

Gold Key Award – Regional Level - Poetry

“My Dog and I”
By Courtney S., Delaware

My dog and I
lie in the summer grass,
cool, nighttime, summer grass,
and stare up to the sky.

I look at him,
with his hazel hound eyes,
and they look back
at my stormy greys.

I pet him,
combing the soft fur
this way
and that,
until it's wavy,
like a Chessie,
and not a hound.
He doesn't mind.
He's happy
to be whatever I want,
as long as he's with me.

We look up at the gossamer sky,
and howl,
singing to the moon and stars.
We tell them
what it's like here on earth,
how people search for life's meaning,
and never think
that it's right before their
eyes.

We ask them
what it's like up there,
if it's lonely
being so far apart.
They tell us
that it isn't
because they've never known
togetherness.

My dog and I
lie in the summer grass,
cool, nighttime, summer grass,
and stare up to the sky.