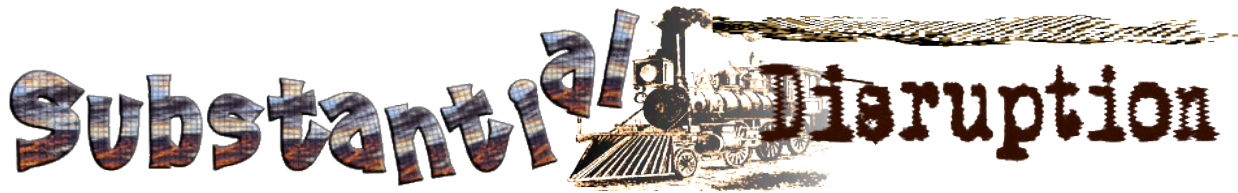


Substantial Disruption



The Place Where All The Good Dogs Go

By Mike Tully

The western ridge is dry and grey
I bid goodbye another day
As twilight shadows stretch my way
I see a dog I used to know

It was a joy to watch him run
Pursuing fetches, one by one
He wouldn't stop 'til I was done
I'm still not sure what made him so

I'd like to join him in the sky
For one last chase, one last goodbye
And hope, perhaps, that I might spy
The place where all the good dogs go

We hardly choose the path we tread
Or parse the mysteries in our head
If I could see what's up ahead
I'd travel where the good dogs go

The sun has set, the stars are out
There is a heaven, I've no doubt
That I will find it on the route
That leads to where the good dogs go

When midnight comes, I lie awake
I wander in the dream I make
I pray the Lord my soul to take
And leave it where the good dogs go

I've known so many shaggy friends
Too many eyes to comprehend
I hope to see them in the end
And greet them where the good dogs go

I don't know where this life will lead
If I'll be paid for each good deed
The only payment that I need
Is shelter where the good dogs go

At three a.m. I cannot rest
This night with sleep will not be blessed
If I could dream it would be best
To dream of where the good dogs go

The icy air foretells the dawn
The early light is coming on
I dearly wish that I had gone
To wander where the good dogs go

This night will end eventually
What day will bring is up to me
But, with the sunlight, will I see
The place where all the good dogs go

The morning sun now warms the air
A midnight dream still floating there
A restless dream that wonders where
I'll find the place where good dogs go

My final rest is years away
I'll cross the river when I may
And ask polite the Boatman grey
To take me where the good dogs go

And if the Boatman hesitates
Because a heaven for me waits
I'll tell the Boatman thank you, no
Just leave me where the good dogs go

(In memory of KC, a good dog. April 18, 2006)