

Hugs of a Loved One

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Submitted: February 27, 2005

Updated: February 27, 2005

This is a poem about my late dog that I wrote for school. I cried so hard when I wrote it. Hope you enjoy!

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

Hugs of a Loved One

She looked up at me, and I bent down.

As we embraced, I stroked her fur.

It was warm, black felt against my fingers,

Comforting my soul.

I moved and her red, coarse collar collided with my cheek,

She moved and her moist nose nuzzled my face.

I looked into her eyes.

They were like stars with their golden glow.

My mind would not let those eyes go.

Slurp-slop went her tongue as it slid across my face.

I giggled and she wagged her tail.

We shared such joy in our first hug.

With time she grew and so did I,

Our hugs grew less and less.

I became a worker bee over time.

She looked at me with wanting eyes,

But I was too busy to note them.

She got feeble,

Forgot who I was,

And I felt pity for her.

The day then came to put her down,

And as we drove into town

I knew her end was near.

I hugged her before she took that shot,

She looked at me, confused.

I told her to say hello to her relatives in heaven for me,

And with that I had to leave.

When I came back the dog I knew was gone,

All that was left was the shell of her spirit.

I sat in the truck as we drove down the dirt road,

Tears pouring down my face.

I thought back to when it all began,

And then I longed for that first embrace.