

Bond

Her shallow panting can be heard throughout the house.
When I hear it, it makes me feel safe. I know that I'm not alone.
One lashed eye is open. At all times I am under her watchful and protective gaze.

She acts as if I'm her child, mother, sister and friend.

Mornings are warm, I have no alarm, only her to nudge my back and kiss my face until I give in to her demands.

In my dreams, she appears as a dark headed child with infinite wisdom, she has the answers to all my problems.

Sometimes, when she is completely asleep, she softly barks and moves her legs in a running motion as if she is chasing unseen wild game.

During the summer, she loves to sunbathe. When cold weather comes, her coat is plush and soft. I cuddle into her for warmth.

When hard times hit, she lets me cry into her fur. She sits still until I'm out of tears.

She shares my happiness and excitement during the good times. Her long bushy tail subtly moves.

The once definite markings on her face fade more every year. She ages and I wish I could stop time.

Amanda Star Cline