

Big Dog
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I don't want to be a big dog anymore.
Not that I ever was.
I just no longer want
To learn to live that way.

I don't want to play rough.
Not that I ever could.
I just no longer want
To learn to live that way.

A swagger doesn't look good on me.
Thick skin just weighs me down.
I prefer more sensitivity,
To all life, inside and out.

I don't want to have to shout,
But whisper and be heard.
I don't want to be fast on my feet,
But be still and hear every word.

That is whispered from within,
And echoed round the world,
Of the joy that is revealed,
When love's softness is unfurled.

I don't have to be big to stand tall.
I don't have to be rough to be strong.
In the stillness is all creation.
The humble live love's song.

Not that I go through life unaffected.
But while I'm moving through my pain
I can feel joy or sorrow and still be connected.
Steadfast in peace I can remain.

Call me slow or silly,
Or call me airy-fairy.
I find the big, circumstantial world
Filled with pain and rather scary.

But I know I am not these things.
Never was and will never be,
The temporal, circumstantial whirling winds.

And all this stuff; it's neither you nor me.

Yet the beautiful flower that is joy,
If stomped on enough times.
Gets trampled under a big dog's paw.
And lies flat with a broken spine.

Since I'm making it up as I go along,
And it's the same for me and you.
I choose to sing a sweet, happy song,
And let you sing whatever you choose.

No, I don't want to be a big dog anymore.
Not that I ever was.
I just no longer want to learn,
To live my life that way.