

Benji

My little Benji died on Sunday,
He only murmured when the vet touched his distended tummy,
The anguish... the sorrow...
The loss of the little guy that has been with me thru three lifetimes.
The joy, the sadness, the bad and the great.
He was there.
His little inquisitive nose gently investigating.

I thought I heard him settling on my pillow tonight.
For a brief moment, I thought he was there.
Oh God, the sorrow when I realized – no more – no more – no more.

I kissed him goodbye, I stroked his nearly black fur
and asked him to say hello to all who had gone before.
All gone, all gone.

My last sight of my little buddy was him cradled in the vet's arms.
She said, "I'm so sorry."
I said, "I know."

With all my love.

