

## Jessica in the Park

8/14/2002

Robert Rogers

Her eyes spoke to me without words as I walked by her in the park.  
Compelled by heartfelt emotion, I offered her shelter from the dark.

Her speechless words pierced my heart and drew me closer to her soul.  
She slowly rose from her place, the years had taken their toll.

"What have you done", I said to myself? Never give from your heart for it hurts.  
Yet the emptiness from my loss had made me risk all for her coy little flirts.

As we walked together, she looked at me through soulful lonely eyes.  
I rehearsed a thousand lines for leaving, but none would materialize.

As we approached my home, she became reluctant so I eased her with small talk.  
She pulled closer to me and kissed my hand as we cleared the steps on my walk.

Hesitantly, she entered my house with nervous searching eyes.  
I was thinking I had made a mistake by believing in fate's mysterious ties.

I sat in the big chair and she came to me free and without care.  
She rested her head upon my lap as I ran my fingers through her hair.

She made a whimpering sound as I moved my hand down her spine.  
Her eyes shut and she drifted into slumber; we both lost track of time.

Morning pierced the room with light, a symbol of a new for us both.  
She had accepted me as her new companion and I hers ... she hoped.

Before her, my life was clouded and cold like a dense lingering fog.  
Now she has warmed my life, and I thank God for this loving dog.