

## **A Terrier Named Poe**

**by C.S. Larsen**

Once upon an evening room, I sat there distant filled with gloom,  
Reading fearless from many a prose with fright and desperateness,  
From words to deeds in text was matching, suddenly there came a scratching,  
Someone or something detaching, detaching me from my reading bliss.  
'I know you're there,' I grumbled, returning to my reading bliss.  
Life was short; there was much less.

Yes, clearly I think it over, it was Hallow's Eve October,  
And each doorbell call wrought terror I confess,  
Which ghost was real, which ghoul did conceal,  
All the pain and misery of life's distress.  
One true steed among the breed stood gallant nonetheless,  
Poe my terrier, all the merrier was always there, never less.

Double ringing children singing to the doorbell I am springing,  
Terror jumping, dark thoughts bumping in my mindlessness.  
Old age stricken with bones that thicken brings time more quicken,  
I hobble to the door, tripping falling to the floor in timelessness,  
To the rescue Poe did come, fixing home of scare and mess,  
Yet he stared and then he blared; 'Always more is less.'

I struggled to the chair, my fright shot through my hair,  
Sat wondered and amazed at Poe's jest.  
Yorkshire Terrier speaking farer? What is this terror?  
My trusty steed now lets me bleed from head to chest,  
My vest of life is now with strife as Poe lays down to rest.  
Sighing, wagging, Poe's note not quaking; 'More is less.'

'What is this dog?' my mind does jog while doorbells further on,  
I look to Poe, who now my foe is bringing wrong quietness.  
'What bade have I laid on you now old friend?' I ask as I fade,

‘You’ve always been good, for friendship and brood, yet now kindness -  
gone from you, and beauty too, I tremble with fury at the slurry of ruthlessness.’  
Poe did roll over and voiced his role more over; ‘Always more, always less.’

Demons trapped and horrors clapped inside my ill-fate friend,  
‘Nonsense you say!’ as I brush Poe away, more is what brings me the best.  
The lights snuff out, I sit in black stout, ‘Poe?’ I whimper his way.  
Darkness around me, the shiver astounds me, the torture abounds of nothingness,  
‘More lights! More lights!’ I scream, but Poe just seems to ignore my bouts of distress.  
He yawns, he scratches, he states what he matches; ‘Much so more, much so less.’

Befuddled with angst within dark empty planks my house becomes chains and my prison,  
‘Who are you!’ I yell as I fell while thinking Poe’s thoughts with my stress.  
Doorbell rings, painful stings, in my mind as confusion sings loudly Poe’s thing;  
‘You know that with age, you must find the young sage, or your space that lives is a guess.  
Find that one thought, that leads you from drought, of what binds you to the more and the less;  
Finding more will find less.’

I lay there unmoved, by both thought and by groove, to the words of my lone friend Poe,  
He wagged up beside me, licked face to resign me, and asked why I live in such mess.  
‘It’s not that I care, nor what you think fair, but life has been death to itself,  
With my last breath near, of what should I fear, but the life not worth living is best.’  
Poe smiling and wagging, he lagged at my gagging and said with no jest:  
‘Always more, always less.’

My life now passed, but the lesson was grasped, through the words of a quiet old friend,  
Floating to Heaven with my life now made leavened, I smile as I see him not pressed.  
‘Thank you my gift,’ I say as I lift up my love, my attention, and belonging.  
Poe looks high, seems to see me fly by, and he winks a furry wink at my new nest.  
‘You’re welcome old friend,’ he says as I transcend, ‘my duty can now be at rest.’  
Poe knowing to go, settled down by my row, and together we lived always more with much less.