

## **Tribute to Tasha**

I look out over  
The frostbitten garden  
And face autumn  
And the sound of  
The wind weeping,  
That wind blown from  
The deserts of mistrust.  
Wind ruffles Tasha's fur  
As she rests at my feet,  
Blue eyed,  
Thick furred.  
How I love her.  
Oh yes, she is only a dog,  
Only a dog,  
And there is no person  
Like her,  
Like Tasha  
Lying at my feet,  
Keeping me safe,  
Holding my gaze  
With her own.

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