

## THE HOUSE-DOG'S GRAVE

(Haig, an English bulldog)

I've changed my ways a little: I cannot now  
Run with you in the evenings along the shore,  
Except in a kind of dream: and you, if you dream a moment,  
You see me there.

So leave awhile the paw-marks on the front door  
Where I used to scratch to go out or in,  
And you'd soon open; leave on the kitchen floor  
The marks of my drinking-pan.

I cannot lie by your fire as I used to do  
On the warm stone,  
Nor at the foot of your bed: no, all the nights through  
I lie alone.

But your kind thought has laid me less than six feet  
Outside your window where firelight so often plays,  
And where you sit to read — and I fear often grieving for me —  
Every night your lamplight lies on my place.

You, man and woman, live so long it is hard  
To think of you ever dying.  
A little dog would get tired living so long.  
I hope that when you are lying

Under the ground like me your lives will appear  
As good and joyful as mine.  
No, dears, that's too much hope: you are not so well cared for  
As I have been,