

Through My Eyes

When my feet hit the ground at Murumba Downs, I couldn't believe my nose.
There was so much to see and so much to do and vegies all planted in rows.
I had many commands like sit, stay and come and sometimes I got it all right.
But with all the distractions of cattle and sheep, quite often the chooks got a fright.
It was so much fun to run wild and free and play with the stock in the yards.
But my "Jack" he would yell, and my love for him fell, which made my learning curve hard.
I knew that he liked me, coz I got real nice food and a warm place to sleep at night.
But the look on his face and the tone of his voice, I was sure one day he would bite!

As days went by and my ears they did work, we really were quite a great team.
His voice was soft and his whistles sharp and he rarely had to scream.
For now I was listening and watching for cues, knew exactly where I should be.
And Jack I could tell by the smile on his face that he was real proud of me.
As I grew older and he did too, we were always together by side.
Our legs they were weary, our memories full, and both our hearts filled with pride.
For Jack was my 'Hero' he taught me life skills and gave me a place to call home.
And now I have gone, where all good doggies go, and my spirit is free to roam.

As I sit on my chair at the end of the porch and reflect on the friends that I've known.
There's one little mate, who stands out from the rest, who made this house a home.
A fine little kelpie, with big brown eyes, and a tail that could cut you in half.
He made my voice rise, through his learning days, but was always good for a laugh.
Stubborn and keen, rolled all in one, young "Ned" was the head of my pack.
Though a "Villain" at first, courageous and smart, he always had my back.
Once saved me from a charging bull, he barked and bit his nose.
He stood between the two of us, left the bull to recompose.
He has a very special place on the walls of my homestead.
A "Villain and a Hero" my loyal kelpie, "Ned".