

By Natalie Brown

The first day I saw you, was the first time I fell in love.
Not the love you feel for a lover, but the love that you feel for a dog

IN the eyes of a child, you were all I had.
While I was being hurt and crying from fear of other children.
You were there to comfort me and make me not sad.

When we would play, you were the one to be my partner, as I dress you up and play around the house.

Every time father would scream, you were there, every time mother would cry, you were there.

You are my childhood.

Here you are now, growing old and weary.
Here I am, growing and thriving.

The more I grow, the more I understand about life.
The more you grow, the closer your life comes to an end.

The fear of losing you one day is so real, its scarier than death itself.
A nightmare.

Standing in the vet, petting you while you whimper as your blind eyes wander the people around you as lights start to fade.
All you can hear is me. Your person, telling you that you are the best dog anyone could ask for, and everything will be okay.
You let out your last breath and she cries.
You're gone, and so her childhood dies.

The nightmare ends as I lay in my bed and ponder on the thought of losing my best friend. I cry as you comfort and take my fear away.
We lay, and take the time we have.
As my childhood will soon come to an end.