

Canine Dreamscape

By

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Four legs, a potent sense of smell and a tail
Of the canine provides it with hunting potential,
Human's best friend and powerful protector against
Dangers that lurk behind friendly faces,
With their ability to smell the scent of fear and malice,
Their world changes when in slumber,
Feet remaining active pouncing away at would-be attackers,
Tail wagging at honorable neighbors,
The treats hover above like slow, thick clouds in the blue
sky,
They transform into meat then bowls with the dog chow,
The nose reacts, seeking to sniff for the nearest edible,
Now distracted by the aroma of the feline enemy
Prepared to take off, it meows and dances, a direct taunt,
Real-world canine jitters while the dreamscape launches for
its prey,
No more noise, feline disappears and the owners reappear,
The daylight is authentic; canine's senses no longer
trickery,
True food fills the bowl and it resembles no cloud,
Canine sits up and shakes his head
Relieved to be out of the dreamscape