

# Walk

Excited to enjoy the outspread sky  
Unleashed, his rampant glee in speed expressed,  
On scent-laced trail of life-affirming joy  
He pauses, sniffs, resumes his eager quest

Then spies the distant sea. He's gone. No sign.  
No whistle brings him back. Yet he knows well  
I'll find him in the rattling beach's brine  
And chuck wee stones for chasing through the swell.

Reluctant to consent to homeward trudge  
Wet through and cold, he follows as I climb.  
He's grateful for the warming rough-towelled rub,  
And careful brush grooms out the coated grime.

Exhausted, he's crashed out. I watch him twitch  
And dream of walks, which both our lives enrich.

*Chris Adie*