

Even the Dog

by Carole Gauntlett

Leaves can be those that spiral from trees
That good Dads are raking and then just to tease,
Call on the kids to come out to the pile
To help with the bagging – but after jumping a while.
They'll bury each other in the dry, crunchy heap
And even the dog will enjoy a good leap.

Leaves can be steeped into cups of hot tea
Served with sweet scones in the yard neath a tree.
Use your best china when Gramma's your guest
The dear lovely lady deserves the best.
And even the dog will enjoy a nice scone
It's almost as exciting as getting a bone.

A leaf can be part of a table's extension
To accommodate guests you'd forgotten to mention.
We'll all rally round the table as one
And count our blessings as we join in the fun.
And even the dog will enjoy a nice scrap
He'll say "thanks" by putting his head in your lap.

"To leave" can be things that I give to my heirs
And though it's not much, it all will be theirs.
As they "leaf" through my things, I hope they're not stuck
But find something to treasure and consider as luck.
And even the dog will find he's rewarded
When someone discovers all the biscuits I've hoarded.

You can leaf through a book to find the right page
And locate the quote from your favorite sage.
We'll all listen closely as you read it aloud
And even the dog will listen and be proud.

Leaves can be granted by military brass
And each soldier or sailor will treasure his "pass."
To escape for a while from the heat and the drills.
And find respite from danger and other war's ills.
And even the dog's been sad while they roam
No one's more excited for them to come home.