

Ten thousand and one greyhounds

10,000 dogs came my way
to greet me on my dying day
they like me were greyhounds too
they like me no longer "flew"

We were the shame, the secret they hid
the injured, the old, those that needed to be got rid.
As they watched my spine break in two
those 10,000 dogs watched, they all knew

Still its "years on now it's a different game"
is it really or just a different dog and name?
Now it's all contracts and screening live
an industry well versed in the art to contrive

So round and round their damn tracks we go
we love it apparently don't you know?
well anything's better than sat all day in a cage
with muzzles on our faces to prevent us from rage

There's "commitments to rehome" and talk of "bookmakers resources"
but still no attempt to address the dangerous courses
Every day we are captive to our skill
who would think the fact we can run fast could cause us such ill?

Still there's money to be made
and we're a product that's cheap
sometimes when we die they might even weep
but their tears will quickly dry and the next dog will come
and they'll talk in awe of how fast that one can run.

Shallow humanity if that is all you can see
Judged on my speed to go from A to B
You haven't begun to see the real value of me
Nor will you do so until from you I am free

We're here now well away from your greed
And we will run at our own chosen God given speed
Be careful humanity as you reap what you sew
those who exploit us have much left to know

You will remain ignorant of our greatest skill yet
which is to give unconditional love, not to win you a bet

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(In memory of Rotar Wing , Clash Nitro & Rent a Flyer and the estimated 10,000 dogs destroyed at Seaham together with the thousands of greyhounds lives taken since as a result of a callous greyhound racing industry).

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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