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My Dog is Dead

Never will I walk these tiny streets again.

My dog is dead.

Never once to cease to hear the rhythms of a lonely end.

My dog is dead.

Not a one step.

Not a two-step.

Not a jig,

and not a tread.

The asphalt's all that's left now,

Now my jolly dog is dead.

Ne'er a Fortune, nor a Maverick, nor a Lincoln, or a Red.

My dog was a dog,

and now my dog's dead.

My canine, if you haven't heard,

Objectively a shame.

A set of teeth, a print, a wag,

id hid 'neath a fish-stained grin,

a collar, a thin tin tag,

urbane, civilized, and truly lame.

To re-iterate, a crying shame.

Dear friend, my dog is dead.

Dog is dead.