

Whiskered Wisdom

In the realm where the silent whispers roam,
Lies a sage, not in cloaks, but in fur fully combed.
With eyes like pools of ancient lore,
And a bark that speaks of wisdom's core.

This sage doesn't ponder over books or scrolls,
But in each wagging tale, life's lessons he unrolls.
Through parks and streets, he roams with grace,
In every snuffle, a secret of time and space.

"Sage with a Tail," they often say,
Guiding the lost, in his own silent way.
His nose, a compass to the hidden truths,
Unearthing mysteries with the zeal of youth.

"Keeper of the Eternal Flame," his eyes do tell,
Stories of love and where kindness dwells.

A glance, a sniff, a gentle nudge,
In his simple acts, wisdom does bud.

"Guardian of the Hearth," in his presence so mild,
Teaching of warmth, to every man, woman, and child.
In his quietude, a symphony of peace,
Reminding us that life's joys never cease.

So, here's to the sage, with paws and a bark,
Whiskered wisdom, lighting the dark.
In every way, a story to unfold,
A companion more precious than silver or gold.

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