

**MENTA: MAY 11, 2004-DECEMBER 1, 2020
(BASED OFF OF A POEM BY CHRISTOPHER SMART)**

For I will consider my neighbor's late dog Menta
who convinced me to love her from the moment she met me.
For she greeted me by spinning around in circles
and jumping on me with a grin on her face every time she saw me,
especially after I returned from a lengthy trip.
For she expected me to talk to her in baby voices
and give her pieces of chicken, lamb, duck and turkey
to mix in with her kibbles, rice, carrots and oatmeal.
For when I came to visit or take care of her she used to play with her toy llama
and her toy caterpillar, both of whom squeaked, by picking them up
and shaking them like a rag doll.
For she loved her pack walk with her favorite ladies
and felt if one was a straggler she would round up the herd
by standing at the bottom of the front path
staring at the front door until she came out.
For she loved to herd her people on walks by not budging
or giving them a gentle nip in the leg
until they went in the direction she wanted to go.
For she loved to take hour long walks in the rain
and after she was dried off she loved to sleep
with a towel wrapped around her.
For she loved to explore on her walks.
For she reminded us that she was sixteen years old.
For she went from dancing around the dining room table for her meat
to simply walking around the dining room table.
For she just wanted to walk to the corner and back or around the block.
For she simply ignored the three shih tzu terriers
and the Old English Sheepdog that barked at her
as she passed by their homes on our walks.
For she needed help on the stairs
and was rewarded with treats and a "good girl"
when she made it to the top or bottom.
For she didn't like being brushed anymore
and requested being petted instead of being hugged.
For she stumbled in her food and water bowls causing
everything to spill.
For she paced a lot around the backyard fire pit
or back and forth between the guest room and the sun room.
For she told us she was ready to leave this world at sixteen and a half.
For she couldn't get up to use the restroom herself,
which required constant baths.

For she stopped eating and drinking
and just wanted to sleep for the last few days of her life.
For she crossed the rainbow bridge
on December 1, 2020
surrounded by those who love her.
For she is probably nipping at the angels' heels
for treats right now.



Photo #1: The late Menta on August 1, 2016. Photo by Tennessee Reed

Photo #2: The late Menta on January 11, 2017. Photo by Tennessee Reed