

## Greyhounds

Where do I begin  
With this beautiful breed  
Long legged and noble  
Built for great speed

A rainbow of colors  
Fawn, red and blue  
Brindles of all shades  
Which one is for you?

Such gorgeous eyes  
Alert yet so calm  
Watching and waiting  
For the treat in your palm

And oh those big ears  
That I love to rub  
Soft as a down feather  
From the tip to the nub

Personalities all vary  
From active to laid back  
They run and they play  
And then hit the sack

Boy, can they sleep  
I'm retired, they say  
I have nothing to do  
So eight naps a day

They love their toys  
But they love us more  
They follow us always  
With eyes that adore

Cherish your hound  
Each one is a gift  
Their love is so special  
You don't want to miss.

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## Save Me

Would someone please save me  
From this life that I lead  
A life full of strife  
To satisfy greed

I live in a cage  
In which, I cannot stand  
Crammed up against others  
So short, our life span

I'm always hungry  
My body's in pain  
I don't feel like running  
For monetary gain

Would someone please save me  
The men here don't care  
I'm a thing in their eyes  
So distant, their stare

I'm tired of needles  
That make me feel strange  
My bed is so dirty  
I wish they would change

I'm tired of hurting  
Of being hungry and sore  
Of running and falling  
So I can ache more

Would someone please save me  
And get me out of this place  
My end is soon coming  
God grant me Your grace

I've heard there are people  
Who actually love dogs like me  
I wish I could meet them  
Oh well, wait and see

What happens from here  
Depends upon you  
I can't save myself  
That much is true

My life will not change  
Unless you intervene  
You can give me a home  
With a yard that is green.

## Spirit

The most beautiful sight  
That you'll ever see  
Is a rescued greyhound  
Playing and free

No longer a prisoner  
Locked in a cage  
Now joyous and playful  
A dancer on stage

No hungry nights  
No longer afraid  
Someone now loves them  
And came to their aid

No painful injections  
No broken bones  
Now sleeping soundly  
On a big bed of their own.

No more trying to please  
To receive only pain  
Now part of a family  
With everything to gain

These gorgeous dogs  
Once treated so badly  
Are the most loving members  
Of their new family

The love that they give  
Is honest and true  
If you are deserving  
They give it to you.

If you have a chance  
To have one of your own  
Love them and cherish them  
Give them a home.

*in honor of Spirit, a greyhound who was left injured and abandoned behind a  
warehouse after her racing days were over*

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## The Race

As I look upon row and row of cages  
My heart aches for nothing has changed throughout the ages

I know these poor dogs will soon be racing around the track  
No matter what color, red, white, brindle or black ...

How can we keep on doing this to man's best friend?  
Will this misery ever come to an end?

So for these greyhounds, please do whatever you can  
And soon these precious dogs will never have to race around a track again.

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## Trusting Eyes

I'm paralyzed  
my soul frozen in an Eternal Instant  
In a vision I cannot get out of my mind  
I must ease its hold by sharing its demand  
This vision demands to be acknowledged  
to be screamed out  
It is the vision of a dog's Trusting Eyes,  
while a shell of a man finishes his life.  
Those trusting eyes are, somehow, now looking at me,  
they plead.....please, do something

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## Exploding Through the Gate

With beauty and grace they explode through the gate

They have no idea this determines their fate

The spectators watch as the "Grey's" round the bend

The favorite is leading, he'll certainly win

No one seems to notice the "Grey" falling back

First, fifth, then seventh, then last on the track.

The trainer will come and take him away

This dog ran with courage, he shattered his leg

The crowd shows no care there are more races to see

There is no second thought to what his fate will be

No thought will be given to repairing his bone

No owner will come to give him a good home

This Greyhound's mother and father's fate was the same

They just like him could no longer win at this game

There are thousands of greyhound's who's lives end the same

They were injured or slow or could not be trained

Their lives had just started and met an abrupt end

Their owner does not care there are thousands more to send

They run for their owner, They run to get love

For this they are killed by their owners own glove

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## It's a Sad Day

It's just another day for racing greyhounds  
Running from what they cannot see  
Running towards what's so elusive  
To the day when they are free

Their fate has been decided  
By those who cast their vote  
Greyhound racing won't be decoupled  
The dogs have missed the boat

Humans need to see the suffering here  
Demand the truth with no more lies  
Make those in charge responsible  
When yet another greyhound dies

It's a struggle to survive in this place  
To lose here may mean death  
One moment straining hard to please  
The next one their last breath

Time has been no friend to them  
Dogs once so noble and so proud  
Companions to both kings and queens  
Their world has turned around

We have betrayed the greyhound  
Yet they graciously accept their lot in life  
So stoic in their hopelessness  
Born to hunger, pain and strife

It seems each time we hope to change  
Old ideas and outdated ways  
The world disappoints once again  
Yet we'll fight another day

It's a sad, sad day for greyhounds  
Another day like many others  
It's a sad, sad day for greyhounds  
Death for many of their brothers

With no end to their suffering yet in sight  
And humans who continue to ignore their plight  
It's no mystery why they run so fast  
They run from their future, they run from their past

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## Beauregard

Swift muscular courser of old,  
Dark-eyed, deep-chested, long-tailed  
Egyptian hunter of stags.  
What quarry titillates your dreams,  
You aristocratic soul of ancient  
Pharaohs, English and gentle lords?  
What gifts did you bestow?

With Coronado did you roam.  
In ancient tombs etchings show.  
Did Shakespeare, Chaucer really know?  
A friend, beside Von Steuben  
At Valley Forge was seen.  
At Big Horn River your presence felt  
As Custer breathed his last.

And here today with me you are.  
Brindled soul whose love  
Beyond measure is. Orphaned!  
Spared of death, to live anew.  
Never to course for sport - but love.  
Run at gun no longer calls you.  
No Forest Laws I'll heed.

No Smith's mechanical lures to chase,  
For time has come to end the race.  
To learn to be, to live, to love.  
And teach I will, and you the same  
And both remain, forever friends.  
Every second you with me,  
Until the end...until I cease to be.

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## Blood Sport (A greyhound's last words)

"I lie on my side. I am dying.  
A female blue-brindle greyhound,  
Living to run.  
Speed was my gift from the gods.  
The gift, a headlong dash to death.  
Once I dreamed of running in an open field.  
No muzzle, no pain, running freely.  
I am in a field now.  
Eighteen acres of death.  
The bullet was meant for my brain.  
To be a quick death. Painless.  
The bullet entered my neck.  
The pain rages... when will it end?  
Will there be another bullet to speed my death?  
No. Bullets are not to be wasted on dogs.  
We were dollar signs  
Hurling down the track.  
Together a flash of colors:  
Brindle, blue, black, red, white, fawn.  
I was too slow to last.  
Too slow to make it to age two.  
A throw-away life.  
When death comes I will not be alone.  
There are scores of us. Thousands.  
Brindle, blue, black, red, white, fawn.  
We, who never knew an open field,  
Have found our own field.  
It is soaked with our blood.  
Once I dreamed of being held in someone's arms.  
Caressed, petted, loved.  
All dreams are ended now in this field.  
The darkness is taking me over.  
Lime is thrown on my defeated, discarded body.  
My heart howls out ...  
Let my dying matter,  
Let my dying be the last.  
The light dims out.  
Remember, remember, remember."

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## Plight of the Greyhound

Let's hear it for the Greyhound  
Ancient breed of canine friend.  
Immured inside each dog track,  
Running for your life around each bend.  
Confined in cages, when you're not running;  
Always giving us your all.  
Without a touch of human kindness,  
With no love for you at all.

Hairpin turns and cold steel cages,  
Concealing well your rightful rages.  
Pain and exploitation, coming from the greed of Man.  
Running always running, to stay alive if you can.  
'Twas ever thus, my sweet companion  
Ever since the game began.  
No wasted food, if you should slow down,  
Starvation being your award.  
Living is only for the winner  
Death, if you should lose is your reward.

I rescued you from dying  
To show the world that you have worth.  
I am honored by your friendship,  
You fill my life with silent mirth.  
A breed of dog, so very gentle  
With noble bearing and quiet grace.  
Every day, I'm glad I know you,  
I see God's image in your face.

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## Ever Faithful Servant

The footsteps walking down the hall  
My heart does pound I feel so small  
    He's coming near  
    My cage I fear  
And nowhere for me to hide at all

It seems so long for him to be  
    Standing finally over me  
    His downward gaze  
    His eyes ablaze  
Be this the final sight I see?

His foot now wrenched into my side  
I cannot move; it hurts to cry  
    His griping hands  
    My pulsing glands  
Hope of tomorrow be denied

Out of here and in the truck  
I'm quickly running out of luck  
    The bumpy ride  
    It's hot inside  
Because I couldn't make a buck

Who knows what will become of me  
But the business cannot run for free  
    A faster pace  
    To take my place  
Race me till I die for thee

Just another scratch upon the list  
Of greys who've gave their lives for this  
    Replaced with haste  
    It seems a waste  
My life for your eternal bliss

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## Free At Last

Racing days are over  
Thought the pain would go away  
But soon I learned a different fate  
Was headed straight my way  
He reached his hands into my cage  
And pushed me out once more  
I glanced at all my weary friends  
As he lead me out the door  
It hurts to walk; it hurts to stand  
Been through all I could endure  
But all my pains are nothing that  
Somebody's love could not cure  
I'm pushed against a concrete wall  
And know I've failed the test  
He said I wasn't fast enough  
And reached into his vest  
I close my eyes and cower  
As I shake, my senses dull  
Then I feel the barrel of a gun  
Against my skull  
Isn't there a better way  
to entertain a crowd?  
But my thoughts are interrupted  
By a noise so hard and loud  
I'm just another failure  
Racing to my final day  
And sometimes all the winners  
Will lose a race someday  
They call it an "exciting sport"  
They say that it's humane  
But a sport that always ends in death  
To me, is not a game

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