

A HALF A DOG HIGH

A dachshund is my choice for a pet
I bought a puppy named Teddy
He has had several cousins
His favorite is one named Freddy

The pet's color is mostly black
There's not a speck of red
At night Teddy gets tired
A cage becomes his bed

A regular activity is running outdoors
Teddy gives chase to Betsy Bunny
Who will out run whom?
Betsy doesn't think it is funny

Most dogs enjoy getting rewards
Our pet loves getting his treat
Is the gift made of rawhide?
No, the dog prefers meat

A special shelf holds pet supplies
Teddy smells a vanilla bone
His bark suggests he wants it now
He prefers to chew it alone

I love to sit down and relax
Sometimes the rest becomes a snooze
It's Teddy's chance to search for mischief
Without looking hard, he finds my shoes

At age nine, our pet is full grown
He is a half a dog high
And a dog and a half long
It looks to be a long way up to the sky

At times I may moan and groan
Sometimes all I do is fret
All in all the hassle is worth it
I am glad Teddy is our pet

-By Jo Ann Benisch, Stoughton, WI

Note: This poem was printed in the October 2020 Yahara Senior News