

I can still picture her, there,  
 compacting the path around the fence line,  
 fur white like bearing witness to risk.  
 She will surely report back  
 in ruffs and woofs,  
 the presence of roustabout cats  
 and suspect spaniels.  
 I begin to brush her gallant fur,  
 whispers *good girl* into alert ears.  
 She yowls, *Not now. Danger's near.*  
 And so death sauntered in the gate  
 disguised as a summer breeze.  
 Only the memories of her canine antics,  
 the endearing, unconditional love  
 could uncollapse my heart.  
 Now, I watch another fearless pet  
 securing the fence line,  
 fur black like laughing at fear.

**LAUGHING AT FEAR**

No, I do not blush nor retract the hand  
 That offers gifts, faint morsels, tricks of love  
 To lure a kiss, sweet treats of rice and lamb.  
 Forget the past – no harm the shredded gloves,  
 The shoes in which I will not walk again.  
 I know your nature runs to the herds, nips  
 The heels of indolent sheep, heeds the queen's  
 Guff command. Like a blind shepherd I grip  
 Your leash. Such countenance demands my soul.  
 Your ears attuned to sprites' chatter inspire  
 your smile. Those eyes framed in princely Kohl  
 are enchanted mirrors of devotion's keen desire.  
 But I, a human cruelly tied to earth  
 Will return you to the fairies' heart of mirth.

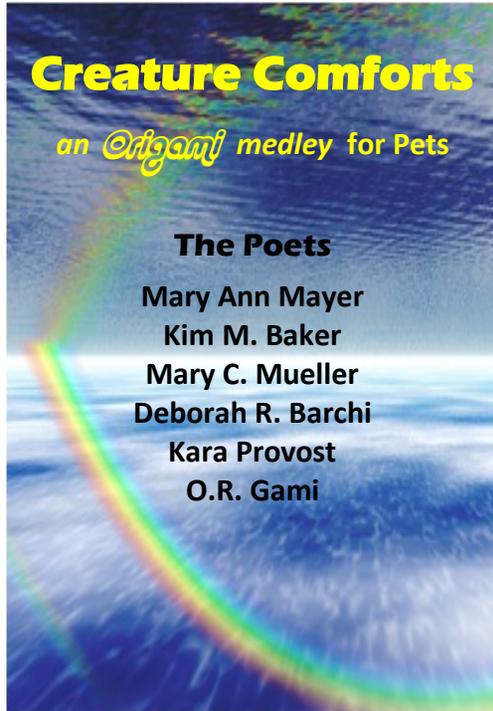
**SONNET TO A CORGI**

Breathing in lockstep  
 my cat and I drowse  
 in the sun-spilled room.  
 Through slotted eyes  
 he watches  
 pricking the quilt  
 with his carpet tack claws,  
 shredding the convoluted cords  
 that bind me to my dreams.

**SLEEPING WITH THE CAT**

I want to hold you,  
 little hedgehog  
 with stiff short-quilled fur,  
 heavy in my hands  
 as a dense loaf of farm bread  
 or a stone, but warm  
 like that bread  
 newly from the oven.  
 After all, we are made  
 of the same stuff:  
 hedgehog, coral, flower,  
 woman, man.  
 I feel such affection  
 for our bones.

**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**

[www.origamipoems.com](http://www.origamipoems.com)  
[origamipoems@gmail.com](mailto:origamipoems@gmail.com)

*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.

♥  
 O.R. Gami © 2010

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

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