

Poetry Contest

Poem by Ken Scott

My Friend Time

Long ago, when I was young,
Nursery songs were gladly sung;
Time was known not unto me,
Youth was young, I was free.

Soon therein, my friend arrives,
And as to others, it changed our lives;
From youth to aged, my *Friend Time* says,
'You'll travel fast, you'll be amazed!'

I tell *Friend Time*, "Go slow my friend,
For if not, you'll bring my end;
Just yesterday, my youth was strong,
Now I sing a young man's song."

Friend Time responds, 'Young man I see,
How my arrival, unsettles thee';
I say, "My Friend, how old art thou?"
A whispered 'Old', with furrowed brow.

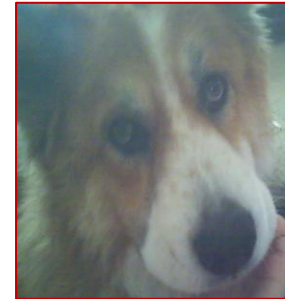
I shudder in thought, I'll soon be gone,
For I am now, middle-aged, I've grown;
Friend Time smiles, as if to say,
'Mirror, mirror, has he grown gray?'

Retirement looms, that day unspoken,
My aged body, scarred, unbroken;
For suddenly, I feel so old,
Friend Time says, 'You were told.'

The sunset years, so soon, no tears,
For My God, I Trust, no fears;
Friend Time says, 'No Worries for Thee,
For in Thy God, I am Eternity.'

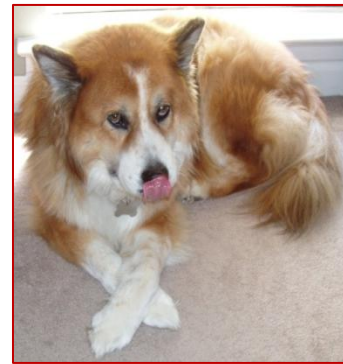
**National Poetry Month, Library Poetry Contest
Submitted by Ken Scott**

**And Then You Came Home One Last Time
(In Remembrance of Our Beloved Bubbles, "Bobo")
Summer 1998 – January 12, 2013**



She came home the very first time,
Shaggy, frightened, yet simply sublime.
She arrived nineteen hundred and nine eight,
Inside a box, or was it that crate?
Without a whimper, a growl, or a bark,
Her eyes spoke love, like the singing of *Larks*.
From the Shelter my daughter she found
This beautiful St. Bernard-Collie Hound.

From God's own hand, made from Above,
For fifteen years, she gave puppy love.
Bubbles, her name, it fit her so well,
Hearing, she 'wagged that big bushy tail.'
A year into life, Bobo found trouble,
Hips with dysplasia, yes it was double.
Van Hooser, her vet, he came to her aid,
Extending her life, by years, he had made.



For weeks, our Bobo, confined to crate,
Some whining, some crying, but *this* she did "hate."
Recovering from surgery, finally it came,
And out of the crate Bobo did strain.
Into the yard, she took with great fun,
To say, "I Am Dog, Watch Me Run!"
A whoosh and swoosh Bobo did fly,
Twas' not hard to understand why.

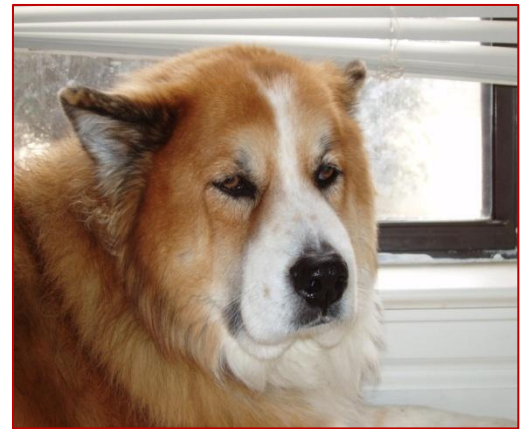
In Summer, the tree, its shade did cool,
In Winter, outside, Bubbles did rule!
She chased that tail, round-and-round,
And after a while, she sat on the ground.
One Summer day, she chased a big bee,
Then caught it, stung, fat cheek on she.
These and so many other things we see,
In memories, in love, of our Bobo, so free.



No respecter of person or creature on Earth,
When age calls our name, the call is Dearth.
“Slow down,” it says, by choice you have not,
Life is not long, lest you forgot.
Bobo in years, her eyes and ears in decline,
In difficult hardship to even recline.
Our hearts in breaking, our spirits bruised,
Knew her time was fading, up-used.



The day drawing nigh, I dreaded with sorrow,
Yet it came, was just one tomorrow.
I said my good byes, “God, let it be true,”
“All Dogs Go To Heaven”, will Bobo be there too?
Beloved Bobo, rest in Eternal sleep,
You will never be forgotten while we weep.
You gave us your love, your very best,
Into God’s Hands, we give you now rest.



You came home the very first time,
Shaggy, frightened, yet simply sublime.
You arrived nineteen hundred and nine eight,
Inside a box, or was it that crate?
You left us Bobo in two thousand one three,
We laid you to rest near your favorite tree.
You beautiful St. Bernard-Collie Hound,
We cried as you made your final sound.

And Then You Came Home One Last Time.

Bubbles “Bobo” Scott
Summer, 1998 – January 12, 2013