

I stood by your bed last night, I came to have a peep
I could see that you were crying, you found it hard to sleep
I whined to you softly as you brushed away a tear,
“It’s me, I haven’t left you, I’m well, I’m fine, I’m here.”

I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea,
You were thinking of the many times, your hands reached down to me
I was with you at the shops today, your arms were getting sore
I longed to take your parcels, I wish I could do more

I was with you at my grave today, you tend it with such care
I want to re-assure you, that I’m not lying there
I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key
I gently put my paw on you, I smiled and said “it’s me.”

You looked so very tired, and sank into a chair
I tried so hard to let you know, that I was standing there
It’s possible for me, to be so near you every day
To say to you with certainty, “I never went away.”

You sat there very quietly, then smiled, I think you knew...
In the stillness of that evening, I was very close to you.
The day is over... I smile and watch you yawning
and say “Good-night, God bless, I’ll see you in the morning.”

And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,
I’ll rush across to greet you and we’ll stand, side by side
I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see
Be patient, live your journey out...
Then come home to be with me.

~Author unknown

