

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

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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