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## An Ode to an Old Friend - Poem about my Labrador Retriever

He says nothing.

But yet his eyes say a thousand words about how much he loves me and me loving him back.

His body begins to weaken as old age sets in, But his soul remains pure.

He is happy to still yet be alive and I admire how he still continues to live on despite the troubles he has had emotionally and physically.

His backyard is a prison and I know how sad he must feel, But when he sleeps I understand that he dreams of wandering free.

They say a dog is a man's best friend but mine is more than that. He means a lot to me.

I love him more than anything else in this world.

He is always there to make me smile and is full of hugs when I need one.

When he is distressed he seeks comfort and I hold him until it has faded away.

He is so innocent.

In his heart he can do no wrong. He feels that it is his duty to protect me and all he asks in return is for my love which I happily give.

I do not know where I would be without him.

He has done so much for me and when I speak to him he listens to my every word and does not do or say anything to hurt me.

He truly is my best friend and we are bonded together by such a strong friendship, I fear that I shall never find one as strong as this in a life time.

I want to thank him for everything. Most of all thank him for being the only friend I ever had for our friendship is like no other and I shall remember it forever more. Thank you so much my friend.

I wish you well always.

By Deaths Maiden