

Eulogy for My Dog

Shawn Robinson

To the world you're now the dying
Words quite meaningless to love
We benefit in trying
Regardless what's above

A hopeful noteless endless time
Eternal beds of white
Hopeless, noting ends I find
Our line of finite nights

Take me back to childhood, then
The licks, your car ride home
For you, I'd do it all again
Just don't make me go alone

But sleep, long meek, has come at last
Rest now and till the end
stars or earth—the coming pass
Goodbye my little friend