

Little Dog

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My mind is like a little dog
Walking with me in the woods.
Sniffs at this or that—
What is it? No words tell me.
Sometimes finds a bite to eat,
Maybe an old taco.
Sometimes barks.
Looking, I don't see a thing.
Bounds off, circles back, wagging.
When I sit it nuzzles me,
Loves it when I scratch its head.
Lives fast, in shining movement,
Not that long. But I don't either.
No meaning to be spoken, even silently.
No thought to spoil the sport of being.