

My Morning, My Dog

Hanna Jackovich, Grade 6

Boise

Waking up to a soft tongue
swaying back and forth on my cheek,
a gentle wagging of a tail cooling
my skin,

I get up, and pet her shiny, diamond-like back
then she takes my hand in her slimy,
dog breath mouth, and leads me towards the door.

There is a moment of silence
as I reach for the door handle.
When I thrust open the door she bursts through,
pulling me behind her bouncing about.

She dashes down the stairs
to the room I feed her in.
As I pour her food she dives into the bowl
like it was a delicious chocolate cake.

I love mornings like this,
just as I love my dog.