

# Lost Dog

by Frances Rodman

He lifts his hopeful eyes at each new tread,  
 Dark wells of brown with half his heart in each;  
 He will not bark, because he is well-bred,  
 Only one voice can heal the sorry breach\*.  
 He scans the faces that he does not know,  
 One paw uplifted, ear cocked for a sound  
 Outside his sight. Only he must not go  
 Away from here; by honor he is bound.  
 Now he has heard a whistle down the street;  
 He trembles in a sort of ecstasy\*,  
 Dances upon his eager, padding feet,  
 Straining himself to hear, to feel, to see,  
 And rushes at a call to meet the one  
 Who of his tiny universe is sun.



breach — gap

ecstasy — great happiness