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## ROCKET, MAN

28 Days

My dog Rocket, my baby, died on 10/26/23 very suddenly, so

Down

this is my tribute to her.

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I thought it'd be harder, I really did. Just ruminating on the thought that one day my life would be rid of something so big, the truest form of love I'd known since I was a kid.

Late nights, one A.M., coming home straight to bed from days of stress I always said would go in force straight to my head, you met me there, tall in the air, making sure I knew I was always where I knew there would be heart to share.

My darkest days you'd feel my pain, I swear I know it sounds insane, but I really think it was the way you'd look in my eyes as if to say, "don't worry man, we'll be okay."

I felt your heart, a beating part of something vital from the start, until the end, the final bend around that breath I learned would send you to the stars, or wherever you are, I'll always know it's never far, cuz how could we be? Two souls that breathe each other's chi with never ending harmony.

It hurts, you know, I will not lie, although I knew one day you'd die, one finds it hard to figure why we didn't get to say goodbye, but there are no regrets in me for I, know I gave you the best damned time, those thirteen years just flew straight by.

What we had, my baby girl, was nothing I would trade the world. The memories that still unfurl, throughout my mind, these mental swirls of joy, of love, of life well-spent, how could I have but one regret since when we brought you from the vet to when I got this news but yet, I feel no tears upon my cheek, they've fallen, yes, but nothing's break. I've