

FROM OUR PORCH

Sitting on our sunny
mountain porch with
our cat, my mind
slips a cog & I
see she & I
as brother & sister.
It is peaceful
a little snow
on the ground,
a smell of wood smoke
in the clear air,
the whine of a dog
anxious to join us.

BUFFER WAITS

Buffer waits patiently.
His eyes don't
leave me. Right
now he's lying
on his bellie
behind my rocking
chair, eyes drilling
my back. He's
getting old but
still harbors hope
for one more great
adventure with
his human friend.

MARKS

Buffer rides to the track
with me 7:30 most
mornings. He stays in
truck with a rawhide
chewy while I walk
three miles. He has an
old parachute shroud
to keep him warm.
Before the 12th lap
I let him out & he
runs around with me,
stopping to mark
a spot about
every 50 yards.