

If My Dog Could Read

There are few times where I'm more raw than what I am with you,
rarely am I more open than when I allow you to read my heart like a book.
There is nothing more telling than the way I treat you when the sun is greeting the sky,
and I never forget to say goodbye to you when I close the door behind me.

I remember the first day we met, my heartbeat in my stomach,
my knuckles clenched and my teeth grinding as I tried to insist that
I wasn't scared of you
(news flash: I was).

Now, we walk in step
because my fear's melted away like snow on a muddy March day.
Now, I understand that language isn't the only way to communicate,
and your friendliness shows through the fact that the neighborhood knows your name.