

For A Jack Russell Terrier

Run for the joy of it, small white dog!
Clown white dog
With a mask of sable
Rump like a pony and cat-small feet.

Run to the song of the wind above;
Run for the rush of the air beneath,
Leaping through drifts of the dry oak leaves,
Starting at wings that whir overhead.

Run to the sound of a horn long still;
Run for the scent of a phantom fox.
Dream to the beat of the pounding hooves,
Drumming you on to your destiny.

Run for your ancestors, small white dog,
Clown white dog
With a mask of sable.
Run for the memory - run, run, run!

Sydney Eddison