

*This was not the most difficult poem to write, but it is one of the toughest for me to read. It's hard to keep my emotions at bay! Sometimes our animals really touch our souls, especially the pets that we grew up with.*

-----Eddie D. Wilcoxon

## Jigsy

Jigsy was a perfect dog, got his name from dancing!  
He'd stand up on his hind legs, and spin around a prancing!

Jigsy came to our house when I was very small,  
and he lived with us through my youth, and teens, and all.

Jigsy's job was simple, and Jigsy did it well.  
It was his job to follow you, and that's just what he did,  
more times than I can tell.

If Mom was hanging clothes out, Jigsy was standing by the line.  
If Dad was walking to the barn, he'd fall in right behind.

When George and I were playing, Jigsy would make it three.  
He went wherever we did - Jigsy, George, and me;  
Three Musketeers were we!

Jigsy taught all our new dogs, showed them how to chase a car.  
With him in the ditch, and them on the road, they didn't get too far!

One day I went off to college, and Jigsy stayed behind,  
but George was still living there, so Jigsy didn't mind.

But all too soon the years had flown, and George was leaving too.  
With no one now to follow, Jigsy was all alone and blue.

By then, Dad wasn't farming, so no trips out for chores,  
and Mom had a dryer, and traveled to the line no more.

Jigsy was still out on the farm when the folks moved away to town.  
Everyone else was leaving, but Jigsy stood his ground!

Jigsy wouldn't budge, and so he stayed behind.  
He refused to go to town, and to make him, Dad said,  
would just be too unkind.

So Jigsy stayed behind alone, and followed all the ghosts.  
The memories of what was once, were his lonely, loving hosts.

Dad would come to visit, and try to make him leave,  
until one day Jigsy didn't come, and left us all bereaved.

We knew we had done the changing, the growing up and moving;  
while Jigsy was the solid rock,  
who stayed the path of his own choosing!

From fifty years along the road of life, I look back and I smile,  
to think of good old Jigsy - dancing,  
spinning, happy eyes,  
and faithful all the while!



*Jigsy, George, and me!*

*Audio Information:*

Enjoy the special audio reading of selected passages by Eddie D. Wilcoxon

**Visit [www.Eddiestuff.com](http://www.Eddiestuff.com)**

**for information on other books and projects.**

*Please write to Eddie Wilcoxon with comments or to schedule a reading:*

*712 East Walker Street, Altus, Ok 73521*

*phone 580-471-9733 email: [gffkgB gffkguwhlqo](mailto:gffkgB gffkguwhlqo)*