

It's not the same anymore

It's not the same since Buddy died,
No more filled bowls,
And licking at my face.

It's not the same anymore,
Not a best friend again,
And our long walks we shared.

His red lead is left on a dusty shelf,
And the collar is just sitting there.

My shoes are still chewed, though,
But that's all that I've got.

Apart from his stick in the garden,
I can't get rid of it, I can't.

All the memories,
Of me and him,
Are fading away.

It's just not the same anymore.

By Georgia Leece