

## Lonely Terrier

Master was home and all was well,  
Until his alarm rang, so loud,  
He got up with sounds of the bell,  
He was sleepy; head in a cloud.

I was dreading his departure,  
He left the house from nine to five,  
Left me no treats, only hunger,  
I somehow managed to survive.

Why did they call me "man's best friend"?  
I have never abandoned him,  
Yet each morning friendship did end,  
And I felt pain from limb to limb.

I wondered what he was up to,  
Digging deep holes or playing fetch?  
What was his life, I wish I knew,  
I've imagined his life, a sketch.

A dog surrounded by boredom,  
Clearly that was becoming me,  
I wished to be granted freedom,  
Had to relieve myself and pee.

I could hear his keys in the lock,  
He came back just like yesterday,  
Smile was on my face drawn in chalk,  
Until again he goes away.