

Tribute To A Best Friend



Sunlight streams through window pane
unto a spot on the floor....

then I remember,
it's where you used to lie,
but now you are no more.

Our feet walk down a hall of carpet,
and muted echoes sound....

then I remember,
It's where your paws would joyously abound.

A voice is heard along the road,
and up beyond the hill,
then I remember it can't be yours....
your golden voice is still.
But I'll take that vacant spot of floor
and empty muted hall
and lay them with the absent voice
and unused dish along the wall.
I'll wrap these treasured memorials
in a blanket of my love
and keep them for my best friend
until we meet above.

— Author Unknown

