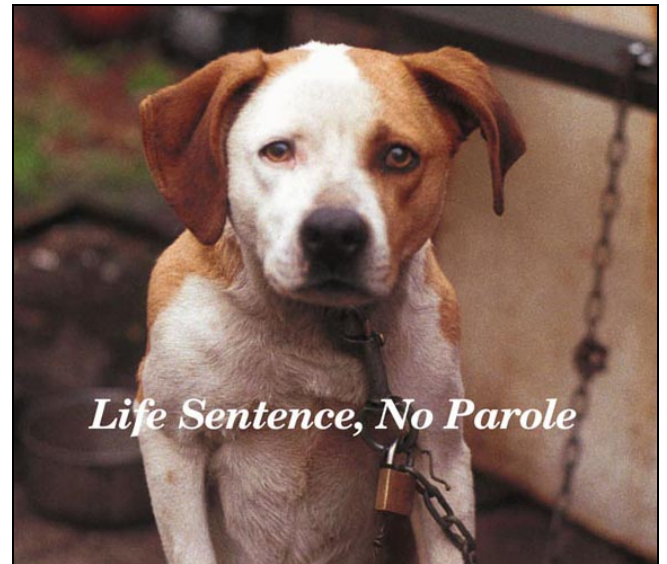


Chained Dog's Plea

I wish someone would tell me
What it is that I've done wrong.
Why do I have to stay chained up
And left alone so long?
They seemed so glad to have me
When I came here as a pup.
There were so many things we'd do
While I was growing up.
But now the Master "hasn't time"
The Mistress says I shed.
She doesn't want me in the house,
Not even to be fed.
The Children never walk me.
They always say, "Not now."
I wish that I could please them.
Won't someone tell me how?
All I had, you see, was love.
I wish they would explain
Why they said they wanted mine,
And then left it on a chain.



-- By Edith Lassen Johnson

Do I Go Home Today?

by Sandi Thompson

My family brought me home
cradled in their arms.
They cuddled me and smiled at me,
and said I was full of charm.

They played with me and laughed with me.
They showered me with toys.
I sure do love my family,
especially the girls and boys.

The children loved to feed me,
they gave me special treats.
They even let me sleep with them --
all snuggled in the sheets.

I used to go for walks,
often several times a day.
They even fought to hold the leash,
I'm very proud to say.

They used to laugh and praise me,
when I played with that old shoe.
But I didn't know the difference
between the old ones and the new.

The kids and I would grab a rag,
for hours we would tug.
So I thought I did the right thing
when I chewed the bedroom rug.

They said that I was out of control,
and would have to live outside.
This I did not understand,
although I tried and tried.

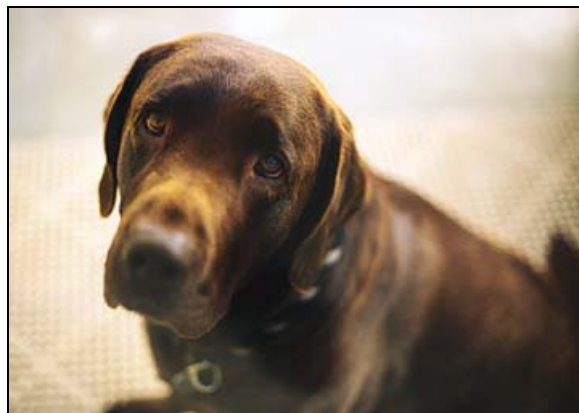
The walks stopped, one by one;
they said they hadn't time.
I wish that I could change things,
I wish I knew my crime.

My life became so lonely,
in the backyard on a chain.
I barked and barked all day long,
to keep from going insane.

So they brought me to the shelter,
but were embarrassed to say why.
They said I caused an allergy,
and then kissed me goodbye.

If I'd only had some classes,
as a little pup.
I wouldn't have been so hard to handle
when I was all grown up.

"You only have one day left,"
I heard the worker say.
Does this mean a second chance?
Do I go home today?



I'm Nobody Important

The sun spirited away my last drop of water,
Fed it to an already-fat cloud.
I run 'round the pole once to shake my rage.
My paws pound my own stink into the already putrid earth.

But I'm nobody important.
I'm just a chained dog.

A kid threw a big stone at me as he passed by.
Only attention I've had all day,
So I was kinda glad,
But even gladder that he missed.
I run again 'round that pole,
A second whirl to let off steam.
The chain catches my leg
And I'm down.



"SHUT UP!" they yelled from the big house.
I still won't stop crying.
The heat covers me
Like a blanket covers a fire.

But I'm nobody important.
I'm just a chained dog.

-- By Barbara E. Rosen