to wait at the pound  
along with other furry creatures  
until wanted & comforted & not alone.



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