

Just a Pet  
by Linda S. Paslov, Ed.D.

I'd write my poems with Javier  
Pressed tightly by my side.  
I'm not so sure he was aware  
Of the muse-role he'd provide.

I'd craft some lines and count aloud  
The rhythmic beats therein.  
My fingers tapped as words I mouthed  
Ensuring rhymes within.

Like clockwork, though, my goofy bun  
Staged protests, oh so grand!  
He'd snatch my work of art and run;  
Attention he'd demand.

"You need to stop!" he seemed to say,  
"I need a snack and love!"  
I'd laugh and take the poem away  
And thank the stars above.

A blessing is when moms and dads  
Of pets, both large and small,  
Discover what these souls do add  
To wellness overall.

So, when I grieve the bitter loss  
Of life gone way too soon  
Please listen to the words I toss  
And to my mood attune.

For those who try to quell my grief  
And tell me to forget –  
My Javier, that heartstring thief,  
Was more than just a pet.