

CAVE FELEM

"Those that dislike cats will be carried to the cemetery in the rain."
Dutch Proverb

The cat was singing at the screen
That bars her from the bedroom,
but keeps the air circulating down the hall.
O'pus operatic...
An I-want-my-breakfast ditty...
A furry alarm clock.

In my head I'd been in the track shanty
With the old crew. Bob Kowalski
Modeling a suit of tailored grass. Jeff, Robbie,
Someone, laughing to beat hell;
Bob pointing out the many pockets,
Exclaiming how you could put just about anything
You had a mind to in there,
Pirouetting to show the expert cut...
A lawyer, a salesman, a convincing case...

Over breakfast Mahalia licked my toes
With her sandpaper tongue.
Gomorrah's salt. I wondered
If maybe Kowalski died but shrugged it off,
Went out to water the grass,
Sprouting through tattered burlap—
Got involved in other things and
Totally forgot everything I just told you.
That evening I see Bob Jester's in the obits
And that's when it all comes back to me.
As if the dream were trying to say something
But was a little off like those rabbit ears
You had to twist and jiggle, add foil to get good reception.
Like that. Everything's like that now.