

There Goes the Puppy Dog Sun

by Rabbi David Zaslow

There goes
the puppy dog sun
to chew on the bones
of the clouds.
He chomps and plays
with them all day,
then wobbles on down
to sleep.
He rests his head
and his floppy bright ears
in the basket
of mothering hills.
Just look at that sun,
that puppy dog sun
yawning and wagging his tail.
He's ready to rest
from playing all day
on the bones
in the woolly blue sky.

