

Pet Loss Poetry
At
winstoncrogers.net

Poetry

Inspired by
and
Dedicated to
Winston "Winnie" Rogers
1991 - 2003



Death leaves a heartache
only time can heal;
Love leaves the memories
time can never steal.



I'm Free

*Don't grieve for me,
for now I'm free
I've left behind some misery.
My days of youthful agility
Were no longer a possibility.
My weak joints and cloudy eyes,
Were longing for the heavenly skies.
Before I lost all dignity
You let me enter eternity.
Don't grieve for me,
You've set me free,
Just remember how I used to be!*



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Perpetual Care

*You came to our home
It was August, ninety-one,
A fox terrier with wire hair
And cuddly as a teddy bear.
A puppy just three months old
You were such a sight to behold.
You'd always find something to steal
In hopes to play "Let's make a deal."
But this was always done with charm
As you never really intended harm.
It was just your energetic way
As you always wanted to play.
Even when you were all grown up
Deep inside you remained a pup.
And after years of being together,
Going out in all kinds of weather,
Sleeping on my bed at night,
Having you in constant sight,
I took for granted you'd never grow old
Until reality began to unfold.
Then came two thousand-three,
The year you entered eternity.
As we said I final goodbyes
The tears fell from my eyes;
I was losing my four-legged friend
And your life on earth came to an end.
Although from our lives you are gone,
The memories of you will linger on.
There's a website on the Internet
For all those dear departed pets.
Is it dot net, dot com or dot gov?
For you my friend, it should be dot love.
Your little spirit now has a home
It's at rainbowsbridge.com,
It's a tribute and a memorial
For our canine so adorable;
And dear Winston, do not despair,
For you there is perpetual care.*



Presence of Essence

*I wake in the morning
with a sense of longing,
I wish you about
As I walk our route,
With a squeaky in my pocket
That is now my locket.
I feel your essence
I miss your presence.*

*Your toys in the room
have an aura of gloom,
Your bedding now cold
from lack of your hold,
The biscuits that I bought
they remain in their spot.
I feel your essence
I miss your presence.*

*The sound of your brush
now forever is hushed,
Your leash remains still
but against my will,
The sound of your pant,
Hear it!, I can't.
I feel your essence
I miss your presence.*

*Your bark of protection
Your inquisitive expressions,
Your affection licks,
Your mischievous tricks,
These all comprise your aura of essence,
Oh, how I miss your four-legged presence!*



Poetic Spirit

*The four-legged friend of a devoted master
Shall keep on giving forever after.
His unflinching love and appreciation
The master hugs to his heart with much admiration.
And when his friend has gone up above,
What the master has is memories of love.
In his heart he holds a special place,
For his pet who brings a smile to his face.
And he finds himself composing rhyme,
After all, it gets him through grieving times.
But more than that, it's a gift he was given
The day his friend departed for Heaven.
There's a nudging urge to share this gift
With others who need a spiritual lift.
So he sends his "masterpiece" via the net,
To others that grieve for a very dear pet.
Perhaps they share the very same feelings,
And hopes to help them through the healing.
And so it goes, the gift that keeps giving,
Is my cherished pet who is no longer living.
But, his spirit lives on in the heart of me,
You see, it is he who brings you this poetry!*



Consent Given

*You count the weeks, it is now number eight,
Your thoughts of me have not faded to date;
So I bring this sweet little rhyme your way,
There are just a few things I need to say.
I'll keep it simple and I won't fret,
After all, I was just the family pet.
To begin, I never had to work for a meal,
Who wouldn't think that's a great deal?
For me, the dinner hour was such a treat,
As you'd always share a piece of your meat.
And even throughout all your busy days,
You would always find time for me to play.
I never had to sleep out in the cold,
Instead, it was always close to your hold,
Then, in summer you helped keep me cool
With one of those little kiddie pools.
And even when I did a naughty duty,
A minute later I was still your cutie,
Oh, I would get a whole lot of joy,
From all those wonderful squeaky toys.
And the times I would lay across your lap
You'd run your hands up and down my back.
Now, I can't help you were too blind to see
The love and caring you endowed upon me.
But now that I'm gone, all I can give,
Are memories of me in your hearts to live.
So, until we can be together again,
You should find another fox terrier friend!
And he too will be as lucky as me
I know you'll care for him tenderly.*

Cozy Home

*Your loving little creature has left you all alone,
Suddenly without him it's a much less cozy home.
Do you feel you need some company?
Someone to share your misery?
Then let me lead you on
Just go to rainbowsbridge.com.
You can make your pet a resident
Or read the notes others have sent,
There's even pet loss counseling
And certainly lots of consoling.
Now whichever you decide,
I know that you will find,
In your grief you're not alone;
You have found a cozy home.*



Innocent Spirit

*It's three months you've been gone
And still in this home you belong.
I may not see you in sight
But I sure do feel your light.
Even though I do not hear your sound
It's your spirit so softly around!
I truly believe you're up above
And every day you send me a dove
To warm my mind and my heart
Even though we are worlds apart.
Your innocent spirit is like a sweet wine
That kisses my heart time after time.*



How Lucky

So many thoughts have been inspired
By the loss of a pet from earth retired.
My mind and heart still hug him within
That's why I write these words about him.

For even though he has gone away
The memories like music continue to play.

The music I hear is ever so sweet
With a comforting, soft and soothing beat.
Like the angelic voice of Sarah Brightman
Thoughts of him and my mood just lightens.

The thought of him brings twinkling eyes
The thought of him turns frowns to smiles.

I look at his picture upon my desk,
I think to myself he was the best!
So lucky was I to have such a pet
So lucky was I the two of us met.



Subliminal Love

Your furry pet has such simple needs,
You provide him water, perhaps gourmet feed.
At night he gets to sleep on a bed
Maybe his own or yours instead.
During the day you provide recreation,
For this he shows such dedication.
You soon discover for these basic deeds,
In return your commands he gladly heeds.
Now this furry beast brings you much delight
As he follows you around morning 'til night.
So you keep him away from unknown dangers,
While he protects you from unwanted strangers.
Then he teaches you his very own language,
As he expresses his needs with little anguish.
And the days become weeks, they turn into years
With your devoted pet for whom you do care.
As he helps you leave your worries behind,
He's a comforting part of your daily grind.
And over the years he's become so habitual,
Your love for him there but only subliminal.
But the day he departs for the heavens above
Is the day you discover the depth of your love.



FAREWELL BRIDGE

My tired body was showing its wear,
As I slowly hobbled up the stairs.
Under my rump your hand you'd place
Climbing the stairs with a little more grace.
My dragging paws caused nails to bleed
You bought me booties - such a kind deed!
No more days of jumping on your bed
The floor brought more comfort to me instead.
And the increasing accidents in the house
The loss of control made me feel like a louse.
For even though my mind still keen
Better times this furry body had seen.
Gone were the days of youthful mobility
Replaced instead with waning dignity.
From you my distress I could not hide
A witness to my diminishing pride.
The gloom was there; we both could tell
Within our sight was the Bridge of Farewell.
With cloudy eyes I gave you my plea
Muster the courage, would you do this for me?
This body now aching for my spirit to be freed
Be not burdened with guilt for this kind deed.
Although the time has come, say not goodbye
For my spirit will soar back down from the sky.
From there like a magnet it will come along
To dwell where my body once made its home.
Although my body must leave, say not goodbye
For my spirit in this home will remain alive.
And as long as you shall think me there
My spirit and you shall remain ever near!

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Special Place

We each have a dear departed pet
and send mail to people we never met,
To let them know we share their sorrow
and there will be a brighter tomorrow.
The pain in our hearts may go away,
but the memories will forever stay.
One day you'll look up to the sky so blue
and say to your friend who was so true:
"For you my heart holds a special place,
you always bring a smile to my face!"





Gold

January 25th is when we brought him home
At nine weeks old, too small for a bone.
But he gained a pound every week
This pup gregarious, not shy or meek.
It didn't take long to teach him 'sit'
And in the neighborhood he's quite a hit.
Being a dog he loves to play
Better than learning how to stay.
Now all in all for six months old
He's earned the silver, soon to be gold!



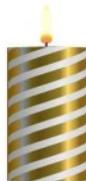
Beasley



Untethered

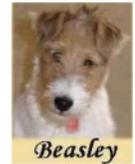
Our fox terrier Beasley just 22 months old,
Met a fate of sadness too chilling and bold!
Our cherished Beasley unwittingly got loose;
And suddenly encountered a metallic moose;
A machine too powerful for him to overcome
Our Beasley ran into and quickly succumbed.

For few fleeting moments untethered and free,
He had little knowledge of the dangers to be!
Then blunt force trauma to his beautiful head,
Where are the wounds? How can he be dead?
And so from our lives he was tragically torn
But left us his spirit to keep our hearts warm.



Winnie

Two Fox Terriers



Beasley

First there was Winnie; he's gone above
Now there is Beasley; he too is loved.
These two fox terriers with wire hair;
Certainly have traits to be compared.
How Winnie could bark incessantly;
Thank goodness Beasley barks sparingly.
He loves the children; they are the best,
But Winnie found them unwanted guests.
Winnie went crazy over the water hose;
Beasley hears it and remains composed.
Chasing you down the stairs was play,
But Beasley won't follow when told to stay.
While Winnie would chew his toys apart,
Upholstery is dearer to Beasley's heart.
And so is chewing on books and paper
While Winnie's attitude was see you later.
The vacuum cleaner Winnie would chase,
Makes Beasley seek a hiding place.
Winnie would always settle in at night
But Beasley like a child can put up a fight.
Just like Winnie, Beasley loves to steal
And he prefers the table food for a meal.
Winnie's hair was curly; Beasley's is straight,
But they share that delightful fox terrier gait.
These eight canine paws so different yet alike,
Beasley like Winnie is a sweet spice in life!

