



Chief Martin

January 23, 2026

A Tail of loyalty

There it is, your hair on the floor.
I already vacuumed,
but I'll do it once more.

I walk to the barn,
you following in tow,
anticipation for the run
and how fast you'll go.

Snout to the sky,
something pulls at the wind.
You vanish to the woods
to go see your friend.

Annoyed, I sit waiting
for your return,
then I spot you in the distance,
no longer concerned.

The sadness you carried,

bellowing in your eyes,
when I'd make my departure
and we'd say our goodbyes.

But it was never for long.
When I came back,
I'd see you in the window,
your silhouette in black.

Excited to see me
as I'd open the door,
you'd knock me right over,
take me to the floor.

You'd shower me with love,
drown me in kisses.
There is nothing more sweet
than moments like this is.

The school bus would come,
you'd run down the drive,
so happy to see
the small humans arrive.

Those muddy paw prints
on the glass sliding door
will stay a little longer
than they have before.

You kept us all safe
when the mailman would come,

alerting us loud
with a bark like a gun.

These are the things
I choose not to forget
the quiet loyalty,
the love that we met.

Not the ending, the ache,
or the pain yet to come,
but the life that you lived.
We had a good run.

Every breath that you gave
you were never just mine.
You were more than a dog.
You were one of a kind.

K.M.