

Manic

Geoff Davies

Trotting along so well-behaved
Along the pavement by the road,
Until we reach the woodland paths
Then he switches to manic mode.

The leash comes off he's free at last
And very soon is out of sight,
Scampering through the undergrowth
Not far off the speed of light.

There! I saw a flash of white
Running through the ferns,
Looking for the squirrels
Back and forth he turns.

Now he's seen a butterfly
Something else to chase,
Leaping up, he's missed it
Now it's gone without a trace.

Oh, we've reached a ditch of water
Something else to check,
In he goes to have a drink
Now he's soaked, up to his neck.

Out he comes, back on his lead
We've had enough of that,
But now he's pulling, whining too
He thinks he's seen a cat.

Nearly home all mucky
Time to have a bath,
Now barking with excitement
There's a bird upon the path.

So, our silly manic dog
You're fun to be around,
So, dear little Freddie
Why can't you just calm down,