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10 YEARS OPEN

LONE DOG IRENE McLEOD

LONE DOG

By Irene McLeod

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog and lone,  
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own!  
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;  
I love to sit and bay at the moon and keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,  
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat.  
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate;  
But shut the door and sharp stone and cuff and kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,  
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide.  
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best  
Wide wind and wild stars and the hunger of the quest.