

Pup Daddy

He just sits there.
Doesn't move...
Doesn't bark...
He just sits there.

His name's Pup Daddy.
My dog plushie.
Lifesize.
But lifeless.

He sits, with his ears flopped down to the side of his head.
A blank expression on his face,
his black marble eyes staring out into the distance.
His black leather made nose always cold.
Heavy because of stuffing.

He wasn't the real dog I wanted.

Then one night, many years later...
I was feeling a little sad.
I was in my room, on my laptop,
and I just looked at him.

Same blank face...
Same marble eyes...
Same leather nose...

Yet...
I got up, and went to him,
and I hugged him...

And I wasn't sad anymore.