

Black & White

Shades of Gray

(A beagle, a dog), "Molly and Me"

When I was a boy, and I was a girl
Not much older than six and four
We headed to some back-road farm
And there we found our first of all
The pet or dog that we would share
And would embrace and try to care
From little pup to full-grown hound
That baying bark, the howling sound
A beagle, a dog, "Molly and Me"

Some years would pass, but not the thought
The fun, a run, the nose that wrought
Along a trail or backwoods be
Wherever smell would set her free
To walk the dog was more like fishing
A wieldy leach and muscles twitching
If I could try to reel her in
With all my might release the spin
A beagle, the dog, "Molly and Me"

All four by now did have the pleasure
Of joining hands to try to catch her
Invariably would root below
Or slip off collar, the means to throw
Her body forward and than aside
Wherever smell did lead her mind
Determined she above all else
What can you do except release?
A beagle, my dog, "Molly and Me"

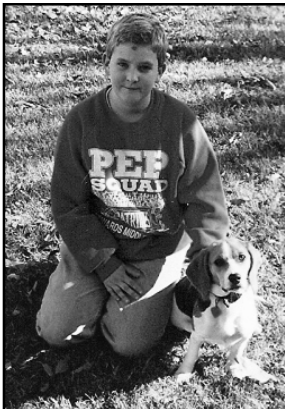
Whether one, two three or four
Can we forget the pleasure or
A cowering crawl, a humble order
Of wagging tail and squirming quarter
Of loping prances circle prey
And yell from us to call her home
Where has she gone, where will she stay
But in my arms, the once small pup
A beagle, our dog, "Molly and Me"

About the verse, “Molly and Me”

Not to be confused with the movie bearing the same name, but this title is inspired from a once-family dog, named “Molly”, and my children’s affection for pets. As you see below, two of my children pictured with “Molly”, the beagle.

I have written about this dog (or more about several beagles that we owned) in the writing “Legal Regal Beagle” of the collection of writings called *A Picture and a 1,000 Words*. In the verse above, I am much more interested in capturing those moments – to the best of my recollection – when the pet and child were the closest or most intimate.

It is true that children love their pets; and though they may not be able to (or enthused in) the daily regiment of caring for the animal, they can make a dog or cat the closest of friends or companions. Reminded of this closeness by recollection and, at times, a place or object; the verse above is my latest tribute to the dog, a beagle, called Molly and her most loyal fans, my children.



Looking back, I’m not so sure that a beagle makes the best pet – since it is a hound and subject to chase and pursue game (rabbits); but I cannot forget the occasion when Molly or one of her predecessors was front and center in the family. Yes, she may have been on the chase of some smell or trail of *who knows what*, but rest-assured, we were likely right behind her trying to rein her in.

To Molly, to Billy, to Scooter – and most of all to my children who loved them – I give you the verse of “Molly and Me”. As a memory that we share, I know that you miss these pets – and will never forget them. I can’t say that I always made the right choices – to include the breed or species – but I cannot deny that you took them in (and on) with open arms and fast feet. Thanks for the memories.