

LAMENT FOR JOR SIMON PENDRAGON DAWG

TO EXORCISE THE "ZERO AT THE BONE"

Jor Simon Pendragon Dawg  
German Shepherd-Boxer-Husky  
In his 13th year

Tears trickling down my face

Jor gone

Anguish screams

Jor gone

Cruelty Kindness

Jor gone

I'm so sorry Jor

Jor gone

The end should have been gentler

Jor gone

I have need

Jor gone

Pace

Pain Jor Me

Jor gone

Companion animals

Jor Me

Jor gone

Cruelty Cruelty Murder

Kindness Pain

Jor gone

Not desolation Desolation is for a person

Yet my eleven years companion

is gone

Murdered by my decision Not gently

Cruelly

Regret Sorrow Sorry

Apology

I need to hold him again

Massage his neck the way he liked

Went all too fast

There was no compassion No love

Just haste Not to upset him but

the haste itself caused upset in him

and me

Heiwa

Yet I was able to quickly snap his collar and leash away  
so he could die free

Should have been slower gentler kinder

Violence Violence Violation  
Suddenly Grabbed  
Held down By a stranger  
And by me Betrayal

If only I'd stopped them!  
Said "No! Not like this!" If only!

I was afraid to look him in the eyes  
He'd look into mine  
Afraid to see accusation there  
Betrayed trust

The needle hurt his leg  
He squealed thrashed struggled  
In pain he bit my button but not a person  
I'm glad it was there for his need

Rukun

Briefly released he licked his wound  
And I did not comfort him  
Frozen

Yet was fast and easy at last Too fast  
I did not know the moment of his going  
Jor gone

I tried to close his eyes as for a person  
They don't close  
Kissed and stroked his head  
Stroked his thigh  
Need to have been alone with him for awhile  
To have talked to him hugged him  
Held him close said my goodbye  
Didn't Can't Never

I wrapped him in a flannel sheet  
His body only He gone  
He never liked to be covered  
Final imposition indignity  
Yet was to give dignity and care to his dear body

The vet taped the winding sheet secure  
Jor gone  
I kissed his sheet-covered black nose before I  
Left him - his body - safely wrapped

Amahoro

If only I could have stopped the swift violence  
Instead I helped to hold him down

If only his ending could have been as kindly and loving  
As was his life with me If only If only

The ability to remember violence  
The ability to conceive  
to experience  
“If only”  
Curse

Phyongh'wa

Eleven good years I gave him He gave me  
Ten years in this house Each day  
I was in this house Jor  
was in this house  
I with him He with me

Now three long nights  
Jor gone

Is his spirit here? Or just gone  
Just gone is incomprehensible

I am keeping his water dish fresh full  
He liked his water cold Ritual  
His two collars I fastened around stones and  
threw into the barrens pond  
he liked to go into and drink of  
He now collarless Free Not owned Never owned  
Yet yes owned Not free

But what is freedom?  
Wolves are free -- to starve and be  
killed by other wolves  
Jor gone

If there is a spirit world  
If he is there -- and here  
He knows my anguish Pain  
mine long his brief

Also my pain at leaving Newfoundland  
I've been so soul-happy here  
Yet Jor gone I want to leave quickly  
Get away from this wrenching pain of his going  
And goneness

Santiphap

I did not expect to hurt this much  
to discover myself so alone

He is ten years everywhere in this house  
on these barrens his growing old home  
And that is why I chose to leave him here  
Free to walk run “free go”  
Smell nose be  
In his house on his barrens

No long van ride He never liked long van rides  
No apartment Where he is not allowed to go  
No living in a cage In a van  
With strangers  
Wondering why his companion animal had  
abandoned him Why he'd been thrown away  
as twice before  
Oh but what I did was also throwing him away  
Jor gone

Miers

Sunday the day before  
His back legs collapsed on a steep slope  
And he couldn't get up  
The disconcerted look he gave me

So Jor gone  
For him no pain No more collapsing back legs  
No tremor and limp on right front leg  
No startle because he no longer heard well  
Was he also going blind? All four legs  
through the stairs He sprawled  
disconcerted look at me  
over the stairs Three times Four?  
No raspy breathing  
As Marcellus (The Robe) wished  
his toga ceremoniously removed before  
he descended into senescence and pain  
Oh but it was too soon He was so alive  
It was not his time And yet it was  
Jor gone

Forgive myself  
Remember Celebrate his life  
our time together

Jor gone Maybe here

I hug his bears

Jor who lived inside that now dead body  
I love you I set you free I sorrow  
Please forgive me

Gone? Here?

Stay in Newfoundland in Grates Cove  
on the barrens if you wish  
Come with me to my new life if you wish

Pax

Perhaps in the spirit world you can do both  
You are free You can choose!  
I love you Fly well Be free  
Be happy

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CODAS

Three weeks  
Jor gone

Today new people  
and a new big dog  
move into our house

I displaced in Cambridge

Taika

Cars cars  
trucks trucks  
endless  
noise rush  
cement streets  
buildings buildings  
things cornucopia

Tall leaf-rich trees  
bright flowers tidy  
meadows flat  
plowed fields smooth  
river lawns  
lawns heat  
lushness  
soft  
controlled  
tamed  
girded

many big dogs  
all on short leashes  
i hurt i hurt and  
he would not have  
been happy here

uprooted grieving  
i weep  
so many losses  
Jor  
friends  
ocean rocks and  
the eagles' nest

Pokoj

yet  
baltimore oriole nest  
babies parents

and at dusk  
high above  
wild geese  
fly honking

this place too is planet  
earth

Paz

please may my soul  
soon find anchor here

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Today one month  
Jor gone

We had no proper goodbye  
I hurt I hurt

GOODBY JOR  
I SHOUT TO  
THE UNIVERSE

GOODBY  
(God by ye)

GOODBY  
GOODBY

I LOVE YOU  
I LOVE YOU  
more than I knew

The hurting is  
in me and  
must be assuaged

Pace

Goodby my Jor  
I love you

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Thirty-six days  
Jor gone

Generally calmness  
then suddenly  
weeping pain

Mire

Your ending  
our parting  
was all wrong  
and I don't know  
how to mend it

how to mend me

My Jor dawg  
eleven good years  
we had together  
we gave each other

Mier

I did for you  
the best that I could

For me For you  
I had to end your life

Now I have to must  
somehow  
let you go

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Forty-one days  
Jor gone

Today the weeping  
tears tears  
tears won't stop

Eleven years  
I looked after him  
guarded him from harm

Then I did not guard him from  
a violent ungentle end

Betrayal of both of us

Please forgive me Jor  
I work to forgive myself  
Alone

This grief pain  
regret guilt  
loss aloneness  
must be exorcised

I can't find how

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Nabard-da

Two months  
Jor gone

I understand  
that on that day

I looked after Jor's needs  
to not upset him  
so did not say  
to him alive  
my needed goodbye

I then let  
the vet control  
was over-cooperative  
again  
Did not obtain  
for Jor for us  
a gentle parting

Paz

So the manner of  
his our ending  
was is has been  
for me  
wrenching brutal

has haunted and  
tortured me

Lesson  
Hard learned

I must now  
ever  
honour and  
look after  
my needs

Mabuhay

for the manner of  
the death  
of Jor  
of our eleven year  
companionship  
sharing  
our parting  
has paid the price

without him  
alone I  
walk

remember  
honour  
love  
my Jor

and me

missing you Jor



flowing river  
tall untamed  
flowers

Amaithi

growing

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May 25 . 2004

One year ago today  
we took our last walk  
together on the  
Grates Cove barrens

Sulh

“cursed be the heart  
that had the heart to do it”

I did the best for him  
that I could do  
knowing what I did  
at that time

but not  
best for me

Love you Jor

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A WINTER STORY  
FROM  
A NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORT

Aman

The morning after the night of storm  
Jor, my 60 lb. German Shepherd/Boxer/Husky  
and I  
woke to windows covered with thick wet snow  
and no electricity.

Jor, of course, needed to pee.  
But -- both doors would not budge  
through the wet snow piled against them.

Phone a neighbour for a dig-out  
No phone.

What to do?  
Wait. And wait. Hours.  
Silence No one stirring to semaphore to.

I'm okay -- but what about Jor ...

Raise the glass on the storm door  
CUT the screen out.  
Push some of the snow away  
and tell Jor to go out.

He stares at the door edge  
waiting for it to open

I stick my arm through  
the opening I've cut'

He sticks his head out  
Stares about, suspiciously  
then steps through and out

I dress me warm  
push shovels  
(I cleverly keep them inside  
- In the bath tub

Tell him to jump into the bath tub

He does.

Tell him, firmly, "Jor go pee!"

-- it works when he's outside --

But now I learn what the expression

"hangdog" means.

I lift his rear leg for him

(You can just see this....)

and repeat, firmly,

"Jor -- Go Pee!"

More hangdog.

More waiting

Try the tub routine again

-- me lifting his hind leg --

Still no go -- so to speak

There's nothing for it

but to try the solution

I've been thinking over

Su Thai Binh

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Post Script:

It took four days for the electricity to return, and two weeks for the phone.

Being without the phone was the most difficult, isolating part. -- This was before cell phones....

And I've not replaced that screening - Just in case -- Ukuthula

oo

- for dripping purposes)

through the screen hole

and crawl

- hands - head - knees

after them

Hey, I realize -

Just like out of an igloo!

Laughing out loud.

And

feeling pleased with myself

that I've found such a

delightful

and unorthodox

solution to my problem

and looked after me

and Jor

all by myself.