

## Longing

Norma Elliott

Dreaming of tall, smelly lampposts and bright red fire  
Hydrants,  
Visions of squirrels slowing down enough to be caught  
By their flickering tails,

The dog's life in the 21st century is, to put it mildly,  
Better.

Their poop is analyzed like the fine wines of the Napa  
Valley. Too hard. Too mushy.  
Needs more pumpkin. Needs more pumpkin?

Memories of my childhood spaniel float by.  
Queenie, forced to get by on table scraps, suffered from  
Concussions from baseball bats flung throughout the air  
And landing on her head.

Years after Queenie passed, I could definitely hear her  
Long nails scraping as she painfully climbed up the stairs  
With her arthritis. Now I would give anything to ease her  
Pain. Give me those 21st century remedies.