Though his mother and her dog are now gone, Bruce Guernsey of Bethel brings them back in today’s poem -- an odd couple, perfectly matched.

The Lady and the Tramp
by Bruce Guernsey

As my mother’s memory dims,
she’s losing her sense of smell
and can’t remember the toast
blackening the kitchen with smoke
or sniff how nasty the breath of the dog
that follows her yet from room to room,
unable, himself, to hear his own bark.

It’s thus they get around,
the wheezing old hound stone deaf
baying like a smoke alarm
for his amnesiac mistress, whose back
from petting him is bent forever
as they shuffle towards the flaming toaster
and split the cindered crisp that’s left.

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