

Gentry

[Fido is my friend] because he thinks just like I do.

He chews a good bone to its marrow with no sorrow for its donor nor extravagant delight in the [benefactor patron] who placed it in his teeth.

[I am Fido's friend] because he only sees the bone.

[And though he wags his tail and brings my mail and slippers to the hearth, I know a substitute of me would do].

[My] canine core is squarely centered on being a [receiver].

Only in my best-appointed [spaciously-spaced moments] do I ascend above the panting of my mutt desire [to acquire the horizon].

It is only there, in those [rare] respites, that I set myself to see both [the Donor] and [the Giver].

And once inside that wider view, a beatitude of gratitude leaps from its hiding place [behind my egocentric instincts at the wheel].

In these [twinkling-of-an-eye] acknowledgments, I get an inkling of my [actual] place in line.

I'm far ahead of four-legged Fido, [and for this reality he is endeared to me in ever-swelling comrade-ry].

But I also see how far behind I am to [the Me] that [could] be, if only I would sleep with one eye open.

Alas.

Too soon, [again], I'm stretching out on comfort's rug and sleeping in the sun; my [higher-mindedness] floating off in [dreams] of chasing squirrels and curling by the crackling fire.