

Caribbean Princess

Sunlight skipped across the waves.
Golden sand basked in its glorious gaze.
Disturbed only by the flowing water,
‘till along came my poor father.

Sand rose into the warm Caribbean air
with each step taken by this wonderful pair:
A man and his best friend, a mut named Hannah.
She always wore a red bandanna.

Hannah was his favorite thing in the world,
That’s why he brought her when he joined the Peace Corps.
They always enjoyed their morning run.
Basking in the warmth of the tropical sun.

Hannah and the man do this daily,
today was different, Hannah heard a lady.
Overjoyed by something new,
this young pup knew exactly what to do.

Speeding ahead, away from her master,
he never knew she was so much faster.
Hooping and hollering he ran after,
knowing full well he could not catch her.

A crowd was formed atop the sand,
Hannah made her entrance, something grand.
Still in pursuit, the man yelled out,
“She doesn’t bite! There is no doubt!”

He couldn’t see his prized possession,
worried she’d meet unnecessary aggression.
Pushing and sliding his way through,
once in the middle he saw something new.

Two children playing with his friend,
petting her fur and giggling to no end.
Their mother watched with a soft smile,

she had an aura of a royal style.

Embarrassed, the man apologized profusely,
grabbing Hannah's collar to leave diffusely.
The mother laughed and said not to worry.
Nevertheless, they left in a hurry.

Reunited, the man and his dog
left the crowd and continued their jog.
He looked down and smiled at Hannah.
Ignorant to the fact he just met Princess Diana.