



Parker Katz

January 7, 2006 - January 1, 2021

Ode To Parker

As I was running in a park
I thought I heard a little bark
It was a freezing February morn
I turned around and saw a new bor

Called him Parker and took him home
Five weeks old the vet groaned
He needs to be trained right
Or he will be a fright

Couches torn apart
Shoes were a la carte
Chewing whatever he would see
But I had to keep my Mr. P.

Ran together every day
He was trouble but what can I say.
Running in the house with paws all muddy
But he was my little buddy

As a watch dog he was poor

Loving everyone who came to the door
Slept with me every night
Enjoying our meals with every bite

And just like that, time flies by
On stairs he falls and slides
His run is no more a walk
He does not hear my talk

After 15 years I say goodbye
Thinking of you makes me cry
The Quiet house is the hard part
Miss you friend with all my heart.
-Sue Katz